THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y), 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Vol. LII, No. 8 New York, February 19, 1916 Whole Number 1348

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THE PRESIDENT FOR "THE GREATEST NAVY IN THE WORLD"

BEWILDERED SURPRIZE seems to be the first reaction of the editorial writers in all the camps to President Wilson's assertion that the American Navy "ought, in my opinion, to be incomparably the greatest Navy in the world"—a declaration that drew from his St. Louis audience of 18,000, we are told, a roar of applause that "made the Coliseum rock." "Taking this at its literal face-value," says a Massachusetts editor, "it out-Gardners Gardner and out-Roosevelts Roosevelt"; and even so loyal a champion of the Administration as the New York *World* (Dem.) suggests that the President "allowed the enthusiasm of the moment to carry him too far." "If he meant the statement to be merely the theoretical expression of a confessedly unattainable ideal, he may have been right," adds *The World;* but "if he meant it to be the statement of a practically feasible ambition, it seems to us obvious that he was wrong." The Charleston *Post* (Ind. Dem.) remarks that this unexpected advocacy of a navy greater than any other "has almost stunned the advocates of 'adequate preparedness,' and there is a general confusion of mind over the whole question, perhaps greater than before Mr. Wilson went into the West to preach the doctrine of national defense." Many who feared that he would not go far enough in his recommendations, this South Carolina paper adds, "now are fearful that he has gone too far." Is he being carried away, it asks, by the proverbial zeal of the new convert? "Mr. Wilson's big navy caps Colonel Roosevelt's big army, and, as far as the public can see, neither is necessary," remarks the New York *Commercial* (Com.), which believes in "reasonable preparedness." "There is a demand that we should stand second as a naval Power, and a good second at that," admits the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.); but it thinks that the goal set by the President "is little short of unattainable." "Is it possible," asks another Republican paper, the New York *Tribune*, "that the President, who still retains Josephus Daniels as Secretary of the Navy, with all that this means, is actually and sincerely a convert to a policy of naval expansion which makes a 'little-navy' man of Theodore Roosevelt?" "It is a mighty good thing," remarks the Duluth *News Tribune* (Rep.), "that President Wilson is back in the cooling atmosphere of Washington." Other anti-Administration papers accuse him of "playing politics," while Democratic journals advance many earnest arguments against the "greatest-navy" idea, among them the enormous cost, and the fact that it would be a stumbling-block in the way of disarmament at the close of the war. Here is the passage in the St. Louis address which, as the Washington *Post* (Ind.) remarks, "has aroused no end of talk and bids fair to cause no little confusion":

> "Do you realize the task of the Navy? Have you ever let your imagination dwell upon the enormous stretch of coast from the Canal to Alaska, from the Canal to the northern coast of Maine? There is no other navy in the world that has to cover so great an area, an area of defense, as the American Navy. And it ought, in my judgment, to be incomparably the greatest navy in the world."

Some editors remind us that the General Board of the Navy, of which Admiral Dewey is president, registered its conviction in its last year's report to the Navy Department that the United States Navy "should ultimately be equal to the most powerful maintained by any other nation in the world," and that this rank should be attained "not later than 1925." But even this stops short of the President's idea of a navy "incomparably the greatest in the world," altho it goes far beyond the five-year naval program which he outlined to Congress two months ago, and which the Springfield *Republican* estimates would not put our Navy even in second place. Our present Navy, as the President stated in one of his recent speeches, is ranked by experts fourth among the world's navies. It costs us now, in round numbers, $145,000,000 a year, notes the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind. Dem.), which estimates that to make it "incomparably the greatest" would mean an annual expenditure of $725,000,000. But it is obvious, this paper goes on to say, that such a Navy "could not be manned, supplied, coaled, or provisioned without the backing of the world's largest merchant marine":

> "One out of every four vessels flying the British flag is now in the service of the British Government, and the other three are sailing under Government direction. The only way to develop such a merchant marine is by some sort of Government aid. If we allow $275,000,000 a year for the creation and maintenance of the huge transport fleet which will be essential to 'incomparably the greatest Navy in the world,' we reach that $1,000,000,000 total which became famous when, a few years ago, we had our first 'billion-dollar Congress.' In other words, 100 cents out of every dollar which the United States is spending to-day for all Governmental purposes will have to be devoted to the Navy alone."

This billion-dollar estimate is also figured by Representative Thomas S. Butler, Republican, of Pennsylvania, of the House

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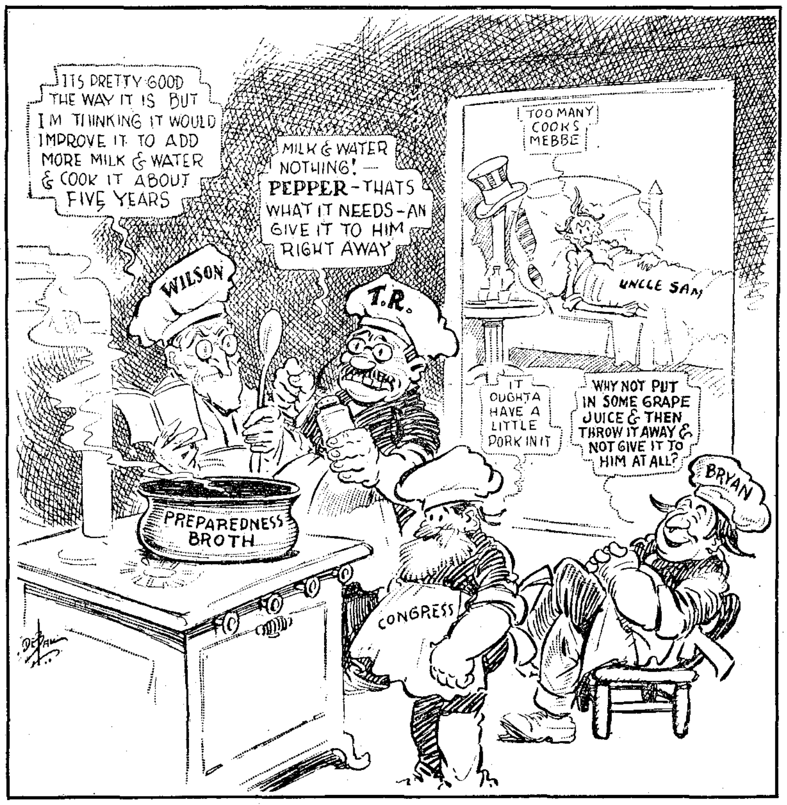
Published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354–360 Fourth Avenue, New York, and Salisbury Square, London, E. C.

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

Naval Committee, who fears that the President's declaration "may bring about the defeat of the whole naval program." Representative William A. Browning, of New Jersey, another Republican member of the Naval Committee, lines himself up with the President "for the largest navy," while Representative Frank Buchanan, of Illinois, a Democrat on the same committee, thinks that the President "is evidently in accord with the Wall Street financial and commercial pirates, who desire a navy for aggression, not for defending our shores." Other Democrats on the committee, when questioned by a correspondent of the New York *Herald* (Ind.), refused to comment on the President's statement. The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Herald* (Ind.) reports that the "little-navy" Democrats, headed by Representative Kitchin, "will fight the more bitterly the Administration's program, since, it appears, militarism and navalism are being fed on militarism and navalism." And he quotes "a high-ranking naval officer" as saying:

"It would be an impossibility for the United States to catch up with Great Britain, and perhaps with Germany, during the next few years. They have the shipyards, the skilled labor, and the institutions for turning out officers and men. We have a few shipyards, our skilled labor is limited, and our educational institutions have a small capacity."


ITS PRETTY GOOD THE WAY IT IS BUT I'M THINKING IT WOULD IMPROVE IT TO ADD MORE MILK & WATER & COOK IT ABOUT FIVE YEARS
MILK & WATER NOTHING! — PEPPER - THATS WHAT IT NEEDS - AN GIVE IT TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
TOO MANY COOKS MEBBE
WILSON
T.R.
UNCLE SAM
IT OUGHTA HAVE A LITTLE PORK IN IT
WHY NOT PUT IN SOME GRAPE JUICE & THEN THROW IT AWAY & NOT GIVE IT TO HIM AT ALL?
BRYAN
PREPAREDNESS BROTH
CONGRESS
DE BALL

BROTH FOR A SICK MAN.

—De Ball in the Chicago *Post*.

It is "arrant nonsense" to talk of this country needing such a huge fleet, says the New York *Journal of Commerce* (Com.), "unless it intends to enter upon a policy of bullying at sea that will needlessly make enemies of nations to whom the safety of the sea is quite as important as it is to us." And *The World*, which thinks that "an incomparable navy is an idle dream," remarks:

"Unfortunately Great Britain, with nothing but imported food-supplies standing between her population and prompt starvation, is convinced that her 45,000,000 mouths to feed, rather than our thousands of miles of seacoast, furnish the vital need for naval supremacy.

"Wedded to this not unreasonable conviction and with an overwhelming naval superiority over us to start with, Great Britain will never stand by and see our Navy become comparable with her own, let alone incomparable. She will hold her present superiority, which is greatly enhanced through war-time construction, by building ship for ship with us as long as she is financially able to do so."

The same argument is advanced by Oswald Garrison Villard in his antimilitaristic New York *Evening Post* (Ind.). Mr. Villard goes on to say:

"If we are to enter into a rivalry with England in the matter of building ships, Heaven only knows where it will end. Should Congress give the President his way it would result in the most dangerous naval rivalry the world has ever seen, which, if the analogy of the German naval-building program of 1901 holds, can have but one ending—a conflict between the two forms of Anglo-Saxon civilization, than which, we have been told, there could be nothing worse for the world's democratic development."

Moreover, he asks, will not this declaration in favor of an incomparable navy "prove to be a terrible stumbling-block in the way of disarmament at the close of the war?" Writing from Washington, he continues:

"It was bad enough when the President's original program was proposed: that, as a number of German and English newspapers have pointed out, put the gravest obstacle in the way of disarmament. It is being asked here to-day whether this latest development does not make it almost hopeless. For it must be noted that in this big-navy debauch of the President he has never once exprest the wish that this should be a temporary condition, or gone out of his way to say that, if the opportunity for universal disarmament should come, the United States would take the lead in laying down arms. That is one of the most discouraging features about it all."

If the President really believes that our Navy should be the greatest in the world, some anti-Administration organs remark, then he is hopelessly at odds with his Secretary of the Navy. "Of all the stabs at Danielism this is the cruelest," remarks the New York *Tribune*, which adds:

"If Mr. Wilson's conversion is real, then all that Mr. Daniels has ever stood for has become unreal. Shall he, too, suffer conversion, or shall he lay down his office, as Mr. Bryan did? That is the unhappy choice which now confronts the Secretary of the Navy. That is the nub and kernel of the Josephan tragedy."

But voices are heard in approval as well as in criticism of the "greatest-navy" idea. "The United States is rich and fully able to build the largest navy in the world if it needs such a navy," remarks the Salt Lake *Tribune* (Rep.). We must have enough naval power to defend the freedom of the seas, says the Milwaukee *Sentinel* (Rep.):

"So far as our country is concerned, the 'freedom of the seas' is measured by the outward and visible ability of the American Navy as a fighting force. That ought to be plain enough even to the meanest American comprehension at a time when the 'Mistress of the Seas' is doing about as she pleases, even to the larcenous degree of looting our postal service with neutral countries."

If the President intended his words "to be taken without qualification as the expression of a national policy for which he purposes to labor," says the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), then their consequences "outweigh whatever else he has said on his trip." But "in view of the fact that his utterance was in flat contradiction of the actual naval program which he laid before Congress in his annual message and which he can not now repudiate," the Springfield paper classes his "greatest-navy" declaration as a "serious error" committed under the exhilaration of his first "plunge into the whirlpool of crowd-psychology" and contact with "enormous crowds tremendously vocal in their approval."

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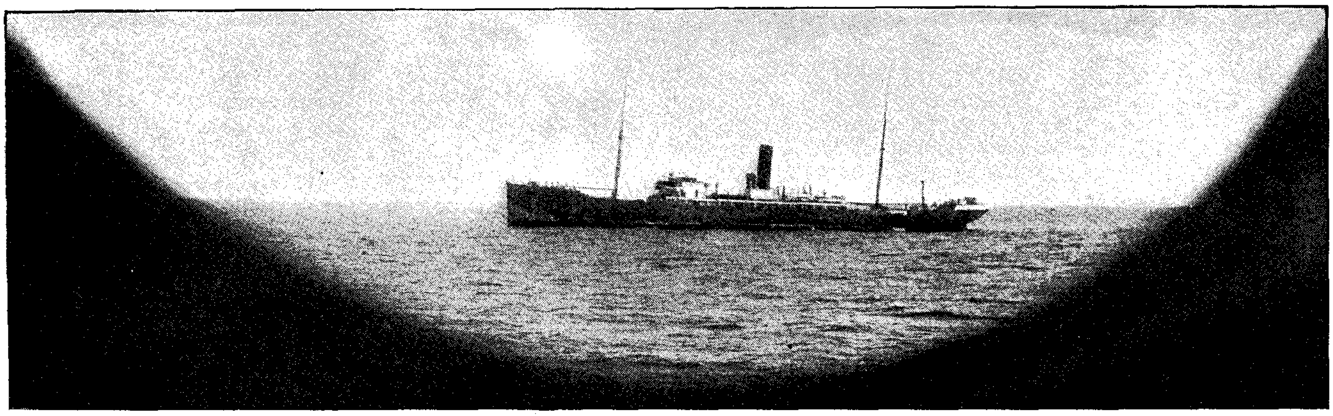
SOME OF THE GERMAN CREW WHO BROUGHT THE *APPAM* ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



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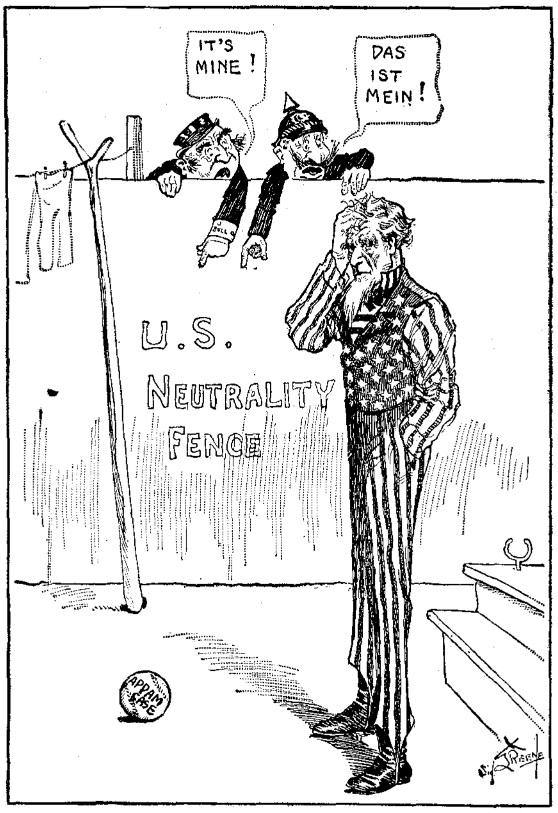
THE "FLYING GERMAN,"

The mysterious German raider which has sunk seven British merchantmen and captured the *Appam* off the African coast. Whether it is called the *Pongo* or the *Möwe* is still uncertain, but it is a well-armed and well-manned made-over freighter, and takes its place in the naval annals of the war alongside the *Emden* and the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich*. This photograph was taken from a porthole of the *Appam* by one of the British passengers at great risk, and the film was concealed from the German captors till the *Appam* reached the United States.

THE "APPAM" EXPLOIT

THE REMARK credited to a member of the British Embassy in Washington—"Rather a deucedly clever trick, don't you think?"—expresses the sentiments of many American editors regarding the capture of the British steamship *Appam* and her arrival in an American port in charge of a German prize-crew. But it is also noted that she carried into Hampton Roads "a cargo of potential trouble" for the United States. Added to the exploits of the *Emden*, the *Karlsruhe*, the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich*, and the other raiders which have ranged the seas in the present war, the feats of the *Appam's* captor, in the Boston *Transcript's* opinion, "constitute the really brilliant sea record of the struggle." The Boston daily speaks for many of its contemporaries in acknowledging that the German commander wrought brilliant and legitimate destruction, and at the same time proved German humanity. It is an episode "which, in its audacity and solidity, makes far better propaganda for the Germans in this country than all the work of the Bernstorffs, the von Papens, and the Viereeks from start to finish." And the New York *Evening World* observes that "nine months after the sinking of the *Lusitania* Germany's treatment of the *Appam* is a measure of her mistake."



WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

—Greene in the New York *Telegram*.

The British African liner *Appam*, it will be remembered, came in between the Virginia Capes, on February 1, in charge of Lieut. Hans Berg and a German prize-crew of twenty-two. The 429 other persons on board included the *Appam's* own crew and passengers with a score of German prisoners being taken to England, and the passengers and crews of seven other British ships taken and sunk by the *Appam's* captor. Besides the capturing of the *Appam* near the Canary Islands, on the 15th of January, the German raider, a heavily armed freighter called *Möwe* by the Germans and *Ponga* by the British, destroyed the following ships off the west coast of Africa, to quote the press reports:

"January 10—*Corbridge*, with 6,000 tons of coal.

"*Farringford*, with 4,000 tons of copper ore.

"January 13—*Dromonby*, with 5,000 tons of coal.

"*Arthur*, with a general cargo of 8,000 tons.

"*Ariadne*, with 5,000 tons of wheat.

"*Trader*, with large cargo of sugar.

"January 15—*Clan MacTavish*, with 10,000 tons of general cargo, including a large quantity of beef."

It "seems odd" to the Knoxville *Sentinel* "that the British Navy, which is so effective against friendly Powers and peaceful merchantmen, should not have had eyes and arms to interfere with these operations." And another *Sentinel*, published in

Milwaukee, a leading German center, would "suggest to our English visitor, Mr. John Masefield, who knows and loves the sea and the men who sail, that he attune his harp" to these exploits—

> "It would be a chivalrous thing to do, and the prosaic business of holding up neutral merchantmen and robbing the American parcel post of Christmas gifts to friends in Europe certainly does not offer a rich field of inspiration either for English bards or Scotch reviewers.
>
> "It may, we say, be the fault of the British Admiralty—this policy of 'safety first,' sluggish inaction, and keeping a great Navy, as it were, packed in burlaps and cotton wool against the war-risks of breakages and rough handling. But the fact remains that the bold, romantic, thoroughly seamanlike exploits of these German rovers of the main savor a good deal more of the tradition of the bold Elizabethans who 'singed the Spaniard's beard,' of Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Blake, than anything British sea-power has thus far shown the world in the present war."

That the *Appam* case raised a perplexing question for the Administration is agreed by all press-writers. Secretary Lansing promptly ruled that the ship was to be considered a prize, not a ship of the German Imperial Navy. But even with this point settled, there is still, as the Syracuse *Post-Standard* observes, "opportunity for endless controversy."

> "Under the Hague rule a prize brought into a neutral port must be delivered to her original owners unless she immediately puts to sea. Under an ancient treaty with Prussia we are bound to grant asylum to Prussian prizes, which are free to come or go as they will. In default of specific provision to the contrary by treaty, any nation may forbid the use of its ports as asylums for prizes."

A LEAP-YEAR FOR COAL-PRICES

THE RELIEF of the coal-consumer who reads predictions of a peaceful settlement of the issue between the anthracite-miners and the mine-operators is somewhat chilled when he reads further that the strike is to be avoided, as it would have been waged, at his expense. The operators, as the New York *Times* observes, "are ready to raise wages and prices again, but not to raise one unless they raise the other." Or, as the Washington *Times* puts it, "either the miners will not get what they want or the public will pay sixty cents a ton more for coal." Because of the comprehensiveness of the miners' demands, says the Chicago *Herald*, the anthracite situation must be regarded as somewhat serious. The activities on both sides, as envisaged by the Philadelphia *North American*, "have been exactly like those preceding the great anthracite strike of 1902, when for five full months, from May 12 to October 16, the determined antagonists were locked in a struggle which caused infinite waste and hardship, business paralysis, and public hurt." Yet the Philadelphia daily finds hopeful signs in the conference which is to take place on February 21, the desire of both sides to secure the ear and the good-will of the public, and the new rule of the United Mine Workers of America by which the miners will remain at work after the present contracts expire, as long as there is reasonable hope of negotiating new agreements. *The Record* in Philadelphia and *The Wall Street Journal* in New York, considering these things, incline to believe that there will be no strike. President John P. White, of the Mine Workers, tells the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of his hope "that when the operators and miners of the anthracite-field meet in conference they will work out a settlement without stopping work." An "expert" quoted by a *Public Ledger* correspondent in the Lehigh field says:

> "There will be no strike in the anthracite coal-field.
>
> "The miners will be granted a wage-increase, but it may not be 20 per cent.
>
> "On the other demands of the men, compromises will be reached after extended negotiations in New York between committees of the union and the operators.
>
> "The chances are that the price of fuel will be advanced after April 1.
>
> "Each side will fight hard for its contentions, and at times the outlook may be critical, but there won't be any break."

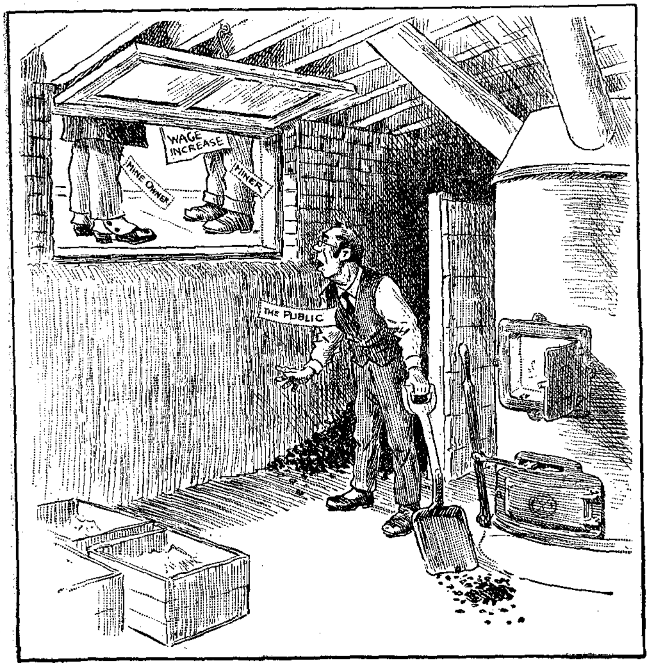
Besides the 20 per cent. wage-increase, the demands of the miners as outlined in the news columns include an eight-hour day, complete recognition of the union, a better system for adjusting grievances, a new two-year contract with the operators beginning April 1, and the prohibition of individual contracts and agreements. The miners justify their wage-demand by asserting that wages "increased 5½ per cent. in twelve years and food 40 per cent. Surely this constitutes the basis for an even greater demand than was made."

The operators have not refused any of these demands as yet. But they have put before the public in the advertising pages of the newspapers their reasons for considering each and all of the demands unjustified. Figures are met with figures. It is pointed out that the miner's increased opportunities for working must be added to his wage-increases, and that food is but 40 per cent. of his cost of living. There is thus indicated "an increase of only 16 per cent. in his total cost of living, as compared with an increase of over 36 per cent. in his earning capacity." The present cost of anthracite for labor alone, we are told, "is approximately $1.80 a ton. An advance of 20 per cent. in wages would mean an increase of 36 cents in the cost of every ton of anthracite produced." And since the 60 per cent. of anthracite-production used for domestic purposes must pay the mining costs of the 40 per cent. steam-coal, and a reasonable profit on the entire production, the miners' "demand is equal to approximately 60 cents a ton increased cost of the domestic sizes of anthracite." This is why the problem must "ultimately affect every user of anthracite." The anthracite industry, as a whole, is said to be conducted on the lowest possible margin of profit, and "as any increase which may be granted must necessarily be eventually paid by the heads of families and other users of anthracite, the operators, while desiring to deal justly with their employees, deem it their plain duty to resist any unreasonable demands." If, after the presentation of the operators' case in the press, "the users of anthracite coal say it is our duty to make a large advance in the income of the miners," and "are prepared to meet the advanced cost by paying a higher price for coal, now is the time to say so, and we can meet the issue on that basis, but if the anthracite-coal-using public is opposed to such concessions its voice should be plainly heard."

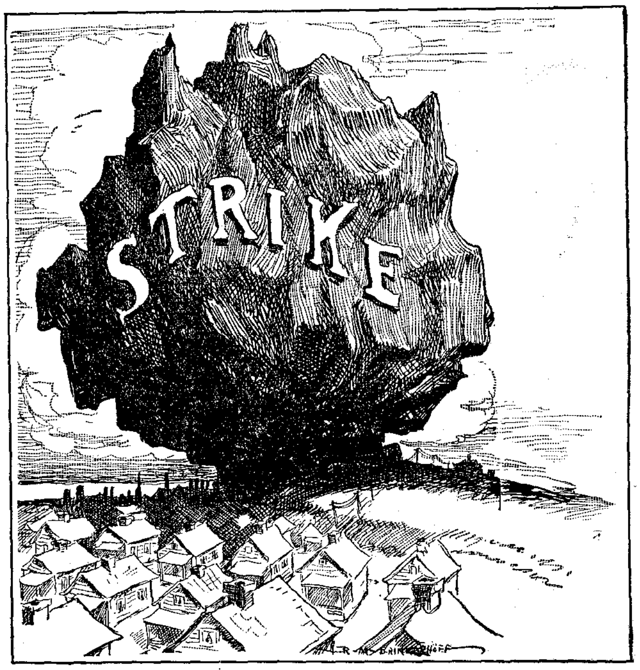
In a reply to these arguments, the United Mine Workers have sent out a statement declaring that there is a profitable anthracite market, that "increases in the wages of miners in the anthracite regions have by no means kept pace with the rates in other industries," and that "the miners' demands are not based upon the necessities of the operators," but "are fully justified by the necessities of the miners themselves."

That "the consumer must be heard in this anthracite case" is the conclusion of many papers besides the New York *Commercial*. Taking the operators' estimate of an added 60 cents' cost, *The Commercial* remarks that "as mine-owners, wholesalers, and retailers will make a profit on this 60 cents a ton added to the cost at the mines, it will add at least a dollar a ton to the price paid by city consumers who order by the carload, and more to those who pay by the ton or less."

Dr. Scott Nearing's book, "Anthracite," the New York *Evening Post* notes, is being circulated by the Mine Workers as a brief on their side of the case. Dr. Nearing, we read in *The Evening Post*, "estimates that out of seven dollars paid by the consumer for a ton of kitchen-coal, the wages apportioned to the miner amount to 55 cents. Between an increase of 11 cents per ton, which a 20 per cent. increase in wages should bring, according to Dr. Nearing's figures, and an increase of 60 cents



STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN!
—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*.



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WHERE IT FALLS THE HEAVIEST.
—Brinkerhoff in the New York *Mail*.

THE SUFFERERS.

per ton as foreseen by the operators, the gap is striking." The operators, says the New York *World*, "fail to acknowledge how active they have been in gouging the public on their account"—

> "In raising the pay of the miners the operators have raised the price of coal to consumers far more than enough to compensate themselves for the higher wages paid. Where the miner received 13 cents more a ton for mining coal, the consumer was made to pay 50 cents more a ton for the coal he used. . . . .
>
> "If it comes eventually to arbitration-proceedings to adjust the differences between the employers and employees in the anthracite region, the voice of the coal-consuming public 'should be plainly heard' against extortion by operators no less than against unwarranted demands by labor."

Turning to the demands of the miners of less immediate concern to the furnace-tender, we find the operators objecting to the demand "for a two-year agreement, beginning and ending simultaneously with the agreements in the bituminous-field," because such an arrangement "is shown by actual experience in the bituminous-field to threaten a biyearly disturbance of the peace and prosperity of the miners, operators, and general public." The object of this is apparent enough to the Brooklyn *Eagle:* "to give the affiliated unions the power to cut off at one moment the production of all coal, soft and hard, in the United States." The miners' agreements with both soft- and hard-coal operators expire simultaneously on March 31. Besides the New York anthracite conference set for next week in New York, a bituminous conference will shortly be held in Mobile. According to a New York *World* news-item, representatives of the radicals among the four great railroad unions which are demanding an eight-hour day from the railroads will go to Mobile to urge "the advantages of combining the 400,000 coal-miners with the 350,000 to 400,000 union railroad men." The result, says the Boston *News Bureau*, almost aghast at this revelation of the "tendency toward combined tyranny and responsibility on the part of labor-unions"—

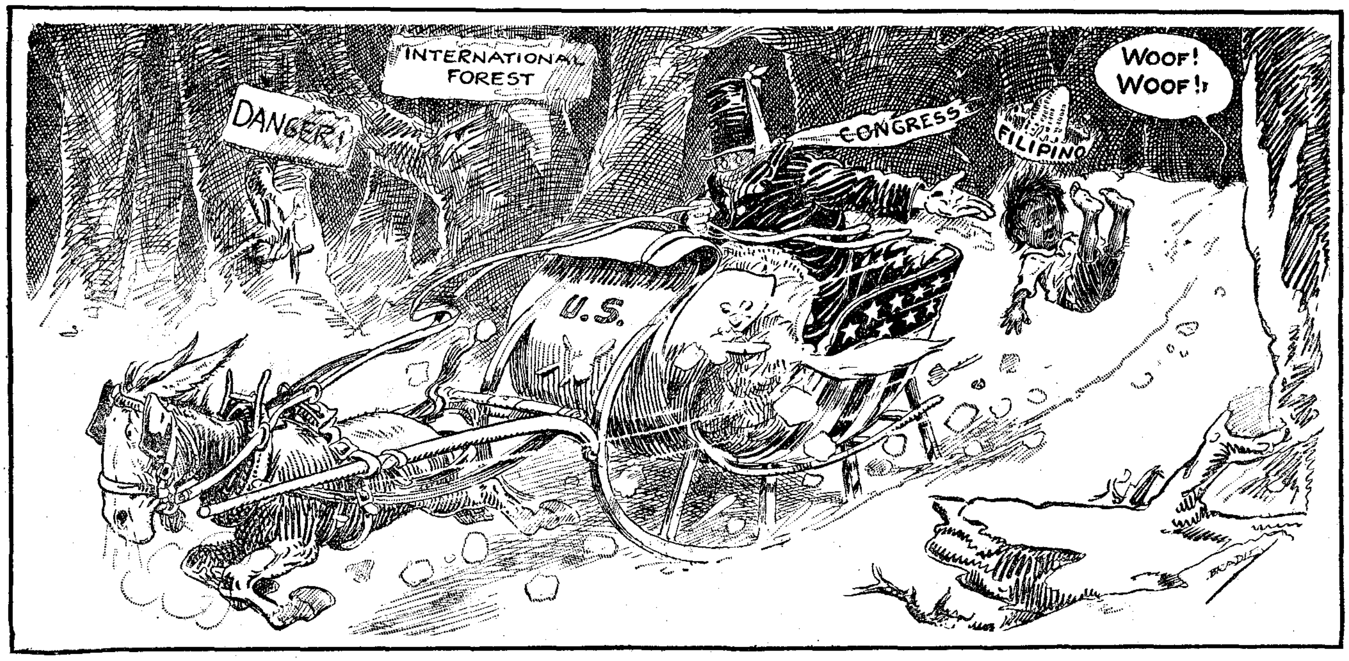
> "Would be a coalition for strike-purposes of nearly three-quarters of a million union members, with the inevitable indirect effect in case of joint strike of making idle an even greater number of other union or non-union workers in the two industries; and the threat of further making idle both a multiple of that number of still other workers in yet other occupations and a vast bulk of capital now at last busily employed, through a blow at the country's fuel and transportation facilities. That is—unless surrender were made to all demands as made. . . . Both unions do not disguise their threats of crippling the country to win their points."

A PHILIPPINE "SCUTTLE" POLICY

When the Filipinos "go over the side of the American ship of State there will be no life-boats to catch them," remarks the Grand Rapids *Press* (Ind.), unless the Senate's Philippine Bill is modified or abandoned in the House of Representatives. The Democratic policy set forth in this measure is described in the Republican press as "not only scuttle, but scoot." It is contained in the Clarke Amendment to the Philippine Civil Government Bill, which proposes, according to press summaries, that the President shall "withdraw and surrender all right of supervision or sovereignty now exercised by the United States"; that he shall do it in not less than two nor more than four years; that if "the stability or efficiency of the proposed Government in respect to the internal or external affairs" is not what it should be, the President may extend that period for a Congressional session and submit the problem to Congress again. Nor is that all, for, as the Chicago *Herald* (Ind.) reminds us, "before the Clarke Amendment was finally approved all provisions for securing the neutralization of the islands, or for guaranteeing their independence for even five years, were eliminated." In a word, says *The Herald*, the idea seems to be "to get rid of the Filipinos and repudiate all responsibility for them at the earliest possible moment —provided the President doesn't think it would be unwise thus to thrust them helpless into a world alive with dangers."

Or, turning to more sympathetic expressions of the plan, we find the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* (Dem.) saying that ever since we found we had a bad bargain "we have been wrestling with the problem of how to get rid of the Philippines with the least harm," and "the Clarke Amendment is simply a movement to expedite the settlement of that problem with the least harm to the United States and to the Philippines." Or again, as the Boston *Journal* (Ind.) briefly puts it, "we can't afford to defend the islands; we can't hope to educate them; we therefore resign, hoping we won't have to pay their bills in either blood or money, and wishing them all kinds of luck."

Friends of the policy of immediate and unconditional freedom



AS CERTAIN FOREIGN CRITICS MIGHT SEE IT.

—Bradley in the Chicago *Daily News*.

for the Philippines expect the House of Representatives to accept the principle of the Clarke Amendment. Several of them also felt assured of the President's favor, before knowing that he wrote to Secretary Garrison on February 9:

> "It is my own judgment that the action embodied in the Clarke amendment to the bill extending further self-government to the Philippines is unwise at this time, but it would clearly be most inadvisable for me to take the position that I must dissent from that action should both Houses of Congress concur in a bill embodying that amendment. That is a matter upon which I must, of course, withhold judgment until the joint action of the two Houses reaches me in definite form."

So the Nashville *Tennessean* (Dem.) has been equally certain of Mr. Wilson's reelection, his unqualified support for the Senate bill, and his willingness to do his part toward granting independence to the Filipinos. When this last is done, we read,

> "The United States will have got rid of probably the heaviest burden it has ever assumed, of duties the most arduous and troublesome, and without any compensating privileges of constantly threatening dangers to every other possession because of this one. When this is done, the United States will have rectified, so far as may be, one of the most serious blunders into which its Government ever fell. A weakness will have been cured, an incubus will have been lifted. An injustice will have been righted, in so far as injustice may be righted."

Within the four years contemplated by the Senate, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind.),

> "Our political missionary-work in the islands will have had time to fructify, and we can not retain them indefinitely without inviting the imputation of insincerity. No other one thing that the United States can do can lend so much moral strength to the Monroe Doctrine as our withdrawal of American sovereignty from the Philippines. . . . . . .
>
> "If not fully 'ready for self-government'—and no unpractical people is—at least the Filipinos should be ready to practise self-government. . . . We are in no event responsible for what the results of our benevolent work and the result of their attempt shall be."

And the St. Louis *Republic* (Dem.) takes the high ground that immediate relinquishment of our control of the Philippines is a proof of our non-militaristic ideals and our devotion to the "consent-of-the-governed theory."

> "We have held the Philippines for almost eighteen years. They are immensely valuable and their location is of great strategic importance. We are now within measurable distance of the time when the American pilot may be dropt from the Filipino craft; we ourselves are fixing the hour of our relinquishment of the helm. And this not in response to any foreign threat or suggestion—never were the foreign Powers so preoccupied with other matters—but simply because the Declaration of Independence is taken seriously by the United States. We still hold that government rests on the consent of the governed—even when the governed have brown skins and we are the governors.
>
> "President Wilson's message as to the need of preparedness and the Senate's action with respect to the Philippines are the two sides of one same shield. We need to be better prepared, that we may go on with a surer tread as the minister of liberty to mankind. A nation that, in the very hour when she rallies her young men in camps under her flag, prepares to break the bonds that have held in a subject relation a people gaining in political experience and capacity for self-government is the very antithesis of a militaristic Power."

Similar arguments, and a confidence that popular sentiment is on this side of the question, appear in such journals as the Boston *Herald* (Ind. Rep.), Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.), Buffalo *Courier* (Dem.), Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.), and Des Moines *Register and Leader* (Rep.).

On the other hand, the Democratic New York *World* thus briefly states "the folly of this measure":

> "It will prove unsettling to Filipino commerce and industry, already disturbed by the European War. Holding out hopes that are likely to be shattered, it will encourage discontent and possibly revolt.
>
> "Both of the great parties have pledged the American people to Philippine independence. It is desirable to keep this promise and aspiration steadily before the people of the United States and of the islands, but definite action may well await greater harmony of opinion on the subject than exists to-day."

With the Republican editors who generally line up against the Senate's "scuttle" bill are the hardly less emphatic New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) and Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind. Dem.), and the independent New York *Sun* and *Evening Mail*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Baltimore *News*, and Louisville *Post*. But the Republicans pass readily from disapproval of the sin to attacks upon the sinners. The Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), for instance, accuses the Senate Democrats of taking part in "a day's work of dishonor to the nation for which we fail to find a parallel in the history of a self-respecting people." Only six Republican Senators voted with the Democrats to help pass the Clarke Amendment, and these were all members of the "progressive" group. That Republican disapproval of "scuttling" is nation-wide is evident from the vigorous utterances of Republican newspapers in Boston, New York, Syracuse, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco.

This "weak and wicked policy of scuttle" enunciated by the Senate will, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Press*, bring to an end the great civilizing work we are doing in the Philippines and largely undo what has been done. And *The Press* quotes approvingly these words uttered by Senator Jones (Rep., Wash.) in the Senate debates:

> "We have done a marvelous work in the Philippines. No nation in the world's history can point to a similar achievement. We freed them from the bondage of Spain. We took their multitude of tribes, some savage and some semisavage, speaking many different dialects, and are making of them a homogeneous people. Savagery is being eradicated, order is maintained, the principles of free government are being applied and self-government established. Splendid roads have been constructed, a splendid public-school system established, sanitary measures perfected, agricultural development encouraged, and everything is being done to give these people self-government, and not only fit them for self-government but for independence."

To abandon our unfinished task, declares the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), "would be a betrayal of honor and duty which in the days to come all true Americans would regret." As *The Tribune* explains it from the Republican point of view:

> "We have assumed an obligation to the American citizens who have invested capital in the Philippines. Under the treaty of 1899 with Spain we have assumed a similar obligation to Spanish subjects. We have promised time and time again not to leave the Filipinos to shift for themselves until we have fitted them for self-government—not in their sense, but in our sense. We have pledged ourselves to give them education and to train them gradually to the point at which they can maintain a government of their own, stable in character and capable of guaranteeing protection to our own citizens and to all other aliens. We have promised the Filipinos (if they should ever become independent) a real independence, not the sort of independence which would collapse in a year or two and leave the islands a prey to anarchy or to the territorial-expansion policy of some other nation.
>
> "It would be a futile comedy for us to try to get other nations to join us in guaranteeing the independence of the Philippines. International guaranties are not in high esteem nowadays. . . . Any guaranty supported by our power alone would have to be made good by our continued military occupation; and if we are to assume military responsibility it would be wiser to retain civil responsibility as well."

The chief trouble about giving the Philippine Islands their independence, says the Nashville *Banner* (Ind.), "is that the United States would not thereby be relieved of their guardianship." As the *World's Work* (New York) observes:

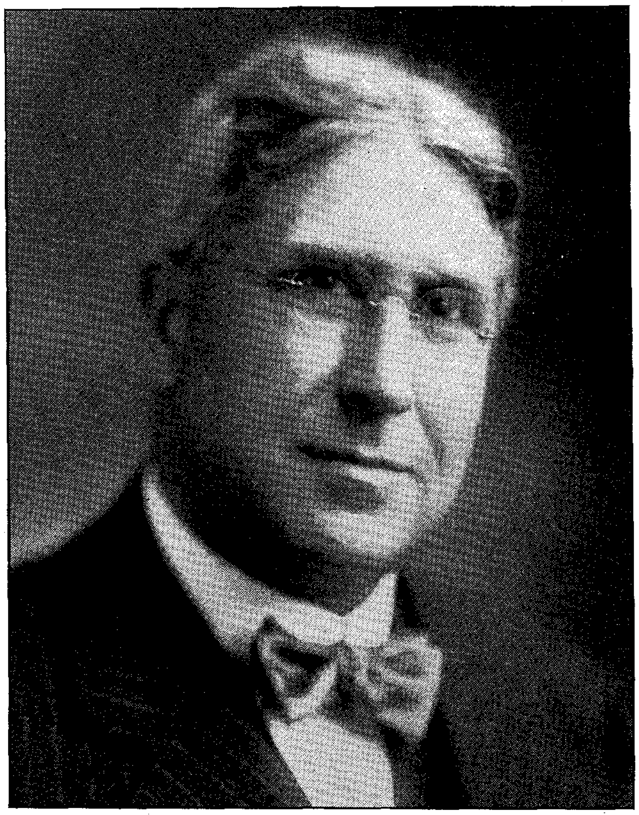
> "Whether they are neutralized or not we shall be responsible for their defense—but not responsible for any actions of theirs which might require defense. We are to leave the actions of the Filipinos entirely under their own control, but we are to be responsible to outsiders. We are to keep aggressors off the islands, but the defenses are to be left in Filipino hands. . . . . .
>
> "Unless we pass the responsibility on to some other nation it will remain with us. The Filipinos can not take it."

To all intents and purposes, says the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.), the Filipinos "are independent now"; their country "is virtually a self-governing colony, protected by the United States." Their prospects under United States direction are bright, we read in the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.), but now "the United States Government proposes to change all this, and, to the detriment of its own interests, do a thing which is bound to injure and not to help the Filipino people." Looking at the question from the standpoint of our own history and development, *The Tribune* sees the establishment by the Democrats of "a policy of retreat from the Pacific Ocean":

> "Until 1900 our progress was toward the West. We expanded into Washington and Oregon, into California, into Mexico, and we purchased Alaska. We annexed Hawaii, and we finally reached the Philippines. Now we are beginning to go back. . . . It is tragic to think that official Washington can do no more than undo the deeds of virile forbears and point the path to national recession."

SECRETARY GARRISON'S RESIGNATION

A STRIKING SYMPTOM of the radical disagreements that are delaying all the efforts for improving the Army appears in the sudden resignation of the Secretary of War. What effects it will have on the fortunes of "preparedness" and on the political fortunes of the Wilson Administration is what every one is asking, but few answering. Many agree at least that the Cabinet has lost one of its strongest members. "His resignation is an evil omen for the Administration," affirms the Republican New York *Tribune*, while the Democratic *World* characterizes his action as "a very grave mistake." *The Times* (Ind. Dem.) is moved to talk of "party-suicide," but it places the responsibility on Congress rather than on the Secretary of War. After picturing the critical position of the Democratic party, *The Times* continues: "And this is the moment when, by its confusion of counsels and its dull stubbornness, Congress compels the resignation of one of the strongest members of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet, one of the very few in that body of advisers of the President who enjoys the confidence of the country." "The loss to our public service is utterly deplorable," says the New York *Sun* (Ind.), and *The Herald*, another independent paper, remarks that "evidently Mr. Garrison is too much of a patriot to be a party to sacrificing the nation's preparedness even on the altar of militia politics and in the year of a national election."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LINDLEY M. GARRISON,

Who resigns as Secretary of War because he finds himself in disagreement with President Wilson on "fundamental principles" involved in national defense and our Philippine policy.

On February 10, Lindley M. Garrison reached the conviction that he and President Wilson "hopelessly disagree upon what I conceive to be fundamental principles," and offered his resignation as Secretary of War, which the President accepted with expressions of "very great surprize" and "sincere regret." From the published correspondence between the War Secretary and his chief immediately preceding the resignation it appears that the rocks they split on were the proposed rejection by

Congress of the Administration's "Continental Army" plan, which Secretary Garrison had fathered, and the Clarke amendment to the Philippine Bill setting a definite date for the complete independence of the Filipinos. Comparing the Bryan and the Garrison resignations, the Washington correspondents point out that the Secretary of State resigned because he thought the President exhibited too much backbone in dealing with foreign complications, while the Secretary of War resigned because he displayed too little backbone in dealing with Congress.

The correspondence which culminated in Secretary Garrison's resignation began on January 12. On that date the War Secretary wrote to the President expressing concern about the outlook for the military part of the national-defense program, and reiterating his conviction that "there can be no honest or worthy solution which does not result in national forces under the exclusive control and authority of the national Government." The program laid before Congress by the President, which included a new Federal volunteer force to be called the Continentals, would, he said, give to the country "for the first time a real, stable foundation" for the military branch of its national defense. But if this program is abandoned "for a policy based upon the State troops as the main reliance of this country," he argued, "not only has no advance been made from the deplorable and inexcusable situation in which we have so long been, but an effective block has been placed across the pathway toward a proper settlement." In this letter he also wrote of the ignorance of Congressmen about military affairs, and their lack of interest, and pointed out that the "proposal of settling this matter by voting money to the enlisted men and officers of the State troops appeals to the direct personal, political interests of the members." To prevent this, he urged the President to "interpose your position as leader of the country on this great subject." On January 17, the President replied, in part:

> "You believe, as I do, that the chief thing necessary is that we should have a trained citizen reserve and that the training, organization, and control of that reserve should be under immediate Federal direction.
>
> "But . . . I am not irrevocably or dogmatically committed to any one plan of providing the nation with such a reserve and am cordially willing to discuss alternative proposals. . . .
>
> "I do not share your opinion that the members of the House who are charged with the duty of dealing with military affairs are ignorant of them or of the military necessities of the nation. On the contrary, I have found them well informed and actuated by a most intelligent appreciation of the grave responsibilities imposed upon them."

On February 9, Secretary Garrison again wrote to the President, saying that as he was about to speak in public on the question of national preparedness and to address the House Committee in regard to the Philippines, he felt the necessity of ascertaining whether he and the Administration were at one concerning the fundamental principles involved. The President replied immediately, explaining, in regard to the Philippines, that while he is not personally in sympathy with the Clarke Amendment, he has not as yet felt it his duty to interfere. Turning then to the question of preparedness, he continued:

> "I am not yet convinced that the measure of preparation for national defense which we deem necessary can be obtained through the instrumentality of the National Guard under Federal control and training, but I feel in duty bound to keep my mind open to conviction on that side and think that it would be most unwise and most unfair to the committee of the House which has such a plan in mind to say that it can not be done."

The reply to this was the Secretary's letter of resignation, in which he recognized his hopeless disagreement with the President on "what I conceive to be fundamental principles," and express his belief that this disagreement "makes manifest the impropriety of my longer remaining your seeming representative with respect to these matters."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE paths of glory lead but to The Hague.—*Boston Transcript.*

A SUBMARINE may be out of sight and yet not out of mind.—*Washington Post.*

WE have a mighty good navy—what there is of it; and there is plenty more where it came from.—*Indianapolis News.*

CRUSHING Germany seems to be about as painful as squeezing a porcupine. —*Charleston News and Courier.*

MAYBE one reason why Colonel House invariably says nothing is that that is all he has to say.—*Boston Transcript.*

NOW that the denials are all in, the only reasonable conclusion is that the *Persia* torpedoed herself.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

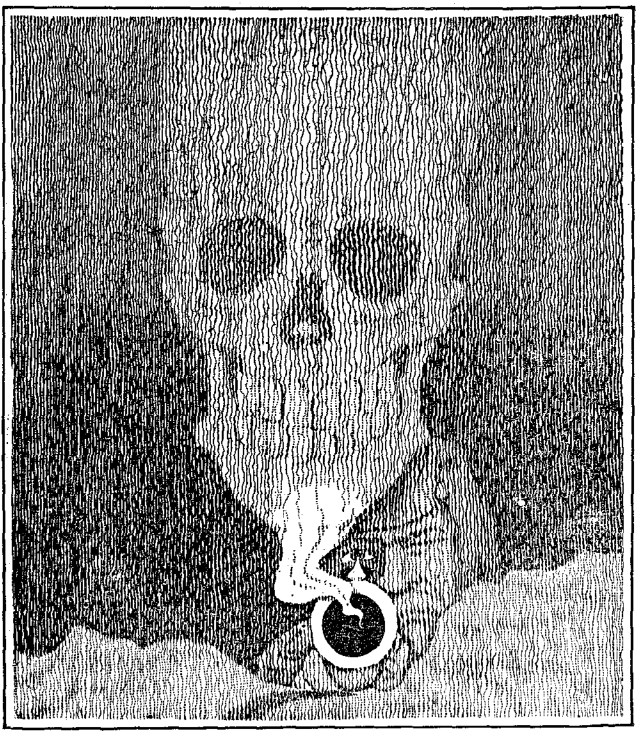
THEY can destroy the Parliament buildings in Canada, but they can't close up the recruiting-stations.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THOSE sedate, hard-headed citizens who do not believe in preparedness might enlist as bulwarks should any of the present crises lead to war.—*Chicago Daily News.*

TELEGRAPH company announces that telegraph service to Mexico is now "subject to normal conditions." But when will communications be restored?—*Wall Street Journal.*

MR. BRANDEIS says that his name is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, which is sounded "ice." This seems to remove him from the wet to the dry column.—*Chicago Daily News.*

GENERAL CARRANZA has been recognized by the United States Government, but he seems to be having greater difficulty in securing the recognition of Wall Street.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*



HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG?

—McBride in the Detroit *Times.*

"MEXICO for the Mexicans." Serves them right.—*Chattanooga News.*

IT'S to be "America first" if we are to make America last.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A POLITICIAN'S idea of a demagog is a man who is making a bigger hit with the public than he is.—*Boston Transcript.*

AUSTRIA says Servia has ceased to exist. Perhaps the Allies may have a pulmotor.—*St. Louis Star.*

PRESIDENT WILSON says our national self-respect must be preserved: How? embalmed?—*El Paso Herald.*

IF there are any more Ford expeditions, the belligerent nations will suspend hostilities to watch the fight. —*Baltimore American.*

WHY seek further than Webster's dictionary: "Brandeis, an obsolete variant of brandish; to wave in the air."—*Wall Street Journal.*

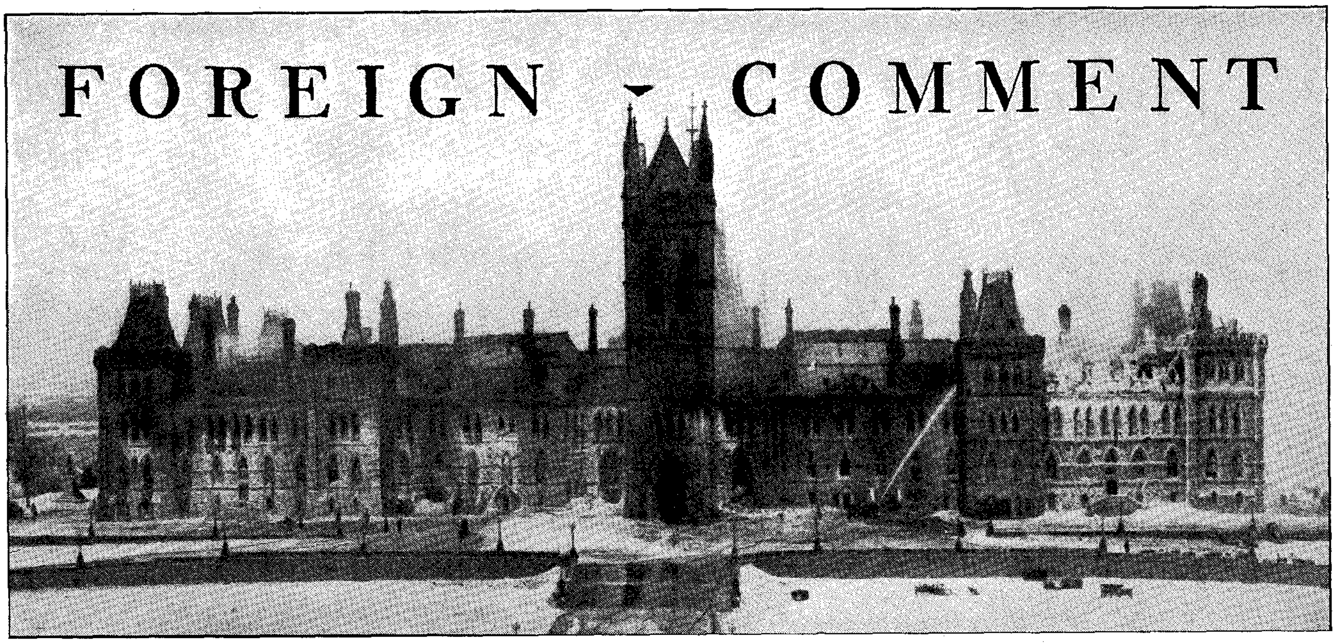
T. R. SAYS he has read 700 books and pamphlets on woman suffrage. It's not to be wondered that he gets a grouch on now and then.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MRS. WILSON has sold the house in which she married the President. Evidently she expects to remain in the White House for some little time yet.—*Wichita Eagle.*

IF Mr. Roosevelt persists in his magazine articles and newspaper interviews he will create the impression that he is not entirely in sympathy with the Wilson Administration.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

"I ALWAYS accept," says President Wilson, "perhaps by some impulse of my native blood, the invitation to a fight." With such impulsive native blood, the President does well, therefore, to stay away from the Mexican border.—*Wichita Eagle.*

FOREIGN COMMENT



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HOW CANADA'S PARLIAMENT HOUSE LOOKS TO-DAY.

The cause of the ruin of Ottawa's beautiful Parliament buildings is under investigation by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's commission. Meanwhile the Canadian spy-scare grows, fought at every inch by General Sir Sam Hughes, who points to the thirty-eight men of German extraction who have already given their lives for the Allies in Canadian regiments. Speaking of the fire, Lord Shaughnessy, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, says: "I do not believe it incendiary," but "there are in this country a good many men who will bear watching . . . and are being watched."

GERMAN PLOTS SUSPECTED IN CANADA

OFFICIAL DENIALS that German spies had anything to do with the burning of the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa do not seem to have convinced the Canadian people that German sympathizers are entirely innocent of any participation in the origin of the conflagration. Many of the Canadian papers point to the emphatic statements of the Providence *Journal* that it had warned the United States Department of Justice that it had information that German sympathizers had prepared "demonstrations" against the Canadian Houses of Parliament, Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, and against Canadian munition-factories in the order named. The London (Ont.) *Advertiser*, in common with many other papers, is inclined to blame the Government for lack of vigilance, and says:

"It will be unmistakably the fault of those in authority if means are not taken to safeguard other places of importance from German agents and spies. Altho the Canadian Department of Justice received no hint that an attempt to destroy the Dominion House was to be made, the United States Department having evidently failed to transmit to Ottawa the information given it by the Providence *Journal*, it now knows that *The Journal* had a 'tip' that Rideau Hall and munitions-plants are to be the next victims, and this should not be disregarded. The killing of the Duke of Connaught would be regarded with delight in Berlin.

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SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING.

The man with the crowbar is David Desjardin, who is searching for the bodies of his brother and uncle. These two were caught in the falling walls of the chamber of the House of Commons as they strove to save valuable records from the flames.

"Official Canada is ready to scoff at any idea of German designs upon Canadian points, and the attitude is, to put it mildly, rank stupidity. Attacks on Canada and Canadian places of military importance by German sympathizers from across the line are logically to be expected in spite of all the pooh-poohs from Ottawa departments. . . . . .

"This warning which the Providence *Journal* has published is worthy of most careful consideration. This paper has been extremely active in hunting down German plots, and it is due to its exertions and the news-getting system it has established that von Papen and his confrère were chased out of America. It not only had evidence against them, but proofs.

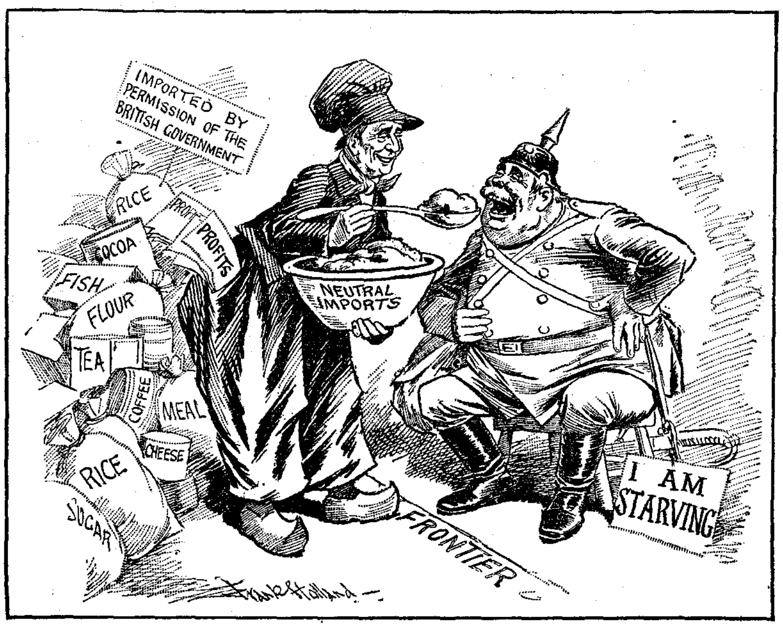
"Laxity in providing measures of defense can no longer be condoned. Branding warnings as baseless rumors and sneering at serious conditions as 'tempests in teapots' will not satisfy the nation which is entrusting its safety to those who ought to make it their first interest. It will be forgiven if money is, apparently, wasted in guarding places which are never attacked; it will not be forgiven if losses are caused for lack of precautions."

The Toronto *Globe* is inclined to blame not only the Dominion authorities, but also the State Department at Washington:

"Colonel Sherwood, head of the Dominion police and of Canada's distinctly primitive secret service, says no warning was received from Providence. He misses the point. The authorities at Washington may have failed to notify the

Government at Ottawa of the German threats, in the mistaken belief that they were no more than threats. It is clearly the duty of the Government of Canada to ask the Department of Justice of the United States whether information such as that spoken of by *The Journal* was imparted to it, and, if so, why no steps were taken to put a friendly nation on guard against such a fiendish method of carrying on warfare.

"Let there be no mistake about the situation. If the German agents in the United States see a way to injure Canada they will stop at nothing to compass their ends. Arson to them is a commonplace, and murder an incident in the day's work. The destruction of the Parliament Building may have been the result of accident, but the general belief at Ottawa is that it was the work of an incendiary."



FEEDING THE GERMANS.

And John Bull's getting "fed up" with this sort of thing, too!

—*Reynolds's Newspaper* (London).

The "spy theory" is valiantly upheld by the Halifax *Herald*, while such papers as the Winnipeg *Evening Tribune*, the Manitoba *Free Press*, the Montreal *Herald*, and the Ottawa *Evening Citizen* incline to the view that the greater probability lies with the belief that the fire was due to design rather than accident. The Montreal *Daily Star* demands an inquiry, and remarks:

"Ugly rumors are afloat as to the origin of the fire. These doubtless will be sternly investigated to the uttermost. The suddenness of the onset and the smothering volumes of smoke of which so many observers speak are *full of sinister suggestion.* But we must be careful not to lose our heads. Nothing would be worse for us or more unbecoming a calm British people than to begin to see 'Germans' in every smoky corner. The police should be on guard; but the people will only hinder and not help by giving way to panic.

"There must be the most searching inquiry into all the circumstances and suspicions regarding this affair; and it will be just as well to be doubly on guard at all threatened points. The Germans are not above the barbarity and the stupidity of trying to inaugurate a reign of terror among the civilians of Canada. *But nothing would spur up our recruiting more effectively.*"

ENGLAND'S BLOCKADE "A FAILURE"

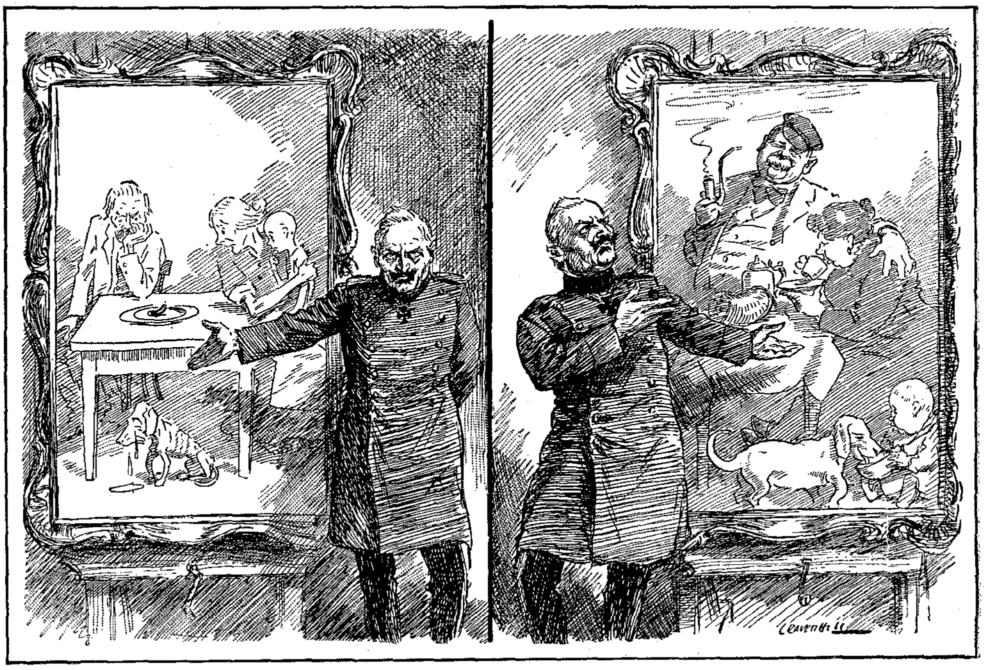
"A NUISANCE, NOT A MENACE," is the conclusion of the German press with regard to England's so-called blockade of the German coast. The Berlin papers frankly admit that in some respects the policy of the British has caused certain dislocations of supplies, but, they affirm, this condition has never been serious enough to constitute a danger. Now the voice of the English press is heard bitterly complaining that the blockade is "a failure." They print figures to show that England is actually feeding Germany, and the London *Morning Post* alleges that Germany is obtaining "through neutral countries essential supplies to an amount exceeding the amount imported by her in times of peace."

It will be recalled that Holland and the Scandinavian neutrals are allowed by England to import what they will under a gentlemen's agreement that such supplies will not be reexported to Germany. How this works in practise we learn from Mr. Basil Clarke, the special commissioner of the London *Daily Mail* in Scandinavia. Writing of Denmark he says:

"She is exporting, of course. To whom? She is exporting to Germany, to Sweden, and a tiny morsel to Russia. But the vast bulk of her export goes to Germany—either directly, by train or ship, or via Sweden, where obliging workmen, dignified *pro tem.* with the title 'merchant consignee' (but whose whole stock in trade consists perhaps of a hammer, some nails, and a batch of labels), change the labels on the goods and perhaps turn upside down the marked ends of the packing-cases, and then reconsign the goods to Germany.

"And they may even leave Sweden in the very railway-trucks and cases in which they have arrived and travel to Germany back through Denmark in sealed trucks over which the Danish customs have no control."

The British Board of Trade returns of foreign commerce show that the northern neutrals are importing abnormally large quantities of certain supplies, and from *The Daily Mail*, which quotes these official returns, we learn that while in 1913 Denmark imported 4,750,000 bushels of corn, in 1915 she took no less than 10,950,000 bushels, a curiously rapid trade-increase.



FOR NEUTRALS.

"Why do we torpedo passenger-ships? Because we are being starved by the infamous English."

FOR NATIVES.

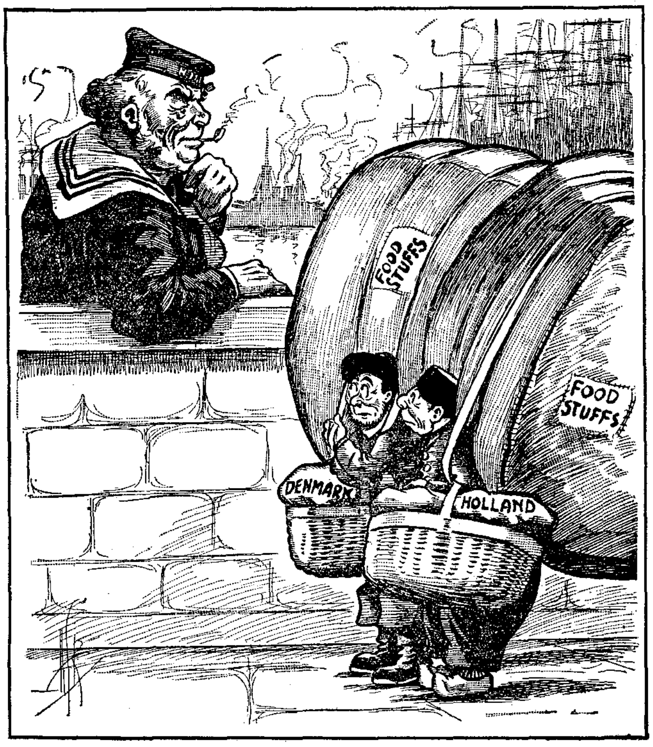
"Who says we are in distress? Look what our splendid organization is doing!"

—*Punch* (London).

ENGLAND CONTRASTS STATEMENTS FROM BERLIN.

Again, in 1913, Holland and the Scandinavian neutrals imported 1,417,000 barrels of flour, while last year's figures were nearly four times that amount, namely, 5,100,000 barrels. The growth in the appetite of these countries for bacon during the same period is remarkable, for the amount imported grew from 30,900,000 pounds to 91,500,000 pounds. Equally strange is the desire for new shoes shown by these neutrals: in 1913 they bought 462,000 pairs, while two years later no less than 4,800,000 pairs were demanded. Cotton jumped from 53,000 to 1,000,000 bales, and, despite these large purchases, there seemed to be plenty of money for automobiles, for while these four little nations could only afford to import cars to the value of $1,300,000 two years ago, the amount expended in 1915 was $20,100,000.

But most significant of the failure of the blockade are the figures for cocoa. In 1913 Denmark imported from England some 2,211 tons of raw cocoa, while in 1914 the figures rose to 18,071 tons and to 23,000 tons in 1915. The London *Globe* also quotes some figures and makes some illuminating comments:



ITS DESTINATION OBVIOUS.

JOHN BULL—"Eh, what's that? Only your lunches? Why, what tremendous appetites you have for small 'uns!"

—*Daily Star* (Montreal).

"In 1913 the whole of Denmark's importation of rice did not reach 3,000 tons; in 1915 that of Copenhagen alone was much more than 16,000. From the Argentine that country imported in ten months of 1915 over 14,000 tons of linseed-oil, whereas in 1914 she imported none. The total Danish imports of pork were 950 tons in 1913; last year they had risen to 12,500 tons. The same story is told of lard, starch, meal, coffee, tea, and cocoa.

"Of course, all these commodities are consigned to Danish purchasers, under guaranties that they are not intended for the enemy. . . . . .

"No sane person will believe that the Danish people have suddenly developed such a passion for pork that they must increase their consumption by 1,300 per cent., or that every man, woman, and child in Denmark requires the daily bath in cocoa with which the 23,000 tons they now import would appear to be intended to provide them. The only possible inference from these figures is that we are being deluded, and are feeding Germany in our own despite."

Many of the English papers have called loudly for a definite and formal blockade. *The Daily Mail* argues that such a step would satisfy American opinion, and goes on to say:

"A warning reaches us that fresh protests against our present half-hearted blockade are to be expected from the United States. If the Allies are wise they will lose no time in putting their blockade on what we may call an American basis, so that American legal rulings and precedents may be cited in our behalf."

The Westminster Gazette is also in favor of such action and believes that the moral effect would be considerable:

"The Foreign Office naturally and properly has a close regard to the susceptibilities of neutral Powers, which it is certainly desirable to respect as far as possible. A material consideration which should be borne in mind, however, is that, so far as we can ascertain, the neutral Powers are at the moment much influenced in their leanings by their judgment whether Germany is going to win the war or whether we are to emerge victorious, and the demonstration of our absolute power on the sea might have its effect in helping them to arrive at a conclusion as to the ultimate winners which would decide their future action."

THE VOICE OF TURKEY

THE DARDANELLES FAILURE and the British predicament in Mesopotamia have made such a happy impression in Constantinople that victory is easily foreseen from the editorial tripods there, and the Constantinople journals are indulging in derisive comments on the plight in which the forces of the Entente find themselves in every theater of the war. The *Tanine* and the *Hilal* have much to say regarding the evacuation of the Dardanelles, the failure of the Allies to save Servia, and the anomalous position now occupied by the French and English troops at Saloniki. These circumstances, with the failure of the British to capture Bagdad, are interpreted as clear signs of defeat. The *Tanine* advises the Allies to sue for peace while there is yet time, and warns them that if they are counting on the recovery of Russia or the economic collapse of the Central Empires they are relying on broken reeds. The *Tanine* continues:

"They calculate on Russia's gathering millions of men into her armies in the spring, and that that illustrious manufacturer of armies, Lord Kitchener, will bring forward millions more, while Germany and her allies have no such sources of reenforcement, at least no such number of men available for enlistment. Just as our enemies have found idle their fancy that they could starve out Germany and her allies, so they will find illusory the hope of success through superiority in numbers. Note the extreme difficulty with which England has gathered the number of soldiers she now has and the tremendous exertions of France in filling up the losses in her ranks—difficulties and exertions much greater than Germany and her allies have had to face. Suppose Russia gathers together millions of untrained men, they will be in no way equal as soldiers to the Russian troops who fled defeated before the Germans last year. How can they successfully take the offensive against victorious German and Austrian veterans? Hitherto the armies of the Entente have found it too much for them to maintain their defensive with large tracts of their territory in their enemies' hands. How can they expect, with raw recruits, to take the offensive? Moreover, the notion that Germany and her allies have any lack of men to draw from is an idle fancy. And it must not be forgotten that the Central Powers operate on inside lines and are near their base of supplies. Besides, the armies of our enemies, especially those of England, will be fighting very far from their home land and will wholly lack the incentive we all feel in fighting and sacrificing for home and religion and fatherland.

"No, the last hope of our enemies is built upon sand and will fail them as all their other hopes have done."

We are told that considerable friction exists among the Powers comprising the Entente, and the *Hilal* says:

"The French at least do not wish to be any longer blind instruments in the hands of the English. Very visible friction is noticeable between the Allies; and the time is not far distant when this concealed coldness will come to light, and France, understanding at last how she has been duped, will decide to separate her destinies from those of an ally who has thus far done nothing but fool her."

The compliment of the *Hilal* is returned in kind by the French-Swiss *Journal de Genève*, which writes:

"A high Turkish personage, who has been passing through Geneva, has made the following statements:

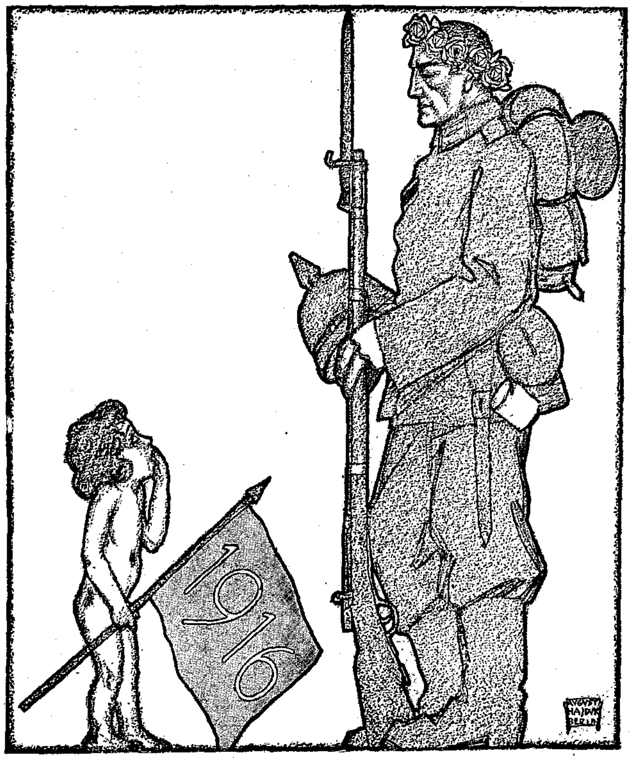
"'If the German offensive in the Balkans has stopt, it is because the Turks at Constantinople have so decided. Neither the Germans nor the Bulgarians are liked at Constantinople. They are greatly distrusted. Turkey does not want the Germans to go to Saloniki. People do not want to see them in Constantinople. We know German methods well enough to be sure that, once they are installed there, big guns alone will be able to turn them out. Popular discontent has also to be considered.

"'The Turks are beginning to complain and to regret the adventure into which they have been dragged. There are open revolts against the Germans in the Army. The situation is very strained. The slightest mistake might occasion a catastrophe. Those are the reasons why Turkey is opposed to the expedition against Egypt. The expedition will only be undertaken by Turkish forces. There is an absolute determination in Constantinople not to let the Germans install themselves on the Suez Canal.'"

THE LATEST PEACE-FEELER

OFFICIAL DENIALS to the contrary, there seems to be some evidence that Governmental circles in Germany would like to discover just what neutrals think upon the subject of possible terms of peace. Long extracts from the recent publication in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* of a new set of peace-conditions have been distributed to the German press by the semi-official Wolff News Bureau, which is careful to add that these terms are not officially inspired. None the less we learn from the brilliant dispatches of Mr. Garet Garrett to the New York *Times* that the publication of these terms "was inspired by the German Foreign Office with a view to stimulating discussion among neutrals." The Wolff Bureau denies that any such purpose was contemplated, but Mr. Garrett joins issue on the point and says:

> "The article was, in fact, inspired and for exactly that purpose. There was no doubt of this in Berlin among well-informed persons: it was even known what member of the German Government prepared the article printed in the Zurich paper."



WHAT GERMANY SEES THIS YEAR.

"Who are you, Soldierman—Victory or Peace?"
"Both, little one!" —© *Ulk* (Berlin).

Whatever may be the basis of this assertion, it derives some support from a cryptic remark of Count Ernst zu Reventlow in the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, where he describes the Swiss paper as one "which seems to have been turned into a dumping-heap for articles of German origin designed to create a sensation in Germany and arouse certain impressions." Whether this means little or much, the controversy invests the proposals of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* with enough interest to warrant a quotation of them as set forth in the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger*, which says:

"The article is, as regards its most important parts, as follows:

"In German circles the main principles of the peace-negotiations soon to be initiated are thus conceived:

"I. Belgium is to retain her independence, provided that a repetition of the events of the year 1914 be made impossible by treaties, and, perhaps, also by the holding of pledges. . . . . .

"II. The occupied French departments would immediately be restored to France. Germany would also waive any war-indemnity on the part of France, if France ceded to Germany her claims on Russia to the amount of about $3,600,000,000. An obvious condition of this agreement with France would be the restoration by England of all the German colonies and the evacuation of Calais.

"III. Russian Poland is to be made entirely independent under a German prince, as King of Poland. On the other hand, Poland would have to pay to Germany a war-contribution on a similar basis to the contribution of Belgium. The historical striving toward the sea which has dominated Russia's policy for centuries is to receive consideration by the grant to Russia of an outlet to the Persian Gulf.

"IV. Italy must give up the occupied Turkish islands, but to compensate for this the state of affairs before the outbreak of war would be restored.

"V. Bulgaria, of course, must have Macedonia and also a corridor to the Danube stretching from Nish to Semendria. The former territory of Old Servia is to remain independent or be united into one kingdom with Montenegro.

"VI. Albania must obtain in reality the independence that was formerly granted, under a prince of her own election.

"VII. The claims of Roumania and Greece seem at this moment to be not quite definitely decided."

After giving this outline of the terms of peace acceptable to Germany, the Zurich organ proceeds:

> "We think that it is the duty of the neutral press to open discussion about the fundamental conditions of the future peace, for there can be no doubt that these conditions would become very considerably more severe if further hostilities on a large scale were decided in favor of the Central Powers. One must be under no illusion concerning the fact that Germany, in spite of her sincere and deep-felt yearning for peace, will grasp the sword with new wrath if the hand which she proffers is refused through any misapprehension of the real situation."

The quotation from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* concludes with this semiofficial repudiation of Governmental inspiration:

> "Note by the Wolff Bureau.—In Switzerland people see in this article a peace-feeler emanating from the German side. We are authorized to state that this view is, of course, unfounded."

ITALY GIVES US A JAB—As Italy is almost an island her acquaintance with all branches of maritime affairs is naturally extensive. Thus it is that this dig at our patriotism and our merchant marine, made by the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, does not lack interest. It says:

"It is not possible to form a powerful merchant marine that would secure the economic independence of the United States on the sea. After the President's recent message, however, it would be well to remove the present legal obstacles, to facilitate the construction and the acquisition of ships.

"Above all, it would be necessary, finally, to remove the obstacles which have, in fact, always existed, and which certainly have not been wiped out by the war, in order to create that rich mercantile marine advocated by President Wilson.

"What has blocked the adequate development of the American mercantile marine is not legal interference alone, but the simple fact that the capital employed in shipbuilding and shipping has never produced the desired profits, and the patriotism of the Yankee has not risen to the point of sacrificing 2 or 3 per cent. of the interest on his capital to the pride of seeing the American flag sailing victoriously over the seas."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

OUR FEAR OF SNAKES

IS THE FACT that most of us are instinctively afraid of snakes—even of the harmless kinds—an evidence that the human race originated on the continent of Asia, where serpents of all sorts have always been abundant and generally venomous? This would appear to be the view of Mr. T. G. Dabney, set forth in a communication to *Science* (New York). He notes that Col. William C. Gorgas, in his book on "Sanitation in Panama," concludes that the human race, in the early days before we had begun to wear clothes or use fire, must have been confined to the tropics. Does our primitive snake-fear narrow down this region to tropical Asia? We read:

"This abhorrence of serpents is really a deep-seated animal instinct, which has survived long after the conditions that gave it origin.

"Rational persons who are informed on the subject know that the great majority of the snakes to be encountered in this country are entirely harmless, being without venom or fangs; and indeed the writer has determined, to his own satisfaction at least, that in this particular region the only one of the snake family that is a menace to human life is the now rarely encountered *Crotalus horridus*, using the term in a generic sense.

"And yet, any intelligent person when unexpectedly brought into close proximity to any kind of a snake, large or small, venomous or non-venomous, or even a semblance of a snake, is suddenly seized by a panic of horror and fear, with an impulse to spring away out of the serpent's reach as quickly as possible in a sort of blind terror.

"The probable origin of this instinctive horror of serpents that still dominates the mind of civilized man was during the countless generations when early man was slowly climbing up from his animal ancestry to his present eminence as *Homo sapiens*. Being without fire and without clothing or shelter, he was peculiarly defenseless in an environment beset by deadly serpents, against this, probably the greatest danger and greatest menace to racial survival that he had to encounter. Hence his instinctive horror of the serpent form.

"The idea that India was the 'cradle' of the white race at least, with its serpent environment threatening racial existence for a very long period of its primitive development, appears to receive some degree of confirmation from the fact that among the inhabitants of India at the present time the annual mortality from attacks of serpents exceeds twenty thousand, notwithstanding the efforts of the British authorities to suppress the evil.

"The serpent-instinct in man has a close analogy in a similar instinct that characterizes the domestic horse of the present time, to which allusion has been made by writers on the subject. It is a familiar fact to every one who has to do with horses, the proneness of the horse to exhibit an insane and uncontrollable fear of any unfamiliar wayside object. Indeed the phenomenon is such a commonplace that probably very few persons have given a thought in explanation of what appears to be a wholly unaccountable mystery.

"The suggestion that has been offered with compelling force to account for this curious horse-instinct is on parallel lines with that offered above to account for man's serpent-instinct, both of which in the nature of animal instincts are intense and deep-seated, and have long survived the conditions that gave rise to them.

"In the case of the horse, for a very long period of his racial development he was subjected to one danger exceeding all others in magnitude by which racial survival was constantly threatened. This danger was embodied in the predacious beasts that infested the horse's early environment, mainly of the feline family, that lay in wait concealed by bushes or other cover for the opportunity to spring upon him and devour him. The horse had no means of defense against this danger except alertness in eluding the spring of his enemy and fleetness of foot to escape pursuit. The individual horses that developed these qualities most highly survived, while those that failed to reach an efficient standard fell victims to their enemies.

"And we now see, thousands of years after the domestication of the horse, that he suddenly falls into a senseless panic and flees at breakneck speed from an imaginary danger behind him, heedless of real dangers ahead which not infrequently cause him a broken neck.

"The instinctive fear of imaginary dangers in the horse, and the same kind of fear of serpents in man, appear to have had a similar genesis in the early experiences of both races."

COOKERY TO CURE CRIMINALS

AN INTERESTING and apparently successful experiment in the decrease of criminality by instruction in good cookery is reported from the Pennsylvania Eastern Penitentiary, by J. B. Harrington, writing in *The Forecast* (Philadelphia, January). Mr. Harrington reminds his readers of the familiar saying that a great deal of crime is the result of badly cooked food, since poorly prepared and unappetizing food drives many a man to drink, and drink eventually lands him in the penitentiary. He goes on:

"Without doubt there is a lot of truth in this, and probably even more truth in the assertion that women find themselves behind prison-bars because they do not know how to cook. It is a fact that the larger percentage of women convicts are women who were entirely untrained in any of the household arts. They knew nothing of buying or cooking food, they knew nothing about the management of a home, and when such women were, for one reason or another, thrown upon their own resources, it is quite natural that they should have turned to criminal ways in order to keep themselves alive.

"Of course, the best method of removing this cause of crime is to see that every girl is taught the household arts in the elementary schools. This is being done at the present time in practically every school in the country. The next step is to provide facilities for instructing grown women in cooking, and the next is to teach the women who are already paying the penalty for their misdeeds.

"For many years it has been the custom of our prison authorities to teach the men convicts some useful trade or occupation, and lately there has been a wide-spread attempt to do likewise for the women. Our penal institutions are all fitted out with machines for making various articles, and the inmates are taught to operate them. No organized effort, however, has yet been made to teach the women convicts the elements of cookery, but there seems no reason to doubt the assertion that if every woman convict left the penitentiaries when her term was up with a thorough knowledge of the methods of preparing nourishing, wholesome, and appetizing foods, not nearly so many of them would find their way back to the prisons after a few months of liberty.

"In order to see just what effect a lesson in cooking would have upon women convicts, Warden McKenty, of the Eastern Penitentiary, in Philadelphia, recently asked Mrs. Anna B. Scott, the well-known cooking expert of the staff of the Philadelphia *North American*, to come up to the penitentiary and give a number of the women inmates a practical demonstration of proper methods of preparing a number of simple dishes.

"About a year ago, Warden McKenty introduced a plan into this penitentiary by which the women convicts were allowed to prepare and cook their own meals. The plan worked admirably. The women took up the work with enthusiasm, and it was not long before the cost of feeding the women inmates was considerably reduced and a better feeling and spirit of cooperation among them made manifest. The plan had its drawbacks, however, inasmuch as there was no expert to teach the women the better methods of doing things culinary."

Here is where the appointment of Mrs. Scott came in. The first thing she did was to give a demonstration before the women convicts. Writes Mr. Harrington:

"Every move she made in preparing the meat and vegetables for the soup and the stew, every motion in compounding the pie and the jelly-roll, was watched with the closest attention, and under Mrs. Scott's amiable influence it was not long before the members of the group were laughing and talking and asking questions in just the same manner as if they had been young girls in a boarding-school instead of women serving sentences for various crimes against the community.

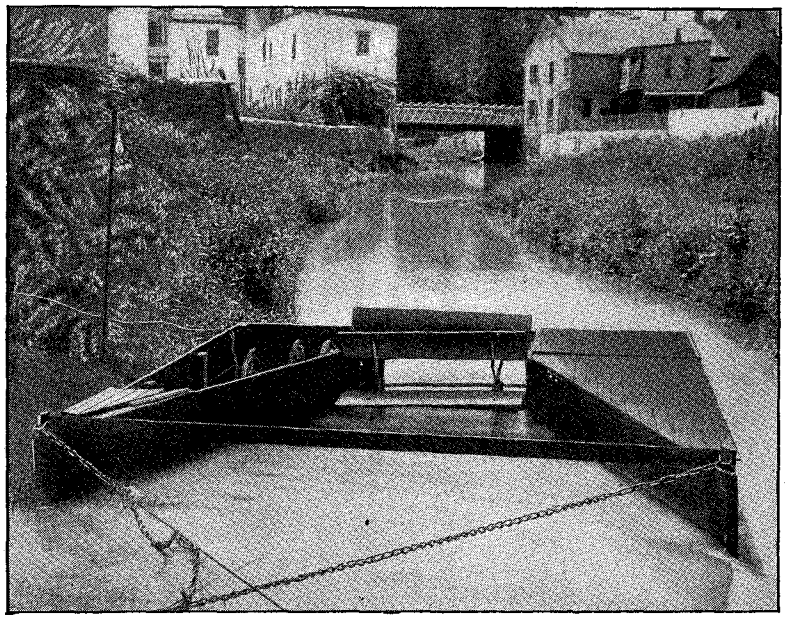
"As the final touches were given to the raisin pie, one woman was heard to murmur pathetically: 'Gee, I'd never landed here if I'd been taught those things when I was a girl!' And her remark was typical of the thoughts in the minds of every woman in the group.

"The meal which Mrs. Scott prepared before these women was intended for a family of four adults, and the materials for its preparation cost only forty-five cents. When one considers that such a meal means that each member of the family would get a large plate of soup, a generous helping of beef stew, and a quarter of a raisin pie, with bread and butter, at a cost of eleven cents, the value of such a lesson in cooking is obvious.

"If only one woman was prevented from again offending against the law through such lessons, the work would be entirely worth while, but all the parties interested feel certain that many women will be enabled through the gentle art of cookery some day to take their places as useful members of society instead of slipping back into the same life of crime and law-breaking.

"The experiment in the Eastern Penitentiary is being watched with considerable interest by penal authorities all over the country, and if it works out as Warden McKenty feels certain it will, there is no doubt but what the plan will be extensively copied in other penitentiaries, prisons, reformatories, and houses of correction.

"Both Warden McKenty and Mrs. Scott are to be congratulated for their broad and progressive spirit in pushing this admirable movement. If most crime is the result of an empty stomach, then this kind of 'prison education' is truly of the right sort."



Courtesy of "Popular Science Monthly," New York.

A POWER-PLANT MADE OF TWO FLOATS AND A PADDLE-WHEEL.

It will derive power from streams flowing as slowly as two miles an hour.

A FLOATING POWER-PLANT—Farmers who have small streams running through their places should be interested in the portable and self-contained power-plant which has been designed and patented by Mr. A. G. Watkins, of Philadelphia. It can be used wherever water moves at the rate of two miles an hour, which is less than that of the average stream. Says a writer in *Popular Science Monthly* (New York, February):

"The plant consists of two triangular floats fastened together by iron rods to form a channel of decreasing width. A water-wheel is mounted in the narrow part. Between the floats and beneath the water there is an adjustable platform, set at a slight angle, so that, together with the floats, a wide-mouthed opening is formed, decreasing in its dimensions in three directions toward the wheel. This has the effect of increasing the volume of water passing through the narrow opening and acting on the blades of the wheel. The float on one side houses a motor with a series of gear-wheels which multiply the power to such a degree that a one-half horse-power dynamo is effectively driven. The other side of the float contains a pump, and thus water or power may be secured as desired. The float is anchored to a tree or any other convenient object. Where more power is wanted several of these devices can be tied up one behind the other. The plant shown is the first which has been demonstrated by the inventor. It is shown on the surface of Carrol Creek, at Frederick, Md. A line was run to the bridge appearing in the distance, where twenty incandescent lamps of sixteen candle-power each were operated. One of these plants will soon be in operation at St. Petersburg, Fla. It is said that the operation of the power-plant in cold weather is not interfered with by ice for the reason that the motion of the water in the passage between the two floats prevents freezing."

A BRAKE FOR OCEAN USE

When we wish to stop an express-train we do not reverse the engine. We apply the brakes. Why should not some form of brake be as effective in stopping a ship as in slowing up a train? This idea seems to have occurred to various persons during the past century or so, and, in fact, some rude devices, such as "drags" and the like, have been utilized to slow down a swiftly moving vessel. Sea-braking, however, seems to be at present in about the same stage of advancement as the steam-engine was when it was represented by the primitive reaction-globe of Hero—the germ of the modern turbine. A paper read recently by Capt. William Strouther Smith before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, on the results of experiments with a ship-brake, indicates that such a brake is a safety-device of considerable potential efficacy, and makes it possible that we shall hear more of it. We quote from an abstract in *The Engineering Magazine* (New York):

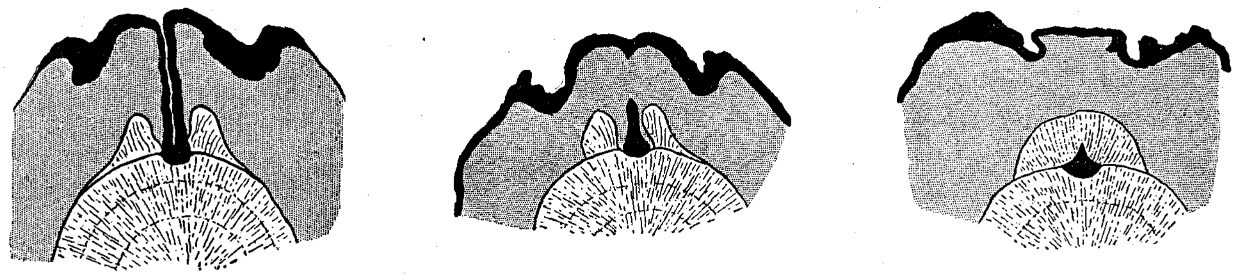
"The device, known as the Lacoste ship-brake, is designed to be thrown out from the side of a ship that is in danger of collision or grounding and thus add its resistance to the efforts of the propellers to arrest progress. Captain Smith notes that 'the question of installing such a brake is a financial one and is dependent upon the lessened insurance demanded and the advertisement of such an appliance to increase the passenger-list.'

"Experiments with the apparatus were first made on the U. S. S. *Indiana* in 1910, but showed very little either for or against the brake. The loss of the *Titanic* awakened interest in the matter, and arrangements were made with the Government to conduct experiments at the Washington Navy Yard with a model. The model followed the design of the *St. Louis*, which is 536 feet long with a displacement of about 17,000 tons.

"Using this model, a number of runs were made and valuable data obtained, the model having the great advantage of affording means for accurate measurement. Various forms of brake were considered, which had the object of permitting opening and closing at will with the vessel going at full speed. These were all judged too extravagant of weight and power, and the final conclusion reached was that: 'The simplest form of brake, designed to be set in the side of the vessel, to be released instantly by the officer on the bridge by throwing a lever and to open by the pressure of the water without further thought, to be supplied with only enough power and mechanism to haul in the brake when the vessel was stopt or going astern and lock it fast for future use—was the only practical solution of the question.'

"It was found that with a pair of brakes 11.73 feet wide and 14 feet deep, set at right angles to the direction of the vessel, the speed would be reduced from 18 knots to 7.15 knots in 2,000 feet without the help of the propellers."

A brake has been made for the *Empress of Asia*, for emergency use only, and if successful we may hear more of it.



HOW PLANTS ADMINISTER FIRST AID TO THEMSELVES WHEN WOUNDED.

"Trees are well equipped with first-aid devices." Three cross-sections of a wounded branch in which an injury gradually heals.

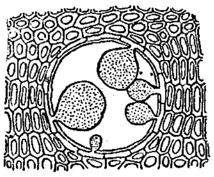
SELF-HEALING TREE-WOUNDS

NATURE'S APPARATUS for healing wounds is more perfect the lower the organism. A semiliquid ameba heeds a cut scarcely more than a glass of water does; a crab is incommoded by the loss of its claw, but not for long, as it proceeds at once to grow a new one. A man, on the other hand, looks in vain for a new arm when his old one has been removed. The processes of self-healing are particularly interesting in the vegetable world. A tree must be pretty badly wounded not to put at work its self-repairing machinery with success. It may not be a pretty tree in later years, but it is at all events a live one, which from the arboreal point of view is doubtless the thing that matters. Says a writer in *La Nature*, translated in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, January 22):

"Vegetables have remarkable powers of recovery from injury; some of which seem to work to the benefit of the plant as a whole. This fact is of value to florists and gardeners, who take advantage of it by cutting back certain groups.

"It is well known that vegetables have 'dormant buds,' which, so long as the growth is normal and regular, remain absolutely quiescent even for years. But if, on the contrary, a branch be cut and the growth of the plant be slowed locally for a while, such buds come immediately into action. They wake and grow and expand into little branches which cover themselves with leaves and replace as nearly as may be the branches that have been lost.

"Another mode of healing wounds in vegetables, at least the injuries that are superficial, is by the change of some of the cells into cork. The impermeability of this substance to liquids and gases need not here be discust. The modification is easy of accomplishment, the cell-walls become impregnated with suberine, the technical name for the cellulose of cork, the cell contents disappear, and their place is taken by air. It is such a structure which accounts for the lightness of cork. Protective layers of cells changed in this way serve to shield injured places.



CROSS-SECTION OF TREE-WOUND (MAGNIFIED).

The large circle is a duct within which the droplets are forming from the cells of the walls of the duct.

"More often than this there ensues active cell-division at the wounded place, proliferation being the medical word, and a swelling is to be seen at the place of injury. The scar is often covered by later growths and by bark, and oftentimes bullets are covered and held where only future wood-workers will find them.

"All this has to do in general with superficial wounds. When they are deeper, when the ball traverses the bark and enters into the wood of the trees, the process is somewhat more complicated. In the linear ducts of the tree, vesicles or droplets begin to form, the result of a stimulated cell-making consequent on injury. The cells of the walls of the duct take part in this, and the result is the checking of the flow of sap. This prevents bleeding or loss of tree-liquids.

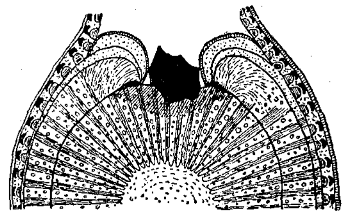
"But in order that such results follow, it is necessary that the wound be not a permanent source of sickness or injury to the plant, and it is necessary for it to heal as quickly as possible so as to prevent the entrance of harmful microorganisms and injurious insect life, or at the very least to arrest the consequent flow of plant liquids the loss of which will very quickly result in the drying up of the plant.

"Trees are in general well equipped with first-aid devices to heal their wounds. More fortunate than humans, they are able to apply automatically an antiseptic bandage to the injured place. As soon as the hurt is received the tree reacts at the damaged place. The local functions of the organism accelerate, and at the same time proteid solutions flow toward the wound. The result is for a while, at least, an increase in vitality and in resistance toward weakening influences."

The writer notes that many species of trees are provided with a system of channels filled with mucilaginous secretions, which spread over the surface and protect a wound as soon as it is made. This instantaneous efficient first aid is particularly noticeable in the pines, spruces, larches, and other conifers, in which the resins flow quickly. They form an impermeable protection above the injury. In possessing such qualities vegetables are superior to man. We read further:

"This cicatrizing substance is particularly to be found in the longitudinal ducts of plants, and has been closely studied by Mangin and other botanists. It forms in droplets on the inner walls of the broken canals, growing little by little and finally establishing the complete closure of the duct. The process is analogous to that of the surgeon who applies his hæmostatic pincers to stop the bleeding of veins in humans.

"Other species and families of trees, not equipped in this way, help themselves by another process. The wounded places change color, first to yellow and then to brown. This is caused by the appearance of what may be termed 'wound-gum,' which is composed of various gums with tannins.



THE WOUND HEALS AROUND THE MISSILE.

The swelling branch is seen, and, in the shaded parts below the wound, may be noticed the "wound-gum."

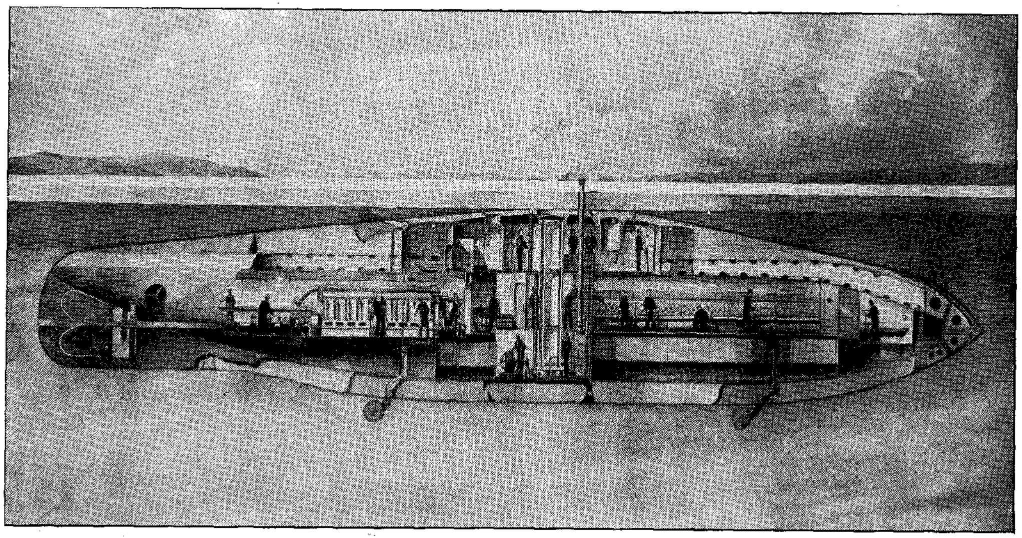
"At the same time the bark is changing into cork to protect the wound. Then the cambium, or cells between the bark and the wood by which the new wood is formed, goes actively into cell-making, and not only is there new wood through which the sap can circulate, but additions to the inner bark.

"Out of such complicated processes there will result one of two things: when the wound is not serious, all the new tissues join and help in the recovery of the injured part so that the wound is covered, or else recovery is effected without completely re-establishing the injured parts.

"In the first case the branch may become quite normal. . . . In the second case, where the wound is large and there remain more or less dead tissues and the tough plaque of wound-gum, the new wood and the new bark together form a large swelling, always more developed above than below. Such trees may have a long life after cure, altho often much injured from the esthetic point of view."

POLEWARD BY SUBMARINE

THE SUBMARINE IS PROPOSED as an efficient vehicle for arctic exploration by Simon Lake, the well-known American inventor and builder of various craft of this type. In an article in *International Marine Engineering* (New York, January) he reminds us of the difficulty of attempting to break through ice-fields, which requires a ship of tremendous power and great weight. The vessel shown in the illustration was designed by the author in 1903 for navigation in ice-covered waters, and a boat of this type was first proposed by him in 1899 for exploration in arctic seas. In 1903, experiments were made with the *Protector* in order to demonstrate the practicability of navigating in ice-covered waters. Says Mr. Lake:



Courtesy of Lake Torpedo Boat Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

THE "SEA-MOLE"—A SUBMERSIBLE FOR AN UNDER-ICE ROUTE TO THE POLES.

"Professor Nansen, in his North-Polar explorations, has stated in his book that his average rate of progress during eighteen months, in attempting to reach the North Pole, was only three-quarters of a mile per day, and that the thickest ice he found during these months of endeavor was 14 feet. His progress was delayed by open waters, slush, ice, and in the winter by the intense cold, which compelled him to 'hibernate' for a considerable period of time.

"An under-ice submarine as illustrated, with large storage-battery capacity, could navigate underneath the ice in perfect comfort and safety. The temperature surrounding the vessel, even in the most severe winter weather, would not exceed the temperature of the sea-water. The vessel above illustrated is designed to make a continuous submerged voyage of 150 miles on one charge of the storage-battery. After such a run, it would be necessary to stop and recharge the batteries. If open water should be encountered, this recharging process would be done by bringing the vessel to the surface. If the ice was not too thick, then by blowing out the water-ballast the ice would be broken, since it is very much easier to lift the ice and break it, rather than to force it apart or downward, as surface vessels are compelled to do.

"Provision is made for boring a hole up through the ice so as to permit the drawing in of sufficient air to run the engines and to recharge the batteries. Provision has also been made for putting out small mines underneath the ice to blow an opening to permit the submarine to come to the surface. A telescopic conning-tower arranged to cut its way up through ice 12 or 14 feet thick is also provided to enable the boat to remain under the ice and still permit the crew to reach the surface.

"In navigating in an ice-pack, the method of procedure would be to reduce the buoyancy of the vessel to, perhaps, a couple of tons, and then steam ahead, and it will be observed that the forward portion of the boat extends downward a considerable distance under the water, so that when the forward portion of the boat contacts with heavy ice the reserve buoyancy will not be sufficient to lift or push the ice out of the way, and the vessel will then be automatically pushed under the ice and run along in contact with the under surface of the ice. A toothed recording wheel would give the exact distance traveled, and of course the compass will give the direction. Progress could be made in perfect comfort and safety under the ice at a rate exceeding 100 miles per day.

"[The figure] shows the vessel fitted with torpedo-tubes, and an athwartship propeller in the stern for training the vessel, and also with bottom wheels to permit navigation on the water-bed. This combination would permit vessels of this type to enter ice-bound ports or harbors and destroy the enemies' shipping while the same lies 'frozen in' and helpless."

While ice is a deterrent to surface-navigation, Mr. Lake regards it as actually an aid to under-water navigation, provided the submarine boat is especially equipped with guide-wheels or "runners" on top of the hull to enable her to "slide" underneath the smooth ice-surface. If an under-ice submarine of the type illustrated will, as he thinks, make about a hundred miles a day under the ice, then taking Nansen's data he calculates that the round-trip to the Pole ought to be made from his base in about ten days' time. Mr. Lake tells us that an under-ice submarine for mail-transportation in Vancouver Harbor has actually been in contemplation by the Canadian authorities.

AERIAL WEEK-ENDS

AFTER THE WAR the week-end tripper will not confine himself to roads—he will launch into the atmosphere in an aeroplane and go wherever fancy leads him. Our motor-cars have used the available roads so often that we are becoming bored; the aeroplane needs no road, but can make a new path for itself every trip. The stoppage of the war will leave 50,000 trained aviators without jobs, a million machines without an object, and a hundred factories with nothing to do. Economic conditions will favor the development of pleasure-aviation. New types of machine will be adapted to it; the motorist will abandon land- and water-machines and turn to the air. These are the views of W. B. Stout, chief engineer of the Scripps-Booth Company, of Detroit, who airs them in an article on "Aviation's New Opportunities," in *The Aerial Age Weekly* (New York). Says Mr. Stout:

"The week-end tour by automobile is fast losing its pleasure. Roads are better, it is true, but speed laws are every year more restricting: motor-cars are better than ever, but the roads even to-day are overcrowded and one spends the week-end in the dust of the cars ahead and in the stench of his neighbor's carbureter. What will be the condition three years hence when there will in all probability be on the roads twice the number of motor-vehicles at present in use? It takes little imagination to see that man very shortly will have to look to a new transportation for his pleasure-journeys as the first step toward the development of this new thing to commercial work.

"There is another reason for the loss of interest in week-end runs. Here in Chicago you are restricted to two or three good main roads for your runs out of town, and, in fact, must choose a run into Indiana out over a road which you are tired of for thirty miles, if you would go at all in comfort, for road-conditions in other directions are almost prohibitive. We in Detroit have a choice of five good roads, mostly concrete, but all of which we have been over scores of times, so the first twenty miles, at least, of any trip is almost boresome when one is in the mood for new sights.

"New roads are being built and new ways perfected, but not so fast as the motor-car is growing, and these conditions will not improve. We want new trips out of Detroit for our recreation-tours and you want new lanes out of Chicago. You can have this and never duplicate a journey if you go by aeroplane.

"The aeroplane in its developed state would decide many of the problems we confront to-day, provided the plane were fitted to living conditions and commercial requirements.

"The aeroplane of to-day compares with the plane of eighteen months ago as the curved dash Oldsmobile to the Packard twin six or the Scripps-Booth roadster. The war has perfected the aeroplane in this short time to a greater degree than the motor-car was developed in any ten years of its growth.

"Several years were taken to prove to the public that the motor-car would run at all without a horse in waiting. Years were taken to educate the public to two cylinders as against the single, and to four as against the two. Years more were spent in educating the buying public and developing the six, and now we are preaching eight and twelve. It has taken years to develop the light-weight idea in motor-cars and the improvement of stream-lining for body-design. The public has held back the development of the motor-car.

"The aeroplane, in contrast, has been developed by governments under war-conditions. . . . Motors of to-day for aeroplanes are of twice the horse-power of those used a year ago, while planes have been built up to one thousand horse-power in five motor units. These machines land at under thirty miles per hour and travel well over a hundred in the air. . . . . .

"Thus war has developed motors and planes, and we but wait for the moment when aviation shall arrive in the minds of the public. . . . . .

"Suppose the war were to close in a year from now. By that time there will be from ten to fifty thousand aviators fully trained to flying under all conditions, who will suddenly at the war's close find themselves out of work.

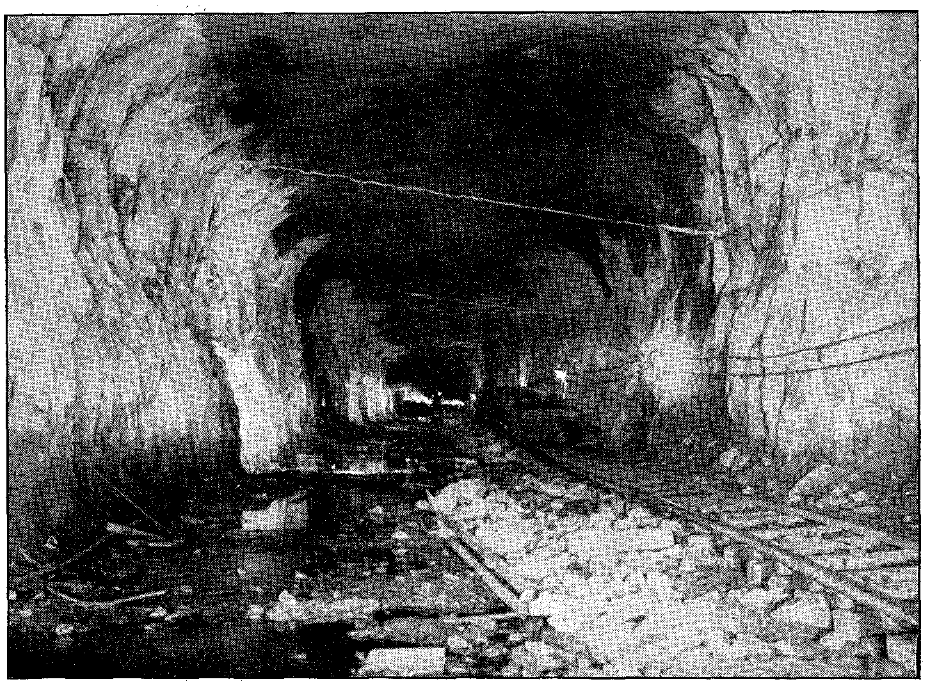
"There will be a hundred factories of large production suddenly left without a market. There will be motor-makers without an outlet for product. These factories will at once be forced to start an extensive campaign to bring the advantages of flying before the public and to convince them of its safety. The makers will probably get together into an association, as have the motor-car manufacturers, to plan ways and means for the best development of the industry. They will promote cross-country tours and races, as in the days of the early motor-car campaign, except that in this case speed will always be an object, as it promotes safety once one is in the air, and there will be no speed laws except in landing. This idea of speed and safety will be part of the campaign. The aerial-taxi scheme will also be an early plan, while the papers will be filled with advertising aiming to popularize the new transportation.

"Millions are invested in aviation; when the war stops we will have to spend much to keep these millions a working investment, and with the assistance of the available aerial chauffeurs will undoubtedly succeed in popularizing the art of flying. . . . .

"The flying-machine for the public must be one which has taken all the points of advantage learned in the war and has adapted them to peace-uses, probably in a new design. The big military bus will do for carrying sightseers, but it will hardly do for family use. . . . . . .

"My prediction may sound radical, but I believe that after the war the small machine will come into its own. We know that it is possible to get off the ground at twenty-five miles an hour with two passengers and with a thirty-five horse-power motor. We know also that theoretically the same motor could drive up at a hundred miles an hour, once we were up, if we could but reduce the head resistance and surface enough. Eventually, I believe a machine will be available which will leave the ground at twenty-five miles an hour and climb at a steep angle, whose planes can be changed while in the air to allow a speed of one hundred miles an hour, and which can change back to a speed which will allow of a 'pancake' landing in a small lot. This machine will have a light but efficient motor of from fifty to one hundred horse-power and will carry four persons.

"This machine will of necessity be designed to appeal. It must be beautifully finished and travel noiselessly. The passengers must be enclosed completely for the high speeds involved, and navigating instruments must be fitted for all occasions. Conversation must be possible aboard while in flight, and the machine must look and sound safe as well as be safe, through its simplicity and its slow landing-speed.



Courtesy of "The Engineering Record," New York.

TRICKING A CAMERA WITH MOVING LIGHTS.

An annoyance the amateur photographer often meets—faulty perspective—is here vanquished.

"The development of such a machine is aviation's new opportunity, and the new opportunity of those who are experimenting to be ready when America is ready for aerial transportation. . . . .

"The automobile is a decreasing factor in pleasure transportation and is choking itself on its own prosperity. The aeroplane is fast arriving as a safe transportation-vehicle with a real appeal. It only remains for you to perfect what we know now of the flying-machine into a vehicle in which all will feel safe and which will have a definite sporting appeal to reap the benefit of conditions that now impend."

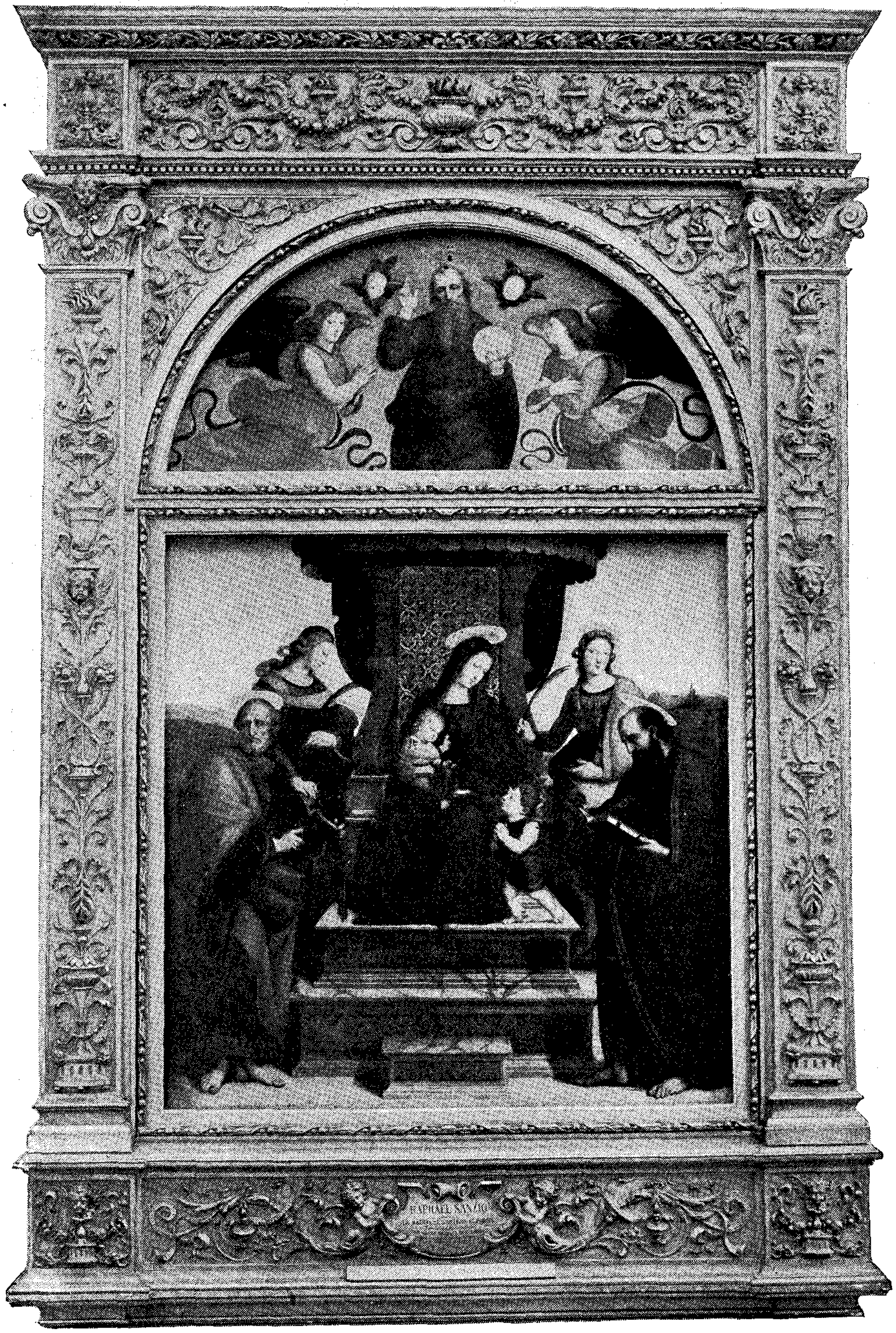
TUNNEL-PICTURES BY MOVING LIGHT—It has been found that in taking underground photographs a small light may be made to illuminate a long stretch of tunnel by moving it along during the progress of the exposure. Says a contributor to *The Engineering Record* (New York, January 8):

> "Contractors who have to take progress-pictures of tunnels often find it difficult to get good results. Flash-lights of the ordinary type illuminate only a comparatively short stretch of the bore, and the resulting negatives lack perspective. To overcome this trouble, S. P. Brown, chief engineer of the Mount Royal Tunnel & Terminal Company, of Montreal, adopted a different scheme in making the photograph shown herewith. After the camera had been set up and the lens opened, a man with a magnesium blow-torch mounted in front of a large screen was ordered to walk through the tunnel away from the camera. Thus the perimeter of the bore was illuminated for a long distance without having the direct rays of the light reach the camera and fog the plate. The result was a picture of unusually great perspective."

LETTERS - AND - ART

ANOTHER PRICELESS PAINTING FOR THE PUBLIC

THE INEVITABLE DESTINATIONS of the world's greatest masterpieces of art, it has been often remarked, are the public galleries dedicated to the free uses of the people. It has taken several centuries for the great Colonna "Madonna," by Raffael, to reach such a goal, but Mr. Morgan's recent gift of this with other works of art to the Metropolitan Museum settles its place for all time. The Gothic and Renaissance art of the Hoentschel collection accompany the Raffael in Mr. Morgan's gift, making the value of these benefactions anywhere in the neighborhood of a million. It may afford another view of this gift to recall that at the time Mr. Morgan sold the Fragonard murals and the Chinese porcelains to Mr. Frick it was feared that the loss to the public of the collections of the elder Mr. Morgan was imminent. It was pointed out then that the city had spent about a million in making additions to the Museum to house the collections that Mr. Morgan, by report at least, designed for the public's possession. In announcing his gift, however, the present head of the Morgan family says he acts "in pursuance of my father's idea." The Hoentschel collection, consisting of early French sculptures, furniture, textiles, stained glass, woodwork, and architectural fragments, can not be duplicated, and, "from that view-point, may be said to be priceless." The Museum's *Bulletin* contains this note on the Raffael from the pen of the curator, Mr. Bryson Burroughs:



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

A MORGAN GIFT TO THE PUBLIC: THE COLONNA "MADONNA," BY RAFFAEL.

"A writer in the New York *Sun*, December 11, 1912, refers to this picture as the most important ever brought to America. That it truly is, and also one of the two or three greatest that have come on the market within a generation. A great and monumental work by one to whom the ages have accorded the highest fame is bound to be so considered despite a certain fashionable disfavor which the artist undergoes at the moment. Every writer of any note on Raffael has commented upon this picture, and its bibliography would fill many pages.

"The altar-piece, with the exception of the *predella*, was sold by the nuns in 1677 to one Antonio Bigazzini, and soon after came into the possession of the Colonna family at Rome, where it remained until 1802, when it became the property of Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies. When Francis II. (to whom it passed) was dethroned in 1860 the Raffael was taken by him to Spain.

"In 1870 it was sent to Paris and exhibited at the Louvre, as there was question of its purchase by the French Government. The plan was frustrated by the Franco-Prussian War. Afterward it was lent to the South Kensington Museum, and more or less openly offered for sale. After the death of Francis II., in 1894, it was bought by Martin Colnaghi, who in turn sold it to Charles Sedelmeyer, from whom Mr. Morgan bought it in 1901."

That Raffael is just now out of favor with the painters of to-day is illustrated by a remark of one of them quoted by Mr. Royal Cortissoz in the New York *Tribune*. This painter put into the course of an argument the declaration that "of course Raffael didn't know how to paint." "That sort of stuff is all very well, and we need it in the museums," he continued, "but it has nothing to do with modern art." There are many artists, asserts the *Tribune's* critic, who think in this "curious fashion":

"Raffael didn't know anything about brushwork as we understand it, he knew nothing about light, he painted according to a diagram, and so on and so on. The amusing thing is that all this is quite true. But even more amusing is it to observe that he was nevertheless a great painter, at whose feet the cleverest follower of Manet, say, or Whistler, might profitably sit. Great painting does not consist of brushwork alone, priceless as that may be, nor does it rest entirely upon the impressionistic hypothesis. It includes all manner of equally important traits, and some of these Raffael possest in an abundance which is vouchsafed only to genius.

"Let us, to begin with, look at the Colonna 'Madonna' in its weakest aspects. It was painted at an early transitional period in the master's career. He had not yet thrown off the tradition of Perugino's studio; the pupil retains the manner of his teacher, especially in the matter of drawing, and he preserves, too, that curious immobility which belonged to the Umbrian school at the time of his apprenticeship. The color, tho not without a certain richness, hardly proclaims the great colorist, and time has but exaggerated its rather hard character. The bloom of this picture disappeared long before the memory of living man. Some centuries ago the nuns in whose convent it then was desired to sell it not only in order to settle some debts, but 'because the surface in some parts was flaking away.' Even the Raffael of that period is not to-day represented in it at his best. But it still justifies the tribute of his definitive biographers, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who speak of 'the monumental attitudes, the breadth of the forms, the grace and beauty of the females, and the grand style of the draperies.' These are qualities that never lose their value for the modern artist who can see beyond his nose, who is not besotted in the provincialism of imagining that art began when he discovered Paris.

"It is droll, too, to reflect that so many of the disparagers of Raffael in the studios were glad enough to emulate his principles when the latter were offered to them with a French trademark. We were discussing in this place not long since the debt American art owes to teachers like Gérôme, citing his great picture, 'Son Eminence Grise,' as typical of the sound workmanship which he inculcated. That was precisely what Raffael put into the Colonna 'Madonna.' We hailed it when it first appeared at the Museum as a masterpiece of majestic design, as a triumph of linear art, and we so hail it again, rejoicing in the rebuke it administers to the so-called 'advanced' painters of the hour who fancy that they can neglect the rudiments of technique. They think that technique is summed up in forcible brushwork. It does not exist until it includes honest draftsmanship, and, above all, design. Raffael's design in this picture is no doubt formal, diagrammatic, whole parasangs removed from the atmosphere of what we call realism. But it is strong and of beautiful design, and in its very simplicity it gives the student an immediate clue to the subject. Let him learn from the young Raffael how to demonstrate that two and two make four. Then, by and by, he may, with the more readiness and with the more hope of success, proceed toward the great artist's great triumph, that of proving, by the sheer power of genius, that two and two may make six."

CHANCE FOR A GERMAN KIPLING—What a pity there is no German Kipling, sighs the Hartford *Courant*, to tell the story of the capture and voyage of the British ship *Appam*. *The Courant* knows of none, but "if the war shall bring out a Teuton who shall even approximate the brilliancy of the English Rudyard at his best—the material is there ready for him." Further—

"Of course, if the incident could have been turned about, which in the nature of things it simply couldn't be, Kipling would have been the man to write the story. Somehow his admirers can almost see the way he would do it; can sense the cleverness with which he would spin the yarn of this most remarkable sea-romance; can get the tang of the tale as he might put it into the mouth of some second engineer or perhaps a steward of the prize-crew.

"But tho Kipling may not tell the tale—and Kipling is too much of a regular Britisher to go very far in extolling unusual cleverness and shrewdness on the part of the hated German—still the romance is there. The war has proved, over and over again, that romance s ill lives, and this newest incident is one of the strongest proofs. There will be questions as to what may become of the ship, her passengers and crew, and her captors; grave diplomatic correspondence may result from the romance; differences of opinion will surely arise as to this nation's duty in the matter. But what a story it all makes!"

ART'S REVENGE UPON "KULTUR"

THE VENGEANCE which art may take—and has already begun to take—upon *Kultur* is set forth in a bitter article by Francis Gribble in the London *Standard*. It is one of those foreshadowing articles, dealing with all phases of future relations between the now warring countries, that fill the papers and magazines and portend an early end of the bloody struggle. If the writer paints a bitter fate for Germany, he, besides showing the inevitable partizanship of an Englishman, recalls the analogous aftermath of 1870. He defends his views by the declaration that the fate he paints is due to those who "declare war upon ideals." As one example of art taking vengeance for martyred Belgium this British novelist imagines some Maupassant of the future dealing with the facts from the standpoints of suffering children and compassionate German mothers:

"'Think of it!' said one of my friends. 'They have terrorized the country so that little tots of six or seven throw up their hands and scream for mercy when they see the Germans coming.'

"'Yes,' said another, 'and all the roads are crowded with little children wandering about, crying for their mothers; and no one can find out who they are, or to whom they belong.'

"It was not a phenomenon which could remain veiled in mystery, known only to the privileged few. Some of the German war-correspondents observed it, and wrote it up; and then some of the German women, having read their descriptive articles, were moved to pity. They also took to writing to the editors. 'The poor children!' they exclaimed. 'How terrible for them! Whatever had happened was no fault of theirs! Could not something be done for them?' And woman after woman proposed to repair the crimes of German men by adopting a Belgian orphan.

"It was a well-meant offer, in which one detected no ring of conscious hypocrisy. The tears of sensibility which were then shed in Germany over the sufferings of the Belgian children were quite as genuine as those which are now being shed over the price of Danish butter. One would like to tell the story without insisting upon the irony of the situation; but that is hardly possible. Irony, like truth, 'will out'; and it seems to me now, as it seemed to me then, that we have here just one of those themes which such a writer as Maupassant would have immortalized. I have tried to conjecture in what shape the story would have emerged from the crucible of his imagination. He would have shown us, I think, the German matron's heart full of benevolence expanding toward affection, and the little orphan's heart, sullen, bitter, and unforgiving, nursing his grievances in spite of the kindness shown to him, secretly brooding over plans of vengeance to be executed when he was older. And then, I fancy, he would have depicted some trivial incident—the infliction, say, of some unjust punishment for some childish fault—arousing latent sullenness to instant fury; and he would finally, one conjectures, have shown us the child slowly thinking out some cunning scheme of immediate revenge—stealing matches and petroleum, perhaps, and setting the house on fire at the dead of night, and burning his benefactress in her bed. And he would have left us with the feeling that the real criminal was not the child, but the German officer who gave the order for the burning of Louvain.

"It may be that that particular story will never be written. But many stories of the sort—and many stories still deadlier to the good name of Germany—will assuredly flood the world in the years to come; and the certainty that the blood of the martyrs will thus be the seed not merely of the Church, but of art and literature, reveals to us one weakness in the German position of which perhaps neither the Germans themselves nor their enemies perceive the full significance. The Germans, it is true, are very clever people in their way—wonderful chemists and wonderful mechanics, wonderful organizers and wonderful commercial travelers; but their accomplishments in these fields will not help them in the controversies of the future. On the contrary, we shall then see them blundering along in a language which no one will take the trouble to learn, while all the art of the world, all the wit and sarcasm of the world, all the clear-cut and polished intellect of the world will be arrayed against them. *Kultur*, in short, is not only 'up against' humanity. It is also 'up against' art; and the apostles of *Kultur* are destined to find that their enemies command the fields of art as completely as the British fleet commands the seas."

Of what that means, Mr. Gribble declares, an object-lesson may be seen in the art and literature arising out of the war of 1870:

"Tho the soldier and the statesman may make history, it is the artist who makes the reputations alike of peoples and of individuals by his power of playing on our sympathies as on an instrument of music. The Germans won the war, annexed the territory, pocketed the money, and went home boasting, to write the history of their achievements; but no one except the professional student ever reads what they have written, and no one, student or not, is ever moved by their monuments as one is moved by the '*Quand même*' statue in the Belfort market-place. It is the French, not the German, literature of the war which lives and persuades; and it is Detaille's famous picture, 'Les Vainqueurs,' with the stolen French clocks peeping out from under the tarpaulin of the returning German wagon, which mirrors for the world the German conduct during the invasion. Art, in short—taking the world in its widest sense to include the work of Zola and Maupassant, as well as that of Detaille and the sculptors—has fixt the popular conception of the Germans of 1870 as thieves and murderers, as surely as the art of Carlyle has fixt the popular conception of Robespierre as 'sea-green.'"

THE SALVATION ARMY

THE SALVATIONIST MUNITION-MAKER.

The trombone-player is *Undershaft* of Mr. Shaw's "Major Barbara," who grows richer each day making firearms, and as readily gives his check to the Salvation Army, finding it all in the day's work.

The same thing he believes will happen as before, "but it will happen in a far more intense degree and with far more damning and durable effect." He adds, with intense anti-German feeling:

"The Germans will protest and howl—there are no people like them for howling and protesting; but they will find—they most clearly are foredoomed to find—that the history of the present war accepted by the world will be a history written by their enemies, from documents which their enemies are even now carefully collecting and collating, illuminated by their enemies' wit, and illustrated by their enemies' paintings, sculptures, and cartoons. By the monuments which will be erected to the memory of Edith Cavell, and those other monuments which are to be set up, with full explanatory inscriptions, wherever a German barbarity has been perpetrated on French soil, the repute of the German race will be damned for generations—and damned, as the artistic work already done shows, so terribly. The Kaiser of popular imagination will always be the Kaiser as pictured by Louis Raemakers, cowering before the figure of Christ and stammering out his weak excuses; the German soldiers will go down to posterity as the pigs which Louis Raemakers depicted devouring Edith Cavell's dead body; the Iron Cross will be the decoration which Louis Raemakers appended to those pigs' tails. If there is any eventual recognition of the better qualities of the better men among the German people, they will owe that recognition to the magnanimity of their enemies."

SHAW ON THE MUNITION-MAKER

THO WRITTEN as long ago as 1906, Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara" is in some respects a play essentially for 1916. When theatergoers hear at the Playhouse in New York one of the leading characters—the millionaire *Undershaft*—give his justification of himself as a munition-maker they may perhaps begin to puzzle themselves as to where Bernard Shaw, the Socialist, stands in regard to the present war. Of course, ten years ago the present conflict was barely glimpsed, at least in England; and the thesis that Shaw was then bent on defending was the criminality of poverty. The figure who brings it home to us is, for purposes of emphasis, presented as a maker of firearms. In his preface to the play Shaw declares that he has "represented a man who has become intellectually and spiritually as well as practically conscious of the irresistible natural truth which we all abhor and repudiate: to wit, that the greatest of evils and the worst of crimes is poverty, and that our first duty—a duty to which every other consideration should be sacrificed—is not to be poor." The time-honored platitudes, "poor but honest," "the respectable poor," declares the oracle of Shavian wit, are as intolerable and as immoral as "drunken but amiable," "fraudulent but a good after-dinner speaker," "splendidly criminal," and the like. *Undershaft*, we are told, "is simply a man who, having grasped the fact that poverty is a crime, knows that when society offered him the alternative of poverty or a lucrative trade in death and destruction, it offered him, not a choice between opulent villainy and humble virtue, but between energetic enterprise and cowardly infamy." Mr. Shaw does not permit his character any hypocritical sentimentalism over the nature of his trade. In bouncing phrase he utters his profession of faith:

"Here I am, a manufacturer of mutilation and murder. I find myself in a specially amiable humor just now because, this morning, down at the foundry, we blew twenty-seven dummy soldiers into fragments with a gun which formerly destroyed only thirteen. . . . The more destructive war becomes the more fascinating we find it. No, Mr. Lomax; I am obliged to you for making the usual excuse for my trade; but I am not ashamed of it. I am not one of those men who keep their morals and their business in water-tight compartments. All the spare money my trade-rivals spend on hospitals, cathedrals, and other receptacles for conscience-money I devote to experiments and researches in improved methods of destroying life and property. I have always done so; and I always shall. Therefore your Christmas-card moralities of peace on earth and good-will among men are of no use to me. Your Christianity, which enjoins you to resist not evil, and to turn the other cheek, would make me a bankrupt. My morality—my religion—must have a place for cannons and torpedoes in it."

It is the same brutal sincerity that makes *Undershaft* see and declare the virtues of alcohol, pointing out that it "assists the doctor in healing the sick. It makes life bearable to millions of people who could not endure their existence if they were quite sober. It enables Parliament to do things at eleven at night that no sane person would do at eleven in the morning." With this speech he tries to justify *Bodger*, the distiller, and gain him credit for the check he gives to the Salvation Army. Immediately he offers *Mrs. Baines*, a Salvationist, his own check and his own justification:

"I also, Mrs. Baines, may claim a little disinterestedness. Think of my business! Think of the widows and orphans! the men and lads torn to pieces with shrapnel and poisoned with lyddite! (Mrs. Baines shrinks; but he goes on remorselessly); the oceans of blood, not one drop of which is shed in a really just cause! the ravaged crops! the peaceful peasants forced, women and men, to till their fields under the fire of opposing armies on pain of starvation! the bad blood of the fierce little cowards at home who egg on others to fight for the gratification of their national vanity! All this makes money for me: I am never richer, never busier than when the papers are full of it. Well, it is your work to preach peace on earth and good-will to men. (Mrs. Baines's face lights up again.) Every convert you make is a vote against war. (Her lips move in prayer.) Yet I give you this money to help you to hasten my own commercial ruin. (He gives her the check.)"

Almost at the close of his play Mr. Shaw gives in mottoes the history of the mental attitudes of the successive generations of *Undershafts*, and they seem to epitomize much of the argument the present war has produced. It is "the faith of an armorer":

"To give arms to all men who offer an honest price for them, without respect of persons or principles: to aristocrat and republican, to Nihilist and Czar, to capitalist and Socialist, to Protestant and Catholic, to burglar and policeman, to black man, white man, and yellow man, to all sorts and conditions, all nationalities, all faiths, all follies, all causes, and all crimes. The first *Undershaft* wrote up in his shop, IF GOD GAVE THE HAND, LET NOT MAN WITHHOLD THE SWORD. The second wrote up, ALL HAVE THE RIGHT TO FIGHT: NONE HAVE THE RIGHT TO JUDGE. The third wrote up, TO MAN, THE WEAPON: TO HEAVEN, THE VICTORY. The fourth had no literary turn; so he did not write up anything; but he sold cannons to Napoleon under the nose of George the Third. The fifth wrote up, PEACE SHALL NOT PREVAIL SAVE WITH THE SWORD IN HER HAND. The sixth, my master, was best of all. He wrote up, NOTHING IS EVER DONE IN THIS WORLD UNTIL MEN ARE PREPARED TO KILL ONE ANOTHER IF IT IS NOT DONE. After that, there was nothing left for the seventh to say. So he wrote up, simply, UNASHAMED."

In his preface to the play Mr. Shaw asserts that *Undershaft* "is not the dupe of that public sentiment against killing which is propagated and endowed by people who would otherwise be killed themselves, or of the mouth-honor paid to poverty by rich and insubordinate do-nothings who want to rob the poor without courage and command them without superiority." He quotes Froissart's hero who saw that "to rob and pill was a good life," and he asserts that Froissart's *Knight*, "in placing the achievement of a good life before all other duties—which indeed are not duties at all when they conflict with it, but plain wickednesses—behaved bravely, admirably, and, in the final analysis, public-spiritedly."

WAR'S EFFECT ON AMERICAN LETTERS

AN ALMOST inexplicable situation, probably created by the war, appears in the pronounced decrease in the amount of American literary production. The New York *Times Review of Books*, taking the figures issued by *The Publishers' Weekly*, makes a comparison between the publications of this country for 1914 and 1915. There is a certain flaw in such a comparison, for the war began in the middle of 1914, and *The Times* points out that a fairer comparison would be reached by taking the statistics for 1913 and 1915. The differences between 1914 and 1915, however, it is observed, "are marked enough to show the quality and amount of this effect up to date and to indicate what we may still expect." The number of books appearing in 1914 is placed at 12,010 and for 1915 at 9,734. *The Times* thus shows its astonishment at the blighting effect on American literary producers:

"In analyzing these figures one finds, as might be expected, that there was a considerable decrease in books by English and other foreign authors. The bulk of the decrease, however, was in the books by American authors, a fact that is directly at variance with the result as pictured beforehand by various literary forecasters. There seemed to be good reason to expect that the war would divert European authors from their normal activities, with a consequent fall in foreign book-production, while, conversely, American authors would be called upon to contribute an increasing number of volumes to the annual output.

"This has not happened. Last year the number of books by American authors was 1,631 fewer than in the previous year; the number by foreign authors was 645 fewer than in 1914. The reason for this difference in decrease is rather difficult to reach. One gathers, at any rate, that the war has had quite as paralyzing an effect upon literary industry here as it has abroad—altho such a conclusion naturally makes one somewhat skeptical of the infallibility of statistics in matters of this kind. For the rest, the figures given by *The Publishers' Weekly* show that the expected has happened in current literature.

"In only three of the classifications of the latter were gains shown last year; these were in domestic economy, history, and business. In the first of these there were only two more titles than in 1914, an insignificant increase that is practically meaningless. In history the gain was substantial, 758 titles as against 581 in 1914; in business it was 252 in 1915, 229 in 1914. The gain in books of history represents, of course, the direct influence of the war on literature and may be expected to increase for some little time to come. The gain in books on business is not so easily interpreted. It shows an increased demand for handbooks of practical and theoretical information in this department, but why this demand should be emphasized just now is not easily explained.

"Another significant item in this table of figures is one showing that books of poetry and drama, altho fewer in number than in 1914, nevertheless gained in relative importance and popularity last year. They now occupy fourth place after fiction, religion, and history."

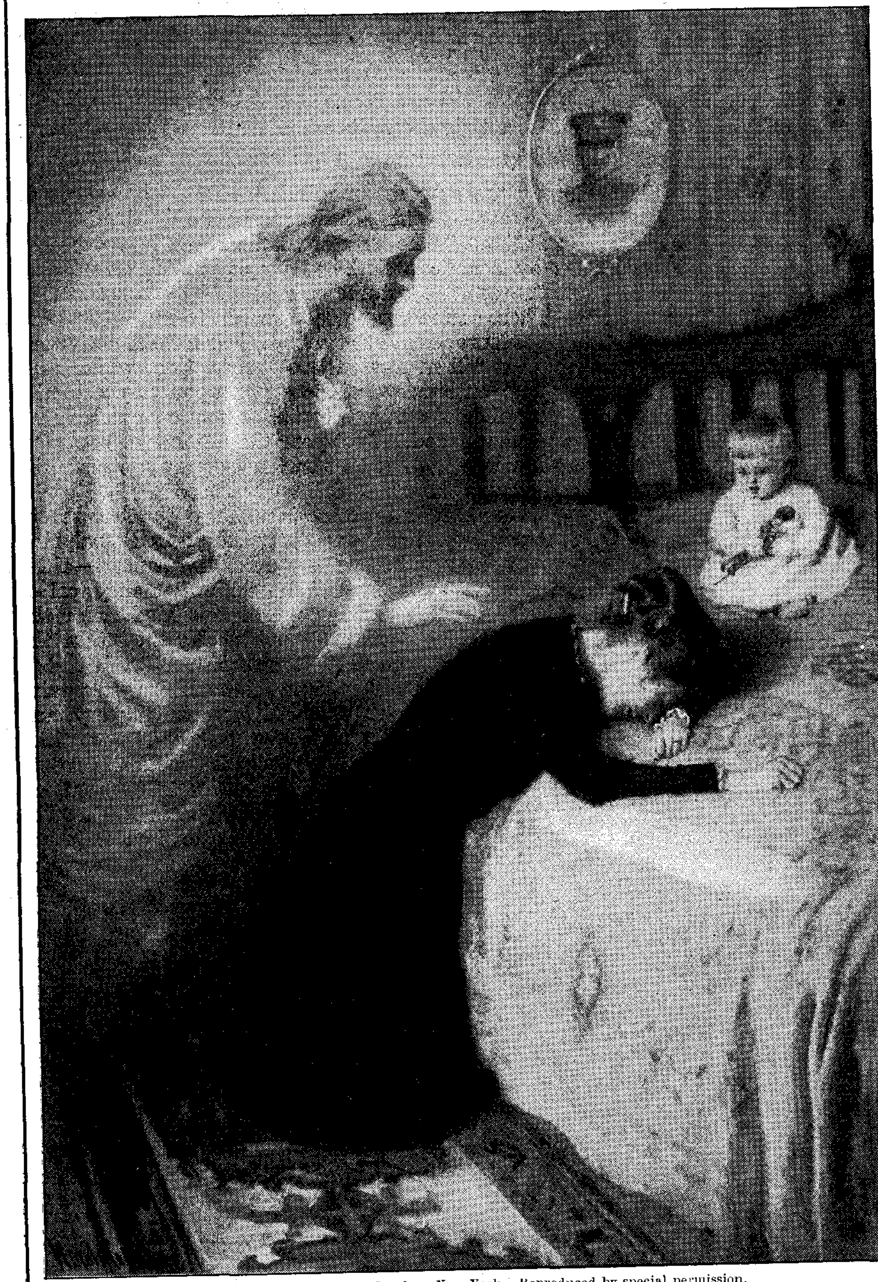
The New York *Evening Post*, puzzled by the fact that we published more books on domestic economy and business last year than the year before, while Great Britain also increased her output of business books, notes some other rearrangements:

"In each country, history has risen from tenth place to third, being exceeded only by fiction—and religious works. Sociology and economics, which with us gained first place in non-fiction in 1913, and held it in 1914, altho almost overtaken in that year by religion and theology, dropt in 1915 to fifth, being surpassed by fiction, books on religion, history, and poetry and drama. Altho books on religion fell off from 1,000 to 800, they hold first place in non-fiction in both England and America by a wider margin over history than that which separated them from sociology and economics in this country at the end of 1914. Here also, observers think, they see an effect of the war. Poetry and drama, with us, held fourth place in both years; in England, it comes lower down, below science and juvenile books, as well as sociology. Figures from other European countries are scanty."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

GERMAN BISHOPS INVOKED BY BELGIAN BISHOPS

SCRAPS AND PATCHES of the letter of Cardinal Mercier and the Episcopate of Belgium written to the Catholic prelates of Germany have filtered through the news-dispatches; but the New York *Evening Post* recently furnished its readers with a translation of the complete text. Many readers now know what the Kaiser forbade his ecclesiastical subjects to read or hear. Even Cardinal Mercier's recent visit to Rome was unsuccessful in opening a channel to Germany. The letter bears the date of November, 1915, and in its opening paragraphs the Belgian prelates reaffirm many assertions respecting the conduct of German troops in Belgium that have been freely published in neutral and Allied countries. They deal also with the extenuating arguments emanating from German sources, accounting for such military severity as may be admitted on the plea of Belgian *franc-tireur* warfare. They quote the Kaiser's letter to President Wilson, and remark resentfully that "in the beginning of September, the Emperor of Germany covered with his authority the calumnious accusations of which our innocent populations were the object." The telegram was posted up in Belgium on the 11th of September, the prelates affirm, and the next day the Bishop of Namur sought an audience with the Military Governor "to protest against the reputation his Majesty the Emperor sought to give to the Belgian clergy; he affirmed the innocence of all the members of the clergy who had been shot or maltreated, and declared that he was ready himself to publish any culpable deeds which might be proved." The offer was not accepted. The following paragraph declares:



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"THE CONSOLER."

By Harold Copping.

Christ the Consoler lays a healing hand on the stricken soul of the young widow. The child, her remaining comfort, holds a memento of his father's sacrifice.

"Thus calumny was able to pursue its course freely. The organ of the Catholic Center rivaled the Lutheran press; and the day when thousands of our fellow countrymen, ecclesiastics and laymen, of Visé, Aerschot, Wessemael, Herent, Louvain, and twenty other places, all as innocent of acts of war or cruelty as you and we, were taken off as prisoners and passed through the railway stations of Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, and, for mortal hours, were given over as a show to the unwholesome curiosity of the Rhenish metropolis, they had the grief to know that their Catholic brethren vomited over them just as many insults as did the Lutherans of Celle, Soltau, or Magdeburg.

"Not one voice was lifted up in Germany to take the defense of the victims.

"The legend which was transforming innocent into guilty persons and crime into an act of justice thus became accredited, and on May 10, 1915, the White Book—an official organ of the German Empire—dared to adopt it on its own account, and to circulate in neutral countries these odious and cowardly falsehoods:

"'There is no doubt that German wounded have been stript and finished, yes, and frightfully mutilated by the Belgian population, and that even women and young girls have taken part in such abominations. Wounded soldiers have had their eyes put out, their ears, nose, fingers, and organs cut off, or their bowels opened; in other cases, German soldiers have been poisoned, hanged to trees, have had boiling liquid poured over them, and been sometimes burned, so that they have endured death in atrocious pain. Such bestial proceedings of the population not only violate obligations expressly formulated by the Geneva Convention concerning the attention and care due to the wounded of an enemy army, but they are contrary to the fundamental principles of the laws of war and humanity.'

"Put yourselves for a moment in our place, dear brethren in the faith and priesthood.

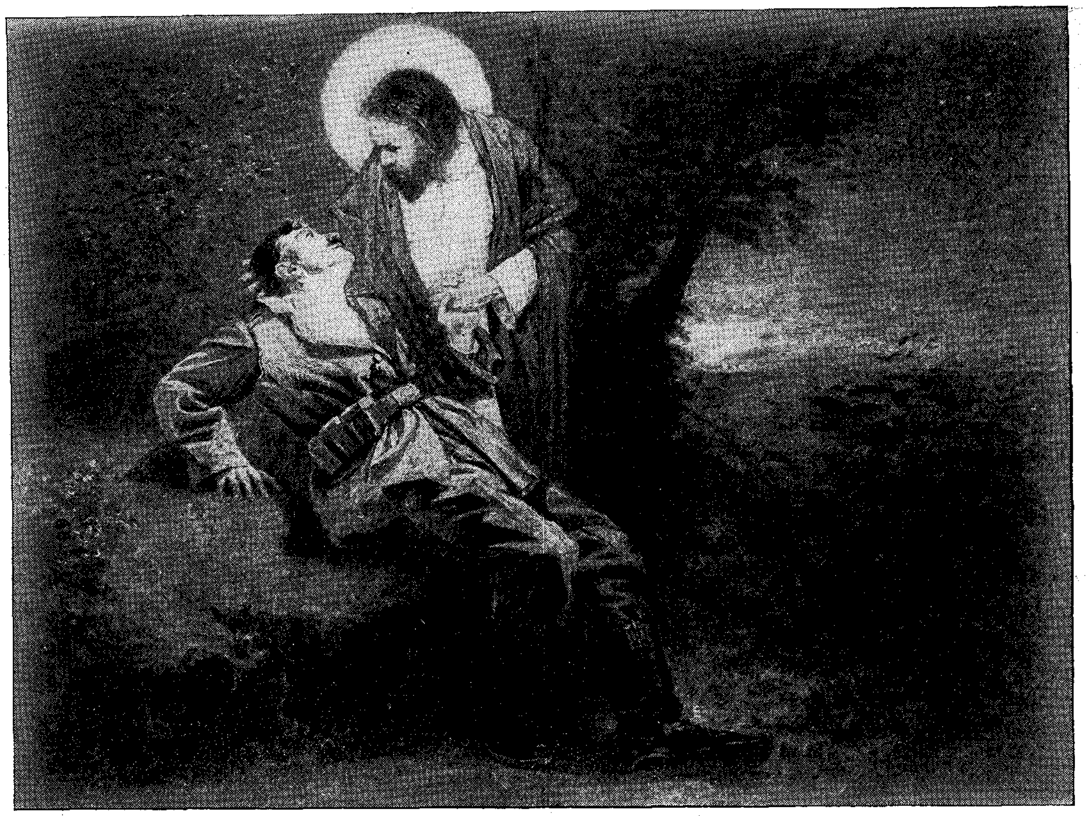
"We know that these shameless accusations of the Imperial

Government are, from one end to the other, calumnies—we know it and we swear it.

"Now, your Government invokes for its justification witnesses that have been subjected to no check and to no cross-examination.

"Is it not your duty, not only in charity, but in strict justice, to enlighten yourselves, to enlighten the faithful of your flocks, and to furnish us with the occasion to establish judicially our innocence?

"You owe us this satisfaction in the name of Catholic charity which dominates national conflicts. You owe it to us—to-day—in strict justice, because a committee, covered by at least your tacit approbation, and composed of all that is most distinguished in politics and science and religion in Germany, has undertaken the patronage of the official accusations and confided to the pen of a Catholic priest, Prof. A. J. Rosenberg, of Paderborn, the task of condensing them in a book entitled, 'The Lying Accusations of French Catholics against Germany,' and has thus put on the back of Catholic Germany the responsibility of the active and public propagation of the calumny against the Belgian people."



From the "Illustrirte Zeitung."

A GERMAN VERSION OF THE SAME IDEA.

Christ the Consoler visits the wounded soldier on the battle-field. From a painting by Walther Firle.

The Belgian letter prays that the members of the German Episcopate appoint delegates to an official tribunal of inquiry, granting their Belgian colleagues an equal number, and this tribunal to call a "superarbiter" from a neutral State—Holland, Spain, Switzerland, or the United States—to preside. It begs for investigation and repeats that "the German authority was desirous to institute investigations." But—

"It wished them to be one-sided—that is, without any judicial value.

"After it had refused the investigation demanded by the Cardinal of Malines, the German authorities went into different localities where priests had been shot and peaceful citizens massacred or made prisoners, and there—on the depositions of a few witnesses taken haphazard or selected discreetly, sometimes in presence of a local authority who was ignorant of the German language, and thus found himself forced to accept and sign blindly the minutes made—it believed itself authorized to come to conclusions which were afterward to be presented to the public as results of cross-examination.

"The German investigation was carried out, in November, 1914, at Louvain, in such conditions. It is therefore devoid of any authority.

"So it is natural that we should turn to you."

Against the possible objection that investigation would now be premature, the Belgians invite it despite the fact that it would have to be made in circumstances unfavorable to them:

"Decisive reasons are opposed to all dilatory procedure.

"The first, that which will go straight to your hearts, is that we are the weak and you the powerful. You would not wish to abuse of your strength against us. . . . . . .

"Now, whereas you have all liberty to flood neutral countries with your publications, we are imprisoned and reduced to silence. Hardly are we permitted to lift up our voices inside our churches; the preaching in them is checked off, that is, parodied by paid spies; protestations of conscience are qualified revolts against public authorities; what we write is stopt at the frontier as contraband. So you alone enjoy freedom of speech and of the pen, and if you will, in a spirit of charity and equity, procure a particle of it for Belgians who are accused and give them a chance to defend themselves, it is for you to come to their protection as soon as possible. The old law adage—*Audiatur et altera pars* ('Let the other side be heard')—is posted up, they tell us, at the doors of many German courts of law. In any case, for you as for us, it is law for the official judgments of bishops, and doubtless, too, with you, as with us, it circulates in the people's speech under this figure—'Who hears but one bell hears but one sound.' . . . . .

"Germany will not give us back the blood she has made to flow and the innocent lives her armies have mowed down—but it is in her power to make restitution to the Belgian people of their honor, which she has violated or let be violated."

"LYING" CHURCHES—Eastern methods of diplomacy covered by the euphemism, "saving the face," are charged against certain of our churches by their own denominational organs. These Western spokesmen use a shorter and more blandly Saxon term than the polite Orientals and call it lying. *The Standard,* a Chicago Baptist journal, couples its denomination with the Presbyterian on the authority of a story published in *The Continent* (Chicago) respecting the farewell given by a church to a retiring pastor:

"A prominent Presbyterian church has issued a pamphlet in praise of its retiring pastor and relating how he resisted all the pleas of his people to remain. Elaborate resolutions are appended in which the session and all other church organizations express their heart-broken sorrow. The elders took formal action, pledging 'hearty cooperation and support' if he would only remain. All this in spite of the fact, notorious enough to be known to hundreds, that months before the session served notice on the pastor that his presence was unendurable and that he must leave as soon as he could find another church, whereupon the unhappy man began scouring the country to find a field before the situation became unendurable. In this connection *The Continent* quotes the sententious remark of a well-known Presbyterian leader, uttered several years ago, in view of a similar juggle: 'Before we church folk ever get any great blessings from the Lord, we have got to learn to quit lying.' Of course, our good brother couldn't have been referring to Baptist churches! Nevertheless, there is something about this story that is hauntingly familiar. It seems to us that in some Baptist paper, perhaps *The Standard*, we have read some church news that sounded like this! Have you? We talk about our almond-eyed brothers in Asia 'saving their face' and its great importance in their sight as a factor in diplomacy. Such instances as the one cited by *The Continent* should remind us that Asiatics are not the only experts in the art of 'saving the face.' But why can we not save the truth at the same time?"

WHAT JESUS MEANS TO A RADICAL

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH has been attacked from within as well as without for its unsympathetic attitude toward radical thought and toward the radical movements of the day. Now, in turn, we find a leading journalistic exponent of ultraradicalism scored by some of its friends and subscribers for apparently assuming that really intelligent and up-to-date people no longer believe in Jesus Christ as the Divine Redeemer of Mankind. Such an assumption, writes Miss Vida D. Scudder to *The Masses* (New York), is "provincial," and the work of an unimaginative and unsocialized mind. There are plenty of forward-looking, radical-minded people "who consider themselves, not merely with you, admirers of a dead martyr-hero, but disciples of a Living Lord." Indeed, asserts the Wellesley educator, Socialist, and churchwoman, the vision of the Living Christ "is most compelling to-day among those who believe—they really do, I assure you—that he who was executed by the combined forces of the religious, intellectual, and governing classes of his day is to be the Judge of the human race." The discussion started from the publication in *The Masses* of "Heavenly Discourse," an imaginary conversation between the two chief persons of the Trinity. The dialog, as described by the editor, "ridiculed the petty God and Jesus of Churchdom and their 'holy matrimony' that suspends its sanctitude for the purposes of war, and it did this with the wit of every-day conversation." In a talk on editorial policy the editor of *The Masses* quotes Mr. Frederick C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, as calling the "Discourse" "about the best thing you've ever had in there." To another reader of *The Masses* it "simply shows up the absurdity of the God the hypocrites and pretenders to Christianity have manufactured to aid their commercial schemes." But "the smart and cheap vulgarity of the thing" was "too much" for Miss Scudder, while a Californian subscriber writes in to say:

"After reading an article in one of your last numbers purporting to be a dialog between God and Jesus Christ, I can not refrain from entering my protest against a spirit which to me is blasphemous. Is it a necessary part of your propaganda to cause many of your readers pain in handling religious feelings thus? Many of us who are Christians can stand for the Church being made a target of abuse, but we feel that the line should be drawn somewhere. . . . . . .

"Keep hammering away at the failure of us who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—we need it; we must never think we are following his ideals as closely as smug complacency suggests. But please do not serve up in your columns more of such articles as that to which I have referred, which alienate without benefiting—and which are in bad taste, I firmly believe."

The editor of *The Masses*, in reply, states his attitude as a radical toward Christ in these words:

"We believe in Jesus. We believe that he lived and died laboring and fighting, in a noble atmosphere of disreputability, for the welfare and liberty of man. To us his memory is the memory of a hero, and perhaps a good deal of our indignation against the Church rises from that. We are indignant, not only because the Church is reactionary, but because the Church betrayed Jesus. The Church took Christ's name and then sold out to the ruling classes. The Church is Judas. And to us that little immaculate icon that sits at the right hand of the image of God in heaven is a part of the whole traitorous procedure. Whoever puts Jesus up there dodges him down here—that has been our experience. Look into your mind and find out whether it is Jesus of Nazareth that you want to defend against satire, or a certain paste-and-water conception of him which assuredly needs your defense.

"To us a dialog that ridicules, with exquisite art, this translated Christ and denatured gospel of a Church that justifies exploitation and comforts with sanctimonious emotions those whose pockets profit by it—such a dialog expresses the very sharpness of our reverence for the memory of Jesus."

But this explanation does not satisfy Miss Scudder. She writes to the Socialist editor to tell him that the California objector does not stand alone. And in so doing she tries to show how one may be a radical, a Socialist, and also a Christian mystic, with a living faith in the old creeds. The letter, as printed in the current *Masses*, reads in part as follows:

"It is high time for you to recognize that anti-Church radicals do not absorb radicalism any more than Church members absorb Christianity. The old creeds are not dead, tho impassioned believers in them are not often met. . . . They exist, however, these believers—men and women who consider themselves, not merely with you, admirers of a dead martyr-hero, but disciples of a Living Lord. Among these disciples a considerable number find the pungent and penetrating treatment of Churchianity and civilization in *The Masses* as welcome as flowers in May. They agree with you not all the time, but much of the time, and they give thanks for you and wish they were clever enough to do so too.

"For among those who know an interior union with the Living Christ (pardon the strange language), he is manifest more and more as the Christ of the Revolution.

"Of course, this vision of him was long obscured. But it has never been lost. In the unpromising eighteenth century, William Blake defiantly proclaimed it:

The vision of Christ which thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy.
Both read the Bible day and night,
But thou readest black where I read white.

. . . .

Where'er his chariot took its way
The gates of death let in the day.

"So long as the Gospels are read aloud Sunday after Sunday in church, the vision can't be lost. It bides its time, it finds its own. It is most compelling to-day among those who believe—they really do, I assure you—that he who was executed by the combined forces of the religious, intellectual, and governing classes of his day is to be the Judge of the human race.

"In gently assuming that no intelligent person who enjoys *The Masses* holds this extraordinary hope, Mr. Editor, you are provincial. Please socialize your mind! Please open imagination to the fact of which I inform you—that there are plenty of people ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with you in the fight for a clean, just, democratic civilization, who get authentic inspiration from sources closed to you. And don't sneer at their sanctities; it isn't worth while. The most seeming obsolete formula is likely to have a sacred heart beating in it. It has meant, at all events, something profound in human experience. Were I in Buddha-land, I should never make fun of even the most crude and popular forms of Buddha-worship. Were I among the Turks, I should say my prayers in the mosques—always supposing (I am hazy on this point) that they would admit a lady. *The Masses* lives in a country where a great deal of real Christianity survives—tho I confess that appearances rather contradict the assertion. It wouldn't do you a bit of harm to show a little respect for it. For the amazing truth of the old Christian formulas is plain to the experience of thousands, and great tides of Christian mysticism are rising to refresh the arid souls of our generation.

"I hardly expect you to be interested in all this. And nobody is trying to convert you. You are doing a lot of good just where you are, and we all have eternity, and possibly lots of lives ahead even on earth, in which to learn things we don't know. But as we muddle along together, it should be possible to believe people who tell us that they see a light we don't, and to accept them courteously as fellow pilgrims toward the City of Equity."

CURRENT - POETRY

WHEN it was first proposed to publish magazines of poetry, the project was considered attractively idealistic, but few believed it would be successful. The public, it was said, wanted to read stories and special articles; poetry had only a decorative value in the pages of a magazine. The poets, it was prophesied, would send to the poetry-magazines only the verse which they were unable to sell to the periodicals which printed the usual miscellany.

But the poetry-magazines are now, after the passing of a few years, firmly established. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* introduced to the United States the work of Rabindranath Tagore, and has performed even more important services in printing distinguished poetry by American writers. *The Poetry Journal*, which is under new editorial and business management, is improving with every issue. And *Contemporary Verse*, which is published at 203 Chestnut Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, is a new magazine, which, judging it by the two issues which have so far appeared, is certain to receive an enthusiastic welcome. It contains nothing but poetry—no essays, not even any criticisms. And the poetry is admirably selected; it would be difficult to find any other American magazine verse more notable for originality and imagination than that which fills the February number of *Contemporary Verse*. We select for quotation this poignantly tragic analysis—the work of a poet who has never written an uninteresting poem.

A LOST COMRADE

By Margaret Widdemer

You live as the world has bade you do:
Only the sleeping soul of you
Lies unawakened by wind or dew.

Your soul, that thrilled like a harpstring shaken,
Dusty hands of the world have taken
And thrust it deeper than aught can waken:

You who quickened our heavy eyes,
Our hearts weighed down beyond will to rise
With silver shadows of Paradise!

Were it only your heart that the years had broken
Still should be for a shining token
How your soul had glowed and your lips had spoken!

Were it only your life that was crusht and through!
. . . *They have taken the starry soul of you*
And hidden it deep from the wind and dew!

The author of "Children of the Dead End" was noted, before the war, for the pessimism of his prose and verse; he was as consistently tragic as Maxim Gorky. His service as a rifleman in the British Army seems to be strangely strengthening and lightening the spirit of his work. This poem (which we quote from the London *Evening Standard*) is almost gay, in spite of the death in the last stanza. Much of this impression of gaiety is due to the swinging rhythm.

OFF DUTY

By Patrick MacGill

The night is full of magic, and the moonlit dew-drops glisten
Where the blossoms close in slumber and the questing bullets pass—
Where the bullets hit the level I can hear them as I listen,
Like a little cricket-concert, chirping chorus in the grass.

In the dugout by the traverse there's a candle-flame a-winking,
And the fireflies on the sand-bags have their torches all aflame.
As I watched them in the moonlight, sure I can not help but thinking
That the world I knew and this one carry on the very same.

Look! A gun goes flash to eastward! "Cover, matey! Under cover!
Don't you know the flash of danger? Ah! You know the signal well;
You can hear it coming, coming. There it passes; swooping over—
There's a threat of desolation in the passing of a shell."

Little spears of grass are waving, decked with jewels iridescent—
Hark! A man on watch is stricken—I can hear his dying moan—
Lies a road across the starland near the wan and waning crescent,
Where a sentinel off duty goes to reach his Maker's Throne.

Here is a very different sort of a war-poem, inspired by England's constantly increasing sacrifice of officers. Mr. Owen's three stanzas are more effective than many long poems which have been written on the same theme. We quote it from the London *Times*.

THREE HILLS

By Everard Owen

There is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm-trees grow,
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing-fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and noontide
And the ghosts that died in vain,
A little hill, a hard hill
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying
To save all those who die,
A little hill, a kind hill
To souls in jeopardy.

"Children of Fancy" (G. Arnold Shaw) is a volume richly bound in blue and gold, containing poems full of Celtic fire and Celtic melancholy. The author appears to be a man who writes for his own pleasure, rather than with a view to magazine publication, and this accounts for the intensely personal character of much of his work. He is particularly skilful in delineating the wilder aspects of nature, as these spray-drenched lines show.

THE ISLE OF FOULA (THULE)

By Ian Bernard Stoughton Holborn

Who is it loves the sea,
And the salt sea-spray on his face?
Come, let him sail with me
And flee from the land for a space.
Let us leave the long stretches of road,
Hemmed in by the hedges and walls,
And turn where the limitless tides have flowed
And the voice of the sea-bird calls.
Let us make for the queen of the deep,
The lonely isle of the North,
Precipitous, towering, and steep,
That over the waste goes forth.
Wherever the eye may gaze,
Be it North, South, East, or West,
There is naught to behold but the wide sea-ways
And the ships on the ocean's breast.

It is there that we live in the seas—
No stretches of country behind,
Not a breath of a land-blown breeze,
Each wind is a sea-blown wind.
Far in the uttermost tide
Agricola saw her stand,
With the clouds on her faint far peaks that hide
Thule, the ultimate land.

But it is not only the desolate and storm-battered places of the earth that claim Mr. Holborn's affection; he knows, too, loyalty to a city. Here is an exiled Scot's love-song to Edinburgh.

AULD REEKIE

By Ian Bernard Stoughton Holborn

Is she not fair beyond the poet's dreaming,
Ye who have seen and loved her, answer me,
Set, as a silver crown with emeralds gleaming,
By the gray Northern Sea?

We who have lost her, as afar we wander,
Know how our thoughts come creeping back again
To linger fondly o'er the gifts ye squander,
Whom Fate has bid remain.

Toledo, girt by magic bridge and river;
Proud Heidelberg, that towers upon the height;
Venice, whose sunlit waters flash and quiver—
Rare cities of delight;

Oxford, scarce touched by Time's reluctant fingers;
Vienna, ringed with glories of to-day;
Athens, whose violet crown in fancy lingers,
Peerless, yet passed away.

What can they show, these wonder-haunted places,
Strewn golden-starred about the traveler's feet,
That pales not by her nature-dowered graces,
Queen on her rock-built seat?

Here, on far Western slopes, we tell her story,
Thrill as old tales their joy or sorrow yield,
Quaff reckless toasts to days of Stuart glory,
And weep o'er Flodden Field.

And, faintly echoing back, your answers follow:
"*We too have loved her, and we love her still.*"
How may we know your protests ring not hollow,
What deeds your love fulfil?

. . . .

How peacefully the Western airs are sighing
In the cool hush o'er San Francisco Bay.
Lo, where the city in the dusk is lying,
A single light illumes the deepening gray!

The sea grows still, no more the white steeds, flying,
Speed o'er the water as the winds abate;
The darkened tideway, ere the day is dying,
Bolts fast, with purple bars, the Golden Gate.

Beyond the bay the warm brown hills are changing
And white carnelians blend with azurite,
While amethystine clouds are eastward ranging,
In deeper tones, through topaz-fields of light.

Stern Tamalpais, in the distance glowing,
Keeps her long watch o'er lone Pacific seas:
So calm, so rare, such tranquil zephyrs blowing
With fragrant breath—yet we so ill at ease.

One vision of the old familiar places,
Where still our fathers' fathers' footprints show;
One vision of the soul-remembered faces—
And all the wide world's pageantry may go!

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

RECENT EVENTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Pears, Sir Edwin. Forty Years in Constantinople. With sixteen illustrations. Octavo, pp. xiii–390. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5 net.

The author of these timely reminiscences is an Englishman, a lawyer and writer, who has lived forty-two years in Constantinople. He has witnessed great changes in the Byzantine capital and knows the politics and people of Turkey and the Near East as do few Europeans. He has seen three revolutions, three sultans deposed, and the establishment of the Young Turkey party with Enver Pasha at its head. He has known intimately many of the famous men whose names are a part of contemporary European history, including Skobeleff, Ignatieff, Prince Said Halim, Baker Pasha, Enver Pasha, Talaat Bey, Baron Marshal von Breberstein, and Marshal von der Goltz. He is the author of "The Fall of Constantinople," a work on Greek history which is used as a text-book in the University of Berlin.

The opening pages give an account of the Moslem atrocities in Bulgaria in 1875, and throw a curious light upon the momentous events now transpiring in the Balkans. It is hard for the reader of these pages to understand how the Bulgarians could ever become the brothers in arms of the Turks. In 1876 the Eastern volcano was showing ominous signs of activity. Rumors began to come into Constantinople of "a dark and ugly business in Bulgaria." The misgovernment of the country by the Turks at that period was terrible, the author declares. Orders had gone out from the Turkish authorities to the Moslem villagers to kill their neighbors. Villages were wiped out and women and children were butchered without mercy. In this crisis, so dangerous in its possibilities for Europe, the author of these reminiscences played a leading part. His account, published in the London *Daily News*, was the first intimation which Europe received of the Bulgarian atrocities.

The Russo-Turkish War, of which the massacres in Bulgaria were the prelude, follows next in the course of the narrative, and some interesting side-lights are thrown upon these great events, giving them a new perspective and relating them to what is now taking place in the East.

It is when the author approaches the terrible era of history in which we are now living that his book attains its highest point of interest. The figure of the "Red Sultan," Abdul Hamid, looms large in the memoirs. Perhaps the portrait here presented is the truest to the original. It is drawn without rancor. What this veteran observer at close range has to impart concerning the personality whose long reign of intrigue and crime was like a rankling disease in the body politic of Europe will be read with interest at the present time.

Present events in the Near East with their pretentious possibilities naturally receive large space in Sir Edwin's interesting story. What are his personal opinions as to the outcome of the war now extended to the Orient and raging round the walls of Constantinople itself? He gives them very frankly in his concluding pages. He poses the question whether, in view of the present unprecedented and extraordinary conditions resulting from successful German intrigue in the political affairs of the Orient, Turkey can again become an empire entitled to rank among the great Powers. In solving this problem the future of Constantinople supplies the key. The destiny of the historic city, the author thinks, may be (1) to remain in the hands of the Turks under the masterful rule of the Germans; or, (2) to pass under Russian occupation; or, (3) to become the capital of a small internationalized State enveloping the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, and the Bosporus. In the event of the Central Empires winning the war, the author is convinced that Turkey would become a vassal State of Germany. He writes:

> "I have held the opinion for many years that Germany has chosen the Turkish Empire as her 'place in the sun,' and that she has steadily worked with the object of bringing Turkey under her rule. . . . The events of the last six or seven years have convinced me that Germany . . . has aimed at a grandiose project by which she and Austria would annex Servia, force a way to Saloniki, and employ that city and its magnificent harbor as a base of operations against Turkey, which she proposed to annex or to convert into a tributary State. . . . Her unstinted support of Abdul Hamid, her cruel abstention in protesting against outrages on the Armenians, even in Constantinople itself, her lavish expenditure of money in order to obtain support for her railway and other useful projects, the Kaiser's bid for the leadership of the Moslem world, the readiness with which Germany furnished soldiers for the training of the Turkish Army—all point to a design by which not only was Germany to obtain a dominant influence over Turkey, but should be placed in a position to do what she likes in Asia Minor."

Very interesting and full of present meaning are the author's observations on the character and *morale* of the men now fighting under the crescent for the Kaiser's cause. The assertion is made that the whole Moslem population of Asia Minor is steadily dwindling. The Turks were never prolific. "Nor does polygamy," says the author, "tend to change the situation; for tho that practise and concubinage are lawful, . . . Moslem families in Turkey are comparatively small." The modern Turk, according to this authority, is not made of the stuff of his ancestors. He has lost "the barbaric delight in fighting." The Moslem fights well under discipline, but he no longer has the passionate desire for war for war's sake that his ancestors had.

A MAKER OF CANADA

Willson, Beckles. The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O. With illustrations. Two volumes. Octavo, pp. xiv–544, 533. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The life of Lord Strathcona includes a cycle extraordinarily rich in historical interest, covering as it does the history of contemporary Canada. Interest in Canada, hitherto at a rather low ebb in this country, has risen perceptibly since the war. We are now eager to learn all we can about our northern neighbors. We have in these

Health and Joy
In Childhood

are based largely on the food the children eat.

Generally it's the sturdy boys and girls that take the lead in play as they do later in the sterner affairs of life as men and women.

Chief among food faults which cause many a youngster to lack vim and energy is deficiency of mineral salts in the daily diet.

A growing child needs iron for the blood; calcium for the bones; phosphate of potash for brain, nerves and muscle.

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Grape-Nuts and cream or good milk is delicious—a daily custom in thousands of homes where health is valued and children are growing into sturdy, successful men and women.

"There's a Reason"

full volumes a history of one of Britain's proconsuls and empire-builders. The fact that the events and exploits recounted took place at our doors and often affected our interests gives intimate zest to the narrative.

It is perhaps unexampled in history, as the author points out in his book, that the life of a single individual should coincide at so many points with the life of a nation. The date of Lord Strathcona's birth is so remote as almost to take us back, as the biographer strikingly puts it, "to the reign of that monarch to whom New France surrendered and for whose sake the United Empire loyalists made their immortal sacrifice." Born in Scotland, at Farros—famous as the place of *Macbeth's* encounter with the witches—he came to Canada in the first year of Queen Victoria's accession—a critical point in Dominion history. His political career began, therefore, almost with the birth of Canada. He saw the beginning of Manitoba and was that province's first representative. He was concerned in the creation, or control, of some of Canada's greatest institutions—the fur-trade, the banking system, and the railways. He was largely instrumental in peopling the West and educating the East. He saw the growth of Canada's first period of great prosperity, "to which his own efforts had in full measure contributed," and he died "on the eve of a new era, when our people, stimulated by his teaching and his example, sanctified forever by thousands of lives and millions of money the bond which binds us to the British Empire." Had his particular genius and efforts tended otherwise, his biographer urges, Canada would not have been in a position to come to the rescue of the motherland. She would not have been "opulent and strong and heartened for the fray which is to decide the fate of the British Empire."

It is an inspiring story of natural progress, scarcely less dramatic at times than our own, which is unfolded in Mr. Willson's instructive pages. There is a full account of the famous Hudson Bay Company, which, founded in 1667, played so important a part in the history and development of Canada. Large space is given to Louis Riel, the half-breed, whose sensational career as the leader of a rebellion in the Dominion is still remembered. Much new material bearing on this episode in Canadian history is brought to light. The political welding of the races in the Dominion was not accomplished without much bitterness. The statesmen who effected the political consolidation of Canada were confronted with formidable difficulties. The story of their achievements is admirably set forth in Mr. Willson's pages. Among these men the figure of Lord Strathcona stands out conspicuously. With no advantages of birth or fortune he made himself "one of the great outstanding figures of the Empire." The rise of a poor Scotch emigrant lad to a position of world-prominence as one of the architects of civilization in the Western continent forms a most picturesque and inspiring episode. Thrilling adventures in the early days of the Canadian wilderness, feuds of fur-traders, struggles of antagonistic races for political supremacy, exploits of the railroad kings, the sensational Fenian Raid, the great "boom" days of the Northwest—all these and many more incidents of Canadian history are described with fulness of detail.

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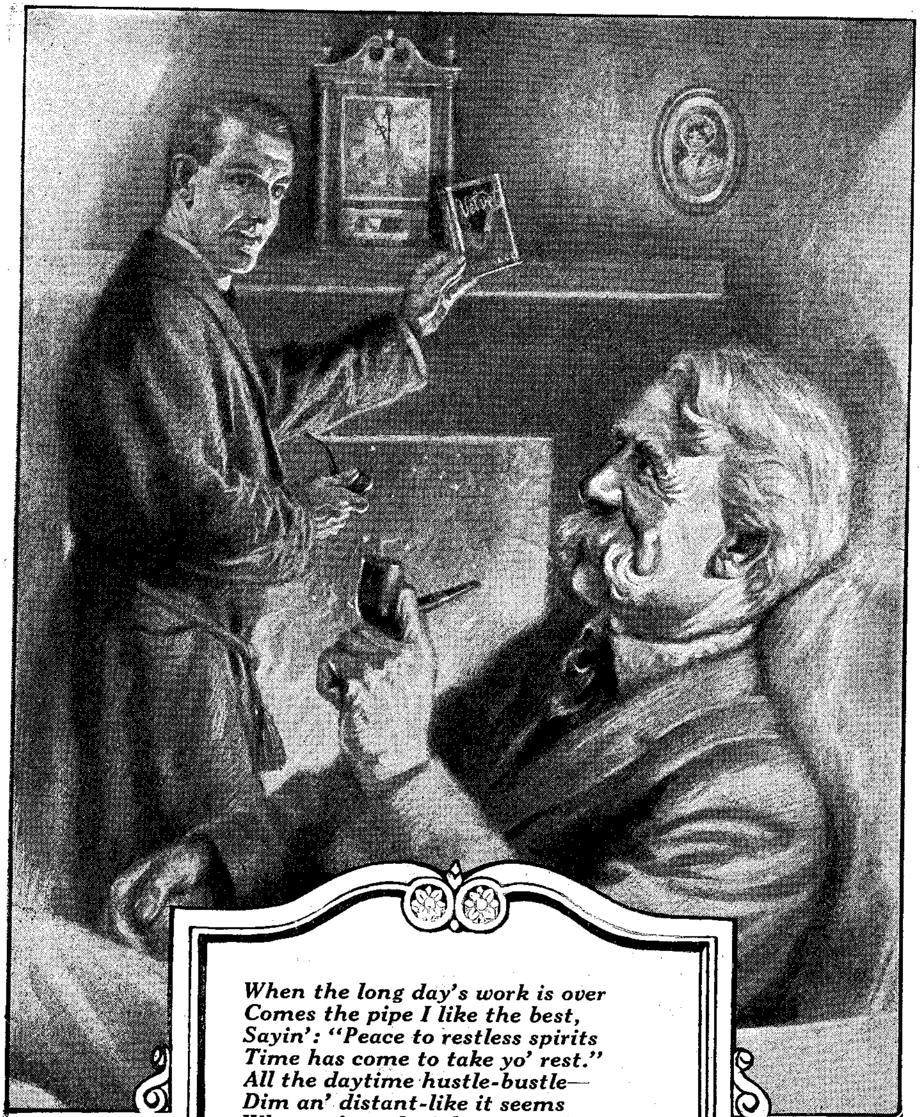

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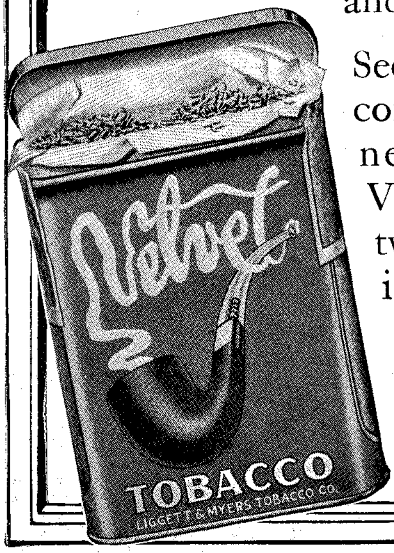


JOHN MUIR IN ALASKA

Muir, John. Travels in Alaska. With illustrations. Pp. ix-327. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50 net.

Tinged with pathos as a book upon which the author's dying efforts were spent, John Muir's "Travels in Alaska" has qualities that will delight his nature-loving admirers and enlarge his reputation as a literary artist. Upon the work, Muir has set the seal of his personality, broad and deep. He has often been likened to John Burroughs, and the two are linked irrevocably in our literature. Nevertheless, there is a fundamental difference in the characters of the men, a difference which is broadly accentuated by the book before us. Contemplation of the beauties and mysteries of nature awoke in Muir a species of religious exaltation which finds expression in language almost Biblical.

It was in 1879 that John Muir first visited Alaska. At the time of his death he had virtually completed an account of his three journeys to that country, from journals written on the spot. His descriptions have a distinctly original character. Dealing with aspects of nature seldom seen by man, these descriptions are marvelous as word-paintings rivaling those of Ruskin or Hugo. The explorer-naturalist found the southeastern region "a good, healthy country to live in," the climate "remarkably bland and temperate," free from extremes of heat or cold. He describes the Alaska summer day as "a day without night." Midnight is only "a low noon, the middle point of the gloaming." One gorgeous sunset that he saw in Wrangel Island seems to have left upon him something like the impression of a celestial vision:

> "The evening was calm. . . . At a height of about thirty degrees there was a heavy cloud-bank, deeply reddened on its lower edge and the projecting parts of its face. Below this were three horizontal belts of purple edged with gold, while a vividly defined, spreading fan of flame streamed upward across the purple bars and faded in a feather-edge of dull red. But beautiful and impressive as was this painting on the sky, the most novel and exciting effect was in the body of the atmosphere itself, which, laden with moisture, became one mass of color—a fine translucent purple haze in which the islands with softened outlines seemed to float, while a dense red ring lay around the base of each of them as a fitting border. The peaks too in the distance, and the snow-fields and glaciers and fleecy rolls of mist that lay in the hollows, were flushed with a deep, rosy alpenglow of ineffable loveliness."

The revelations, at once naive and beautiful, of the author's character, as contained in the volume, give the full measure of a literary personality so striking and original as to suggest a unique place in our literature. Certainly no other contemporary writer has so worthily celebrated the splendors of omnipotence as revealed in sublime aspects of sky and earth.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Lee, Sir Sidney. A Life of William Shakespeare. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916.

The undisputed facts respecting the life of the greatest of English poets and dramatists formerly required but a few folio pages to state them. These were the careful siftings of Halliwell-Phillips. The last edition of Sir Sidney Lee's "Life" runs beyond the mark of seven hundred pages.

It is certainly definitive in all possible senses, and tho so greatly enlarged during its seventeen years' abuilding, it has, the author assures us, been "drastically revised." Instead of the usual padding out of a thin subject he presents "in a just perspective all trustworthy and relevant information about Shakespeare's life and work which has become available up to the present time." It must be admitted that the author is led into many subjects that strain the point of relevance, but that the connection does not crack is due to the critical endowment of the distinguished writer. Sir Sidney is no doubt the first living authority on the subject of Shakespeare's life, and this work is of value to scholars as well as general readers.

Powys, John Cowper. Wood and Stone. New York: Arnold Shaw. $1.50.

Here is a story of the simple doings of a Wessex village, brilliantly told, full of shrewd observations and subtle philosophy. Notwithstanding its length and a certain too conscious adherence to the style of Thomas Hardy, it makes a strong appeal to the lover of nature, for the author's pictures are so graphic and enthralling that it is difficult to lay the book down, and yet it leaves a curiously empty taste in the mouth.

Powys, Theodore Francis. The Soliloquy of a Hermit. New York: Arnold Shaw. $1.

A series of essays by one who has gone into the silence and has found himself. Consequently, whether we agree with him or not, he has a genuine message to deliver which is well worth hearing.

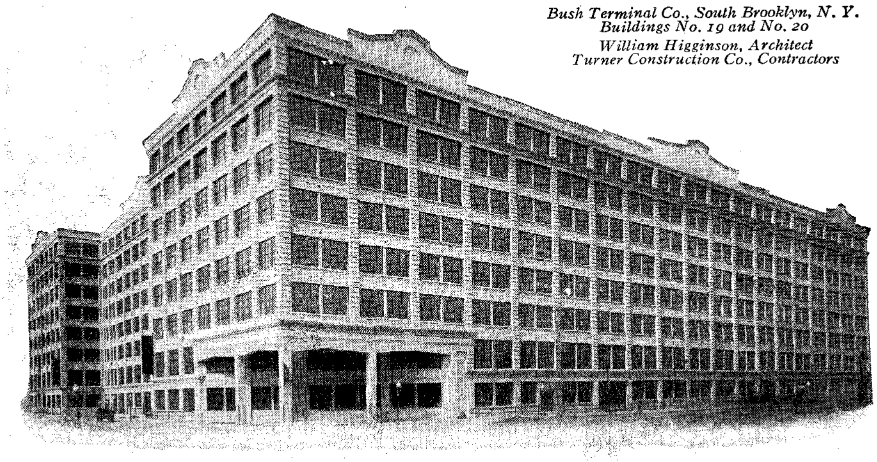
Hudders, E. R. Indexing and Filing. Pp. 304. New York: The Ronald Press Company. $3.

Less than two generations ago the average business man handled all of his own correspondence. Business which at that period required days or weeks to transact is now accomplished in hours or minutes. An enormous increase of documents is consequent upon the modern high-pressure methods. System and efficiency have evolved from the old-style box-files, the modern card-index cabinets, and vertical files arranged on scientific principles, until the indexing and preservation of business documents have become a science and are handled by experts. This volume aims to codify the rules governing indexing and filing of records by commercial organizations, as well as data of a professional, semi-professional, or institutional nature. It may be considered the latest word on the science of indexing and filing. Principles are laid down and sample documents illustrated by excellently clear sketches. The book should have practical value to business executives and to professional men.

James, George Wharton. Our American Wonderlands. Illustrated. Pp. 290. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.

"To excite interest in our own wonderlands with a deliberate intent to make the slogan 'See America First' a potent one" was the avowed purpose of Mr. James. He seeks, without too much detail, to give readers vivid glimpses of what America offers. Such a book comes opportunely, since the European War has forced Americans to a truer patriotism and a desire to know their own country better.

In everything, save in the products of man's age-long industry, genius, and energy, this country affords far more to see than Europe. Our wonderlands are "more thrilling, more varied, more alluring, more



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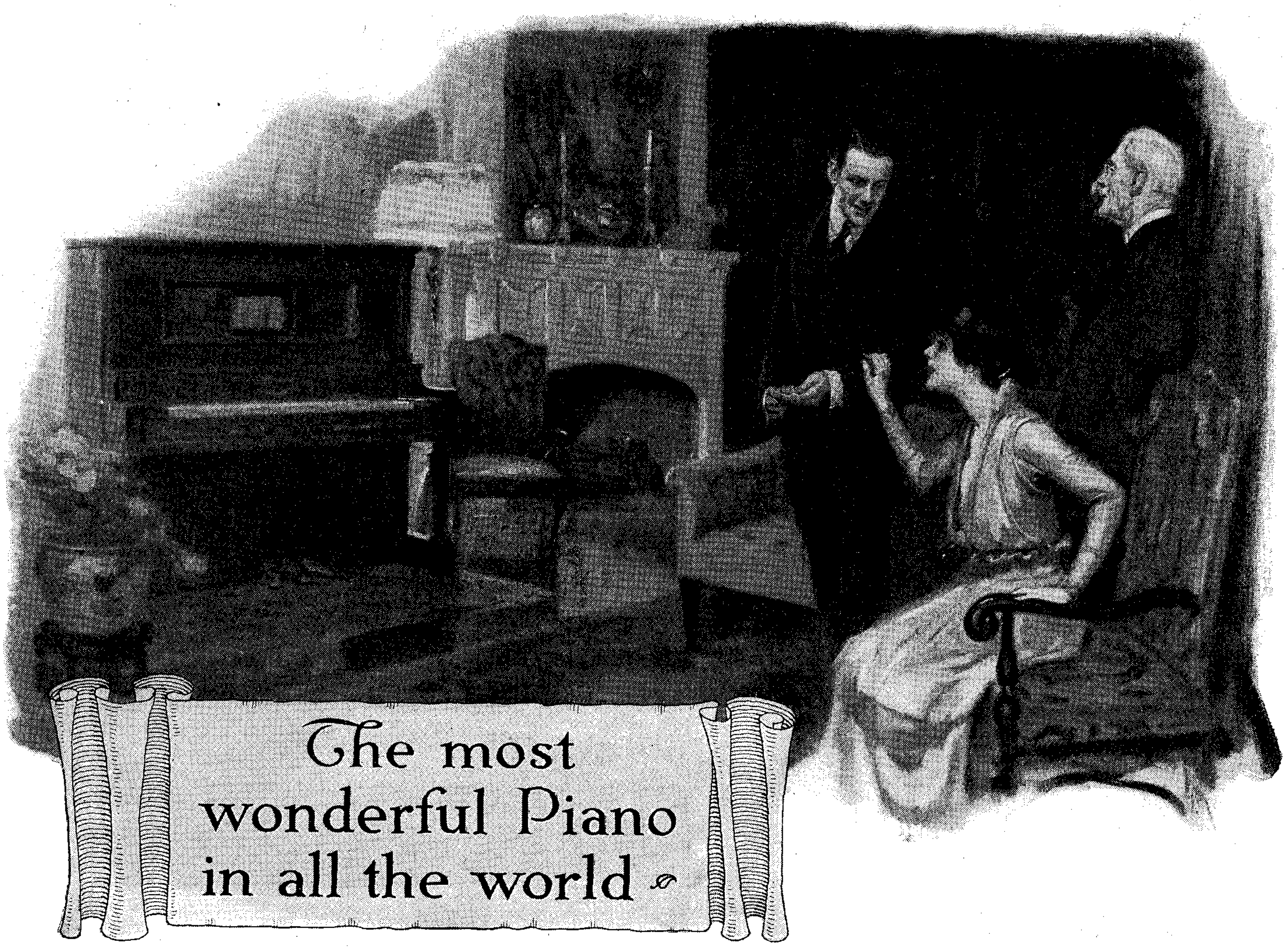

The most wonderful Piano in all the world

I HEARD it, last night, in the home of a friend—that wonderful piano. Why I had never heard of it before; why its marvelous power had not been heralded far and wide, by the press, I cannot say. Surely, no greater achievement of man's inventive genius in music has ever seen the light.

We had no sooner arrived than my friend asked, "Would we not like to hear his new piano?" I was surprised. I had not thought he played.

It was a beautiful upright—a Weber. He asked me to try its tone, and all unsuspecting, I lightly touched its gleaming keys. I've always loved the Weber. No piano tone, it seems to me, is like it—so rich, so deep and mellow and truly *musical.*

"Your new piano is beautiful," I said. "It's tone is lovely, and I've never touched a more agreeable action. I congratulate you."

My friend smiled at me strangely. "Do you notice anything different about it from other pianos?" he asked. "No," I replied. "Very well," he said. "I'll show you the difference."

And then came the miracle. With a quick movement my friend slid back a panel in the front of the piano, adjusted a music-roll in the aperture, turned a little lever and walked away.

The notes began playing of themselves. Here and there over the keyboard they rippled like dancing wavelets on a lake. Now they fell softly as thistledown. Now they crashed resounding chords with the steel-like virility of a master *man* pianist.

It was the Chopin Grande Valse in A Flat played with marvelous feeling—with tenderness, majesty, power and exquisite technique.

As it went on the playing became *more and more familiar* to me. I could keep still no longer. I rose from my chair. I grasped my friend by the arm. "Charles," I exclaimed, "there's but one man in the world plays that piece like that—*it sounds like Harold Bauer!*"

"It is Harold Bauer," said my friend.

▼

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The reproducing piano is called the "Duo-Art Pianola" and has been before the public now, a little over a year. Little has been said about it because comparatively few have been made.

From now on, however, more and more will be heard of it. Because there never has been a piano—indeed never been any musical instrument of any kind whatever—that even measurably approached the Duo-Art Pianola for sheer wonder and sheer elevating, joy-giving power.

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A Self-Playing Piano, which, by means of special music-rolls, enables you to hear, in your own home, as often as you like, the best pianists in the world.

And these are some of the pianists the wonderful Duo-Art Pianola enables you to hear: Bauer, Busoni, Godowsky, Gabrilowitsch, Hambourg, Saint-Saens, Enrique Granados, Percy Grainger, and scores of others.

Does all this seem too wonderful to be credible? Remember this—every one of these musicians mentioned has been to Aeolian Hall, has made the records, has come again and listened to them, and has finally *signed each one, as a faithful reproduction of his performance in every detail — touch, tempo, dynamics, and pedaling.*

We want every music lover in the United States to hear the Duo-Art Pianola. We have a great many representatives located in different leading cities, who have it now on exhibition and sale. Write us and we will send you a booklet about it and give you the address of the nearest. Address Dept. K 2.

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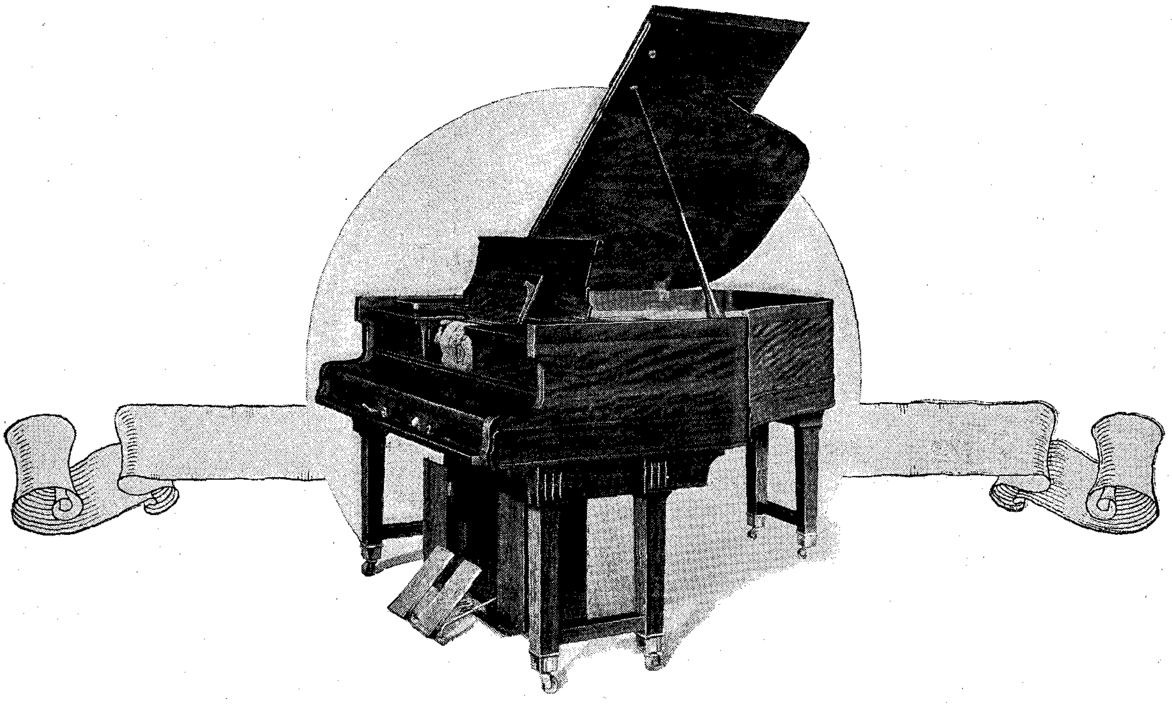

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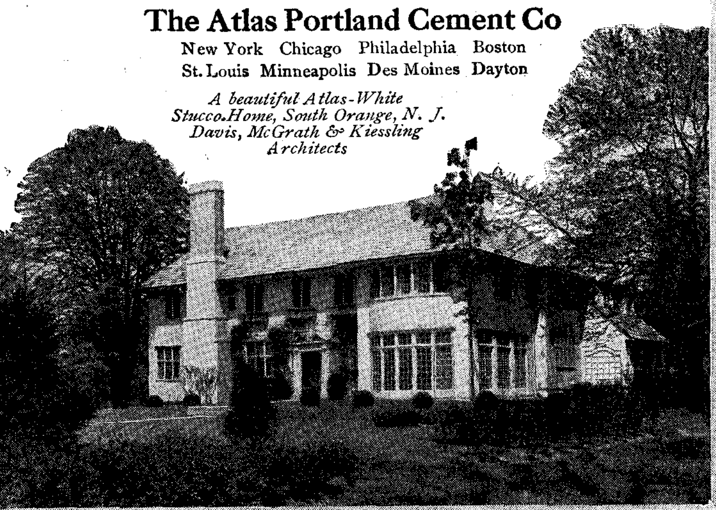

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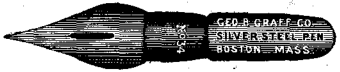

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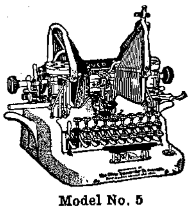

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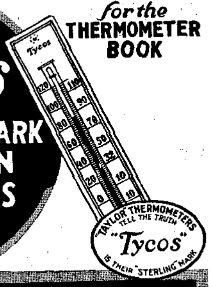
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attractive." With the enthusiasm of a man who by frequent visits has learned by heart the allurements of our country, Mr. James describes the Grand Cañon of Arizona, the cliff and cave dwellings, the different National Parks and their individual charms, the Painted Desert, the Navaho fire-dance, and the Hopi snake-dance. He describes the mammoth trees, natural bridges, caves, Channel Islands, and Niagara. Nothing is omitted; neither history nor practical details for the would-be sightseer. At least 145 illustrations add to the charm of the book.

Ryan, Nellie. My Years at the Austrian Court. Pp. 264. London and New York: John Lane Company. 1916. $3.

The author of this volume spent several years as English companion in the household of Archduke Karl Stefan, the Austrian Emperor's cousin. She writes this volume to prove that the Hapsburgs are not all mad and that they are interesting and clever. She describes minutely the details of every-day experience as she lived it, and makes us see vividly the Austrian monarch and princes, the habits of court children, and the royal pleasures, duties, and restraining regulations. The life as portrayed in different castles is full of interest. We feel that when she describes those whom she knew personally she is authoritatively describing the court of Vienna as it really was.

Champney, Elizabeth W. Romance of Old Belgium. Illustrated. Pp. 432. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Miss Champney has had much practise in writing of the romances of different countries. She knows how to make her material forceful and convincing. She does not attempt to depict the history of a nation on her too "narrow canvas," as it were, but believes that even a "half-score of episodes may serve to suggest the temper of its people during supreme moments." She begins with the legend of Cæsar's Nervian wife Lupa, comes down through the centuries with here and there a story portraying men and women well known in myth or history, giving an unfamiliar environment. Charlemagne, Godfrey, Froissart, Orange, and cruel Alva move across these pages in tales of intrigue, love, and political tyranny, each romance bringing us nearer to the present devastation of Belgium, which suffers, in the words of the author, "for the last time the Iron Cross of War." Having viewed Belgium through the medium of romance, Miss Champney details some of the notable examples of Belgian architecture, descriptions made graphic and vivid by beautiful illustrations.

McFarland, J. Horace. My Growing Garden. Illustrated. Pp. 210. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1915. $2.

Mr. McFarland is well known as an author and for his leadership in the fight for the preservation of Niagara Falls, and for his enthusiasm for forestry and outdoor life. It is with respectful attention that one reads this account of how he made a garden-home out of a neglected suburban house and a few acres of abandoned vineyard. The author follows the calendar, telling of the flowers and shrubs peculiar to each month, giving hints of how to plant, fertilize, prune, and care for each so as to get the best results. The reader is surprized at the variety and fascinating phases of garden-culture as pictured by Mr. McFarland. Technical instruction is cleverly woven in. While we read with pleasure, we find ourselves eager to apply the garden-wisdom unconsciously acquired.

Hall, S. Roland. Short Talks on Retail Selling. Pp. xi–170. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 75 cents net.

The rising standard of efficiency in the conduct of business has resulted in the publication of a number of treatises dealing with various phases of the commercial world. Mr. Hall's volume, the latest addition to this new class of literature of the practical sort, is addrest to salesmen exclusively, "for the purpose of developing ambition and energy, of cultivating a cheerful, loyal, courteous working-spirit, and of imparting definite instruction in the fine art of retail selling." The book embodies a wide range of practical experience. Its language is simple and direct, and its ideas are within easy reach of all, without exception. The author's aim has been to awaken in salesmen a keen interest in the art of properly handling customers with a view of ministering to their real needs. The salesman must never seek to impose his will upon the customer, but must try to interpret and bring out the latter's secret predilections and requirements. A great many valuable "don'ts" and bits of golden advice are scattered through the volume. The author is also at pains to warn his readers against slips of grammar and slovenly forms of speech—things much in vogue in stores and prejudicial to business success.

McCormick, Robert. With the Russian Army. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2 net.

Mr. McCormick is Colonel of the First Cavalry, Illinois National Guard, and a son of a former American Ambassador to both Russia and France. "Not as a war-correspondent, but as a distinguished foreigner personally known to the Grand Duke Nicholas," to quote the official permit signed by the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, he was admitted on the field of active fighting and given every opportunity to study the Russian forces actually in battle. He spent some time with the Czar and the royal family in their headquarters at the front, and describes their life in minute detail. In addition to his personal impressions and observations, he sketches the history of the war to date, drawing on facts obtained from personal association with leading generals in all the Allied armies. Many photographs taken by Colonel McCormick, some of them under fire, and a number of charts and diagrams of fortifications supplement the narrative.

Spence, Lewis. Myths and Legends of Ancient Egypt. 8vo, pp. xii–370. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co. $2.50 net.

That Egyptologists, like other specialists, have too often disregarded the growing and important "science of mythology" is, as Mr. Spence remarks, only too true. But that beginnings have been made, and the process carried a considerable distance, of applying anthropological and comparative data to the science of Egyptology is so true that Mr. Spence's claim to iconoclasm in this respect must be disallowed.

The nine chapters of the volume (the last is not noted in the Table of Contents) deal with Exploration, History, and Customs; Priesthood, Mysteries, and Temples; the Cult of Osiris; the Great Gods; Egyptian Literature; Magic; Foreign and

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Dealers and Service Stations in over 300 principal cities.

Republic
Internal Gear
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delivers the maximum of power to the wheels — lessens the unsprung weight — and makes a great saving in tire and fuel expense. *A remarkable overload* capacity is afforded

The truck is furnished at $995 Alma, *flareboard express body included* (exclusive of top or cab).

There is a Republic for every purpose, every duty—Model F, ¾-ton, $995—Model E, 1-ton, $1275—Model A, 2-ton, $1575—Model T, 3-ton, $2350, "the new dreadnaught of truckdom."

Write for folder illustrating the model in which you are interested. Address Dept. C

Read These Specifications

Motor—Continental—long stroke —3½ x 5. Bosch high-tension magneto. Stromberg carburetor.

Clutch and Transmission—Ten-face dry disk. Selective sliding gears—3 forward and 1 reverse. Heat-treated nickel-alloy steel gears.

Axles—Front—dropped-forged I-beam. Rear—Torbensen internal gear. Nickel-steel gears. Entire load carried on I-beam. Power transmitted through live shafts and internal gears bolted on road wheels.

Springs—Front—38 x 2¼ inches, 7 leaves. Rear—52 x 2¼ inches, 11 leaves.

Tires—Firestone—35 x 3 front, 35 x 3½ rear; or pneumatic tire equipment, 34x4½ front, 35x5 rear, plain tread Goodrich, no extra charge.

Steering Gear—Left side. Center control.

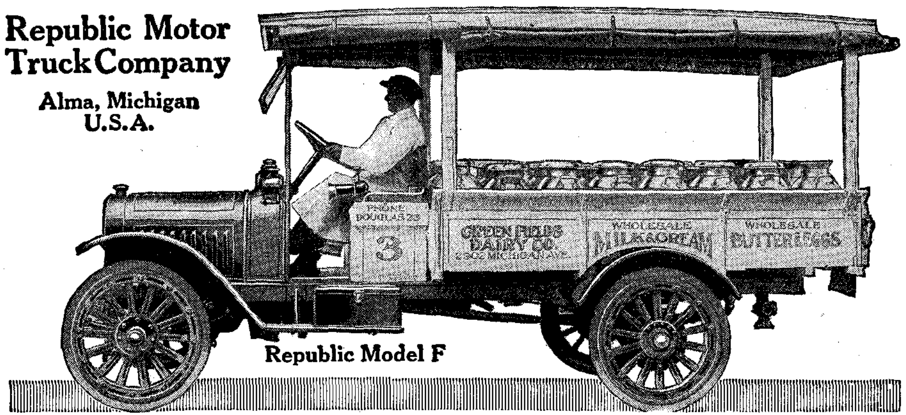
Frame—182 inches long and 4½ inches deep at center. Pressed steel channel section. Distance back of driver, 98 inches.

Wheelbase—124 inches.

Equipment—Oil lamps side and rear, horn, tool kit, tool box, flareboard express body 9 feet by 44 inches.

Electrical Equipment—Westinghouse igniting, starting, lighting, generating, $125 extra.

Republic Motor Truck Company
Alma, Michigan
U.S.A.



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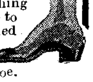

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Here's furnace comfort at retail stove cost. *Low factory to you price*—top-notch quality throughout—has no equal for getting most heat from little fuel used. Easy to set up—no pipes to fit except smoke pipe. Heats the whole house. Write at once for details.

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Kalamazoo Stove Co., ***Mfrs.,*** **Kalamazoo, Mich.**
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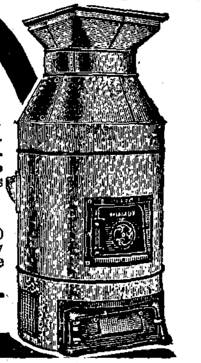
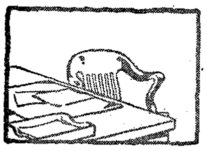
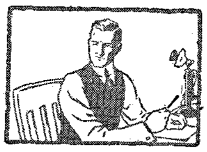


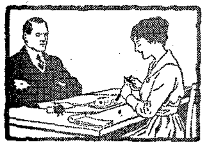
The Hand that writes with —

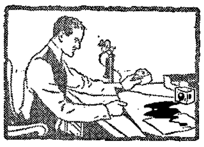
Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen
NON-LEAKABLE

never stops to replace a scratching pen-point; to dip into inkwells; to wash off ink-stained fingers; to sharpen broken leads; to find a new pencil. For the Conklin is guaranteed to write smoothly in any hand —and to prevent the annoyances pictured below.


The pencil user gone to sharpen his pencil


The pen user waiting for a new steel pen


The pencil user holding up dictation to sharpen pencil


The pen user interrupted by overturned inkwell

The Conklin fills itself in 4 seconds—its "Crescent-Filler" always works—too simple to get out of order.

Any jeweler, stationer or druggist will gladly demonstrate Conklin convenience and service. $2.50, $3, $4 and up.

Every Conklin is guaranteed to write and fill exactly as you think a pen should—it either does or you will be furnished a new pen or your money refunded.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
291 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

Animal Gods; and Art. It is not sarcasm when we prefer the index to any other part of the book. This is so full that it is suggestive. The body of the volume is "patchy." Possibly this was inevitable. But the descriptions of the deities, the form given to the myths, the discussions of the functions of the gods, and other matters are rather encyclopedic and convenient than attractive. All of the material is well known to scholars and is available in better form, tho not nearly all is brought together in any one volume. Whatever value the book has lies in this last fact —plus the index. Of the forty-nine illustrations sixteen are in color, thirteen of these being the production of Evelyn Paul, designed to suggest scenes in the legends or myths.

The publishers have given a form to the volume worthy of a much more valuable book.

Anesaki, M. (Litt.D.). Buddhist Art in Its Relations to Buddhist Ideals, with Special Reference to Buddhism in Japan. 4to, pp. 73, and 52 plates. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin *Company. $6 net.*

The student of ecclesiastical art is aware that the work of architects, sculptors, and painters in the Occident takes on different forms, speaks different tongues, as it is produced under variant environments. Russian sacred art, for example, is half a pole away from French, tho both hark back to the same foundation-ideas in Palestine. Similarly, Buddhist art in Japan, even while portraying the same Buddha and his disciples as that of his followers in India, is under the sway of ideals peculiarly Japanese. How widely variants have diverged is well illustrated by the transformation of one of Gautama's male disciples into the Japanese-Buddhist goddess Kwannon.

Professor Anesaki's aim, in the four lectures printed in this volume, is to expound the Japanese modifications, or selections for emphasis, of ideals as they developed in the eclectic Buddhism of that country, especially in relation to ecclesiastical art. He therefore gives a brief account of the Buddha, and of his two principal ideals of an unbounded fellowship and dedication, and follows with an exposition of these as conceived by the Japanese and express in their art—temples, sculpture of various sorts, and paintings—during different periods. The same thing is apparent there as elsewhere in religion—the ritualizing of forms, emblems, and symbols. The work is ably done, and the plates, all in black and white, faithfully illustrate the text.

The volume (sumptuous in form, a triumph of the book-maker's skill) will appeal only to the advanced student either of religion or art. But to him it will appear a treasure. The catholic religious temperament of the author (which leads him to dedicate the book to St. Francis of Assisi!) is beautifully exemplified in his discussion; while his exposition both of ideals and art wins a cordial welcome. The Boston Museum, under the auspices of which the volume is issued, deserves both praise and congratulations for its enterprise as here displayed.

Badé, W. F. The Old Testament in the Light of To-day. A Study in Moral Development. 8vo, pp. xxiv–326. *Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin* Company. $1.75 net.

"A considerable part of the Hebrew Scriptures . . . has not only ceased to exert a positive influence upon Christian thought, but is fraught with harm where it is set forth as possessing, or ever having possest, divine sanction. . . . The legal religion of the Old Testament is irreconcilably at variance with that of the pre-exilic prophets. . . . The Jewish Scriptures . . . were transitory in relation to Jesus — subject to the cancelations of development." These words of Professor Badé (pp. 5, 7) indicate his standpoint. He asks, in effect, whether the entire Old Testament is authoritative for our time; if not, are any parts of it; if so, which? He disallows the old idea of revelation as a communication to men by an external agency of truth they could not otherwise reach. He asserts that "conscience and intellect are God's prophets to the soul," taking his stand on the conception that "through personality God reveals himself to men." The Old Testament is a record of history. Criticism has shown the method and materials of its composition. The elements lie open to view. Some of these elements are mutually discordant; they also disagree with the teaching of Jesus and with modern conceptions of God, man, and salvation. Many of its ideas and practise are primitive and unethical in the light of to-day—fetishistic, totemic, etc. Others are advanced, ethical, and still authoritative.

The volume is one of distinctions, clear-cut, striking, and stimulating. Some assumptions are mistaken, however—*e.g.*, "the continuance of child-sacrifice until Jeremiah's time" (p. 92). This is held to be rather a revival under Phenician influence. Dr. Badé will not please conservatives, and even some advanced scholars will balk at a few of his views.

A Long Chase.—Necessity is the mother of invention, and the hungry Frenchman told about in a biography recently published in England illustrates the old adage anew.

He was in an English restaurant and wanted eggs for breakfast, but had forgotten the English word. So he got around the difficulty in the following way:

" Vaiterre, vat is dat valking in the yard? "

" A rooster, sir."

" Ah ! and vat you call de rooster's vife?"

" The hen, sir."

" And vat you call de childrens of de rooster and his vife? "

" Chickens, sir."

" But vat you call de chicken before dey are chicken? "

" Eggs, sir."

" Bring me two."—*The Christian Family.*

WARNING!

BEWARE OF SUBSCRIPTION SWINDLERS!

Swindlers are at work throughout the country soliciting subscriptions for popular periodicals. We urge that no money be paid to strangers even tho they exhibit printed matter apparently authorizing them to represent us, and especially when they offer cut rates or a bonus. THE LITERARY DIGEST mailing list showing dates of expiration of subscriptions is never given out to any one for collection of renewals. Better send subscriptions direct, or *postpone* giving your order until you can make inquiry. If you have reason to suspect that the members of your community are being swindled, notify your chief of police or sheriff, and the publishers, and arrange another interview with the agent at which you can take such action jointly as may seem proper.

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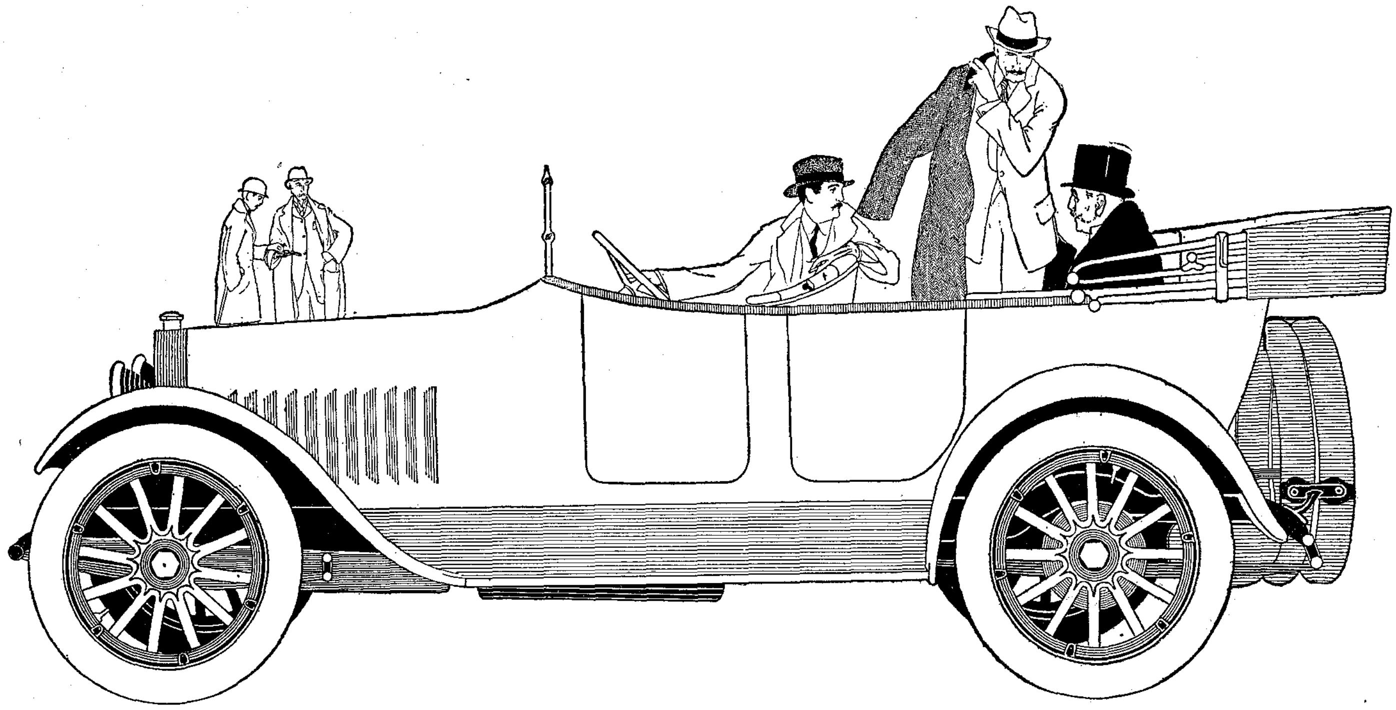


BALANCE OF POWER AND PERFORMANCE IN NEW 3400 R. P. M. CHALMERS

You can burn up twice the 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers' requirements in gasoline, and heighten your horse-power superlatively and superfluously.

But to do so you must sacrifice that glorious acceleration which motorists prize beyond any other feature of performance.

Chalmers engineers found in their early road and dynamometer tests that this 3400 r. p. m. engine could deliver terrific power. The might of this small engine was amazing; the temptation to harness supreme power to the control board was enormous.

"This is very interesting," said Hugh Chalmers. "But might isn't everything. We simply can't afford to sacrifice performance to power. Keep her horse-power down. Get long mileage on gas. Quicken acceleration. Make her perform."

So this phenomenal engine's energy was tamed down. Bore, stroke, and engine speed remained unchanged. Its velocity still remained 3400 revolutions per minute; better than 56 per second. But now it made every gallon of gas deliver 18 miles of mercurial flight. Mileage had been added to might — and pick-up that passeth all understanding.

Had the trend of gasoline prices been down instead of up when Chalmers engineers were designing this engine, they might have been lured into excessive speed at the expense of all-round performance.

Their zeal to save the owner $150 to $200 per year in fuel brought the incomparable by-products of pick-up and ease of control.

Yet the speed is there—anything up to sixty miles an hour, which is faster than the average rate of speed with which the swiftest trains rush back and forth between New York and Chicago.

$1050 Detroit $1475 in Canada
Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Conservatism

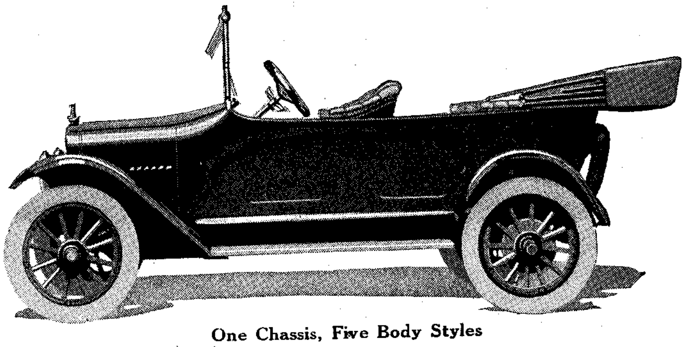
HIGH-SOUNDING and extravagant phrases, as applied to motor cars, are all too common. Thus their force is lost, and they convey no thought other than the impotence of the user.

Unfortunately, too, generalities are often resorted to in the absence of significant facts and convincing evidence.

For every effect there is a cause. The prestige and favor acquired by Maxwell Motor Cars are due to tangible and commanding reasons.

The comeliness of design, the solidity of structure, the economy in upkeep and operation, the ease and comfort in driving and lastly the innate integrity of the whole (exemplified by the World's Motor No-Stop Mileage Record, recently established by one of our stock touring cars)—these are the powerful contributing factors to Maxwell eminence.

Maxwell Motor Car Owners are people who recognize the wisdom of economy. They expect surpassing service and everything that such service implies. They pay tribute to Value and Worthiness whether in man or car.



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Two-Passenger Roadster	$635
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Full equipment, including Electric Starter and Lights. All prices F. O. B. Detroit.

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MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

CAPTURED BY A GERMAN RAIDER

BY far the most engaging account of the capture of the British vessel *Appam* by the German raider *Möwe* is the story recited by Sir Edward Merewether, commander-in-chief of the British settlement of Sierra Leone, Africa. When the first silence of the taciturn but gallant Captain Berge was broken, and he allowed his "passengers" to talk also, we heard many versions of as entertaining a tale of gentlemanly adventure in the face of great odds as the war had brought forth up to that time. While the career of the *Möwe*, or whatever ship it may have been that took the *Appam*, is not as thrilling in some respects as that of the *Emden*, it has a few features that must appeal even more to any fun-loving, thrill loving reader. Haydon Talbott, staff correspondent of the International News Service, secured the story which appears in the New York *American*. After praise of the courteous treatment that all on board had had at the hands of the Germans, Sir Edward begins his tale, as follows:

The *Möwe*, as it seems to be called, was, of course, not the *Möwe* at all. The only ship of that name is a little boat of 600 tons used before the war by the Germans for geodetic-survey purposes. This boat was between 3,500 and 4,000 tons, and I have every reason to believe was originally in the fruit-trade. What her name may have been no one except the German crew themselves can know.

The way she managed to catch us was artful in the extreme. Captain Harrison himself has told me he was completely fooled by her tactics. When we picked her up on the horizon she was hove to and flying a red ensign at her forepeak, a distress-signal which meant she was out of control.

Captain Harrison believed she was a British tramp and changed his course to bear down on her. At her stern a flag drooped in folds. We discovered later that that ensign was weighted so it would droop. All of us who gave it a second's thought took it for granted it was the Union Jack. As a matter of fact, it was the German Imperial Navy ensign.

When we had come to within 200 yards of the stranger and had stopt our engines a sudden transformation in her appearance electrified us all. Forward and aft her railings, which looked quite solid until that instant, simply disappeared as if by magic.

We learned later that whole sections of these solid-looking railings were actually composed of accordion-like strips of steel which dropt into a slot at the pressure of a button located on the bridge.

At the same instant, square structures we had mistaken for deck-houses also collapsed and exposed batteries of guns. I counted these guns and saw that there were two mounted forward, four mounted aft—one, a three-pounder, on the poop deck. These guns ranged between four and six inches, according to my judgment, and I believe the *Appam* officers concurred in this opinion.

Almost simultaneously with the magical

transformation of the supposed tramp into an armored cruiser one of their forward guns spoke sharply and a shell shrieked over our bridge. It seemed to us who were watching the proceedings that the gun crews for all the guns must have been crouching inside the steel "houses," for they were all at their stations and ready to begin operations instantly the guns were unmasked.

We had a three-inch gun mounted astern, but, of course, it was not of the slightest use. The gunners were scattered all over the ship at their various normal posts. We were whipt, and we knew it. There was no way we could offer resistance, and it is absurd to say we did. Instead, the German began to parley with us through a megaphone. Captain Harrison frankly admitted that we had a number of Germans aboard, prisoners being taken to England to be interned there. Immediately this information was shouted across the narrow strip of water a new commotion arose on the so-called *Möwe*. And presently a boat put off from her side with twenty-one sailors and Lieutenant Berge in her.

After this prize-crew had come aboard us the first thing that they did was to free our German prisoners, and the second thing was to arm them with rifles and revolvers and to put them as guards over us. Then Lieutenant Berge took Captain Harrison and all the officers and carried them back to the cruiser. After a conference lasting some time these officers were allowed to return to the *Appam*, and then followed the transfer of all the cruiser's captives. When the transfer had been completed we started on a course known only to the German commander, with forty-three Germans, half of them our former prisoners, in charge of us.

Frankly, things were not nearly so bad as I had anticipated. I had no idea that Germans could be so courteous as these Germans proved to be. If by chance they bumped into one walking on deck, they apologized profusely and with every indication of sincerity. Whenever a passenger and a German guard met on deck it was the guard who gave way.

And this spirit of decency, in my opinion, is largely owing to the fine example set by Lieutenant Berge himself. He was the embodiment of courtesy from first to last.

For two days the mysterious cruiser in merchant guise followed them, and during that time they had the rare opportunity of seeing her in action against another adversary. Tho the conflict was short and predestined to go against the British boat, it had still its thrilling features, as the English witness narrates. When the *Clan MacTavish* was sighted, he says, the *Möwe* made for her directly. He continues:

> To all appearances the cruiser was the quite inoffensive lumbering freighter that we had mistaken her to be. But some sharp-eyed sailorman aboard the *Clan MacTavish* must have read her real identity aright, for suddenly, without warning, the three-inch gun the Scotch ship carried belched forth and a shell went screaming across the water and buried itself a scant fifty feet abaft the cruiser.
>
> Then fell away railings and deck-houses, and the German let go a broadside full at the *Clan MacTavish*. It was a fine fight, if one-sided, for all of a half-hour. We well know the Britisher had no chance,

Today
There's a New Puffed Wheat
Bubbles Almost Double Size

Announcing
A Twice-Better Wheat

Last year there grew, in certain sections, an ideal wheat for puffing. The kernels are big and hard. The flavor is delightful. The gluten runs 40 per cent.

It was offered to us, and we bought it. We bought a year's supply at extra prices, and we have it stored away.

Wondrously Elastic

The extra gluten makes this wheat elastic. So the steam explosion puffs the grains to ten times normal size.

That means such Puffed Wheat as you never saw before. Big bubbles, flimsy, airy, almost phantom-like in texture. Thin, toasted tit-bits which, in eating, melt away like snowflakes.

All grocers now have this new product. We urge you to get it. You thought the Puffed Wheat of last year delightful. This year it is nearly twice better.

We promise you a welcome surprise.

Puffed Wheat	Except in	12c
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You believe in whole wheat for the children. Every modern mother is serving it more and more. But remember that whole wheat must be wholly digestible, else you miss a large share of its virtue.

That's the chief reason for Puffed Wheat. Prof. Anderson's process explodes every food cell. Every atom of every element is made available as food.

Think of that if Puffed Wheat seems only a coaxing dainty. It is more than that. It is our premier grain made, for the first time, into a perfect whole-grain food.

Tell your grocer now to send the 1916 style.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

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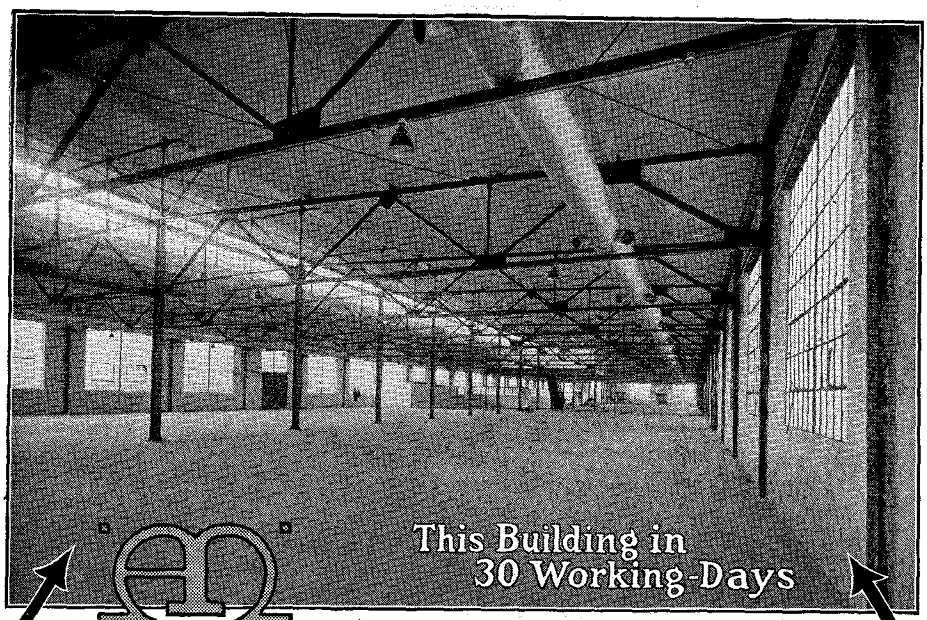

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You can order your building longer or shorter—any length you wish, in multiples of 20 feet. Instead of brick pilasters, you can have continuous steel sash, (Fenestra,) giving still more light. And instead of a wood floor, you can have concrete.

The width is fixed at 100 feet—the economical maximum that gives adequate daylight through side-walls and monitor, with floor-space almost universally adaptable—but *one column to every 2000 square feet* of floor-space.

And there are six other types of Austin Standard Factory-Buildings, in various sizes, adaptable to almost every industrial need—quality in quick time at low cost.

Write, phone or wire for specifications and cross-sections of Austin Standards—the irreducible minimum of good construction—in convenient form for your files.

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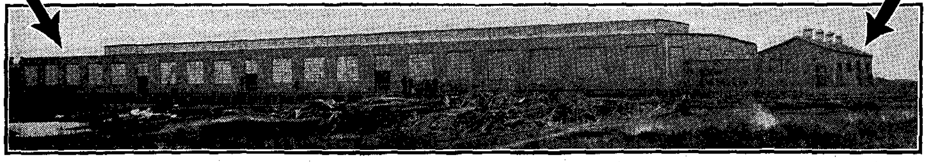

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Yes, and more. That's the record of many men who shave themselves. *Old blades made sharper than new*—in 10 seconds. Quick, velvety shaves for life with the wonderful, new

Rotastrop

Just drop blade in, turn handle Nothing to get out of order. Machine gives *"heel and toe action"*, just like a barber strops a razor.

10 Days Free Trial—write for booklet. Send name of nearest dealer and state make of razor.

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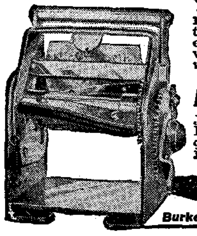
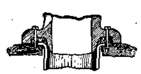
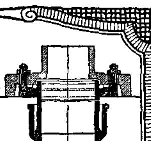




Ordinary closet connection to waste pipe



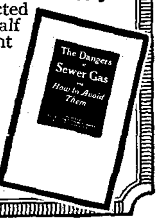
Closet connection with Donovan Safety Flange

How to Avoid Sewer Gas Dangers

You can't smell sewer gas, it's odorless. But the ordinary connection of closet to waste pipe soon permits it to leak. With closets equipped with the Donovan Safety Flange, the leak can be detected instantly, any time, and a half turn of a screw makes the joint tight again.

Our booklet, "The Dangers of Sewer Gas," tells how to get a closet fitted with a Donovan Safety Flange. Send for it. It's Free. Dept. C.

The Trenton Potteries Co.
Trenton, N. J.


The Dangers of Sewer Gas and How to Avoid Them

but we could not help admiring her pluck as she continued to bark away with her one little gun long after the German shells had set her afire in a half-dozen places.

Finally, the German discharged two torpedoes from tubes mounted on the forward deck. Both the projectiles struck home. The *Clan MacTavish* heeled over as if some giant had struck her a sudden blow, and in a very short time she had disappeared.

The Germans again proved that there is at least one breed of Teuton that knows and practises the laws of humanity. They lowered boats with all possible speed and rowed to the spot where the Britisher had gone down, in a search for survivors. Four of these survivors were at length brought to us badly wounded, but full of fight even so. We could not resist the impulse to give the game lads a rousing cheer as they were brought over the side. And even our German captors smiled an unbegrudging approval.

A "MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN" IN SING SING

REFORMERS of prisons and of penal systems have all been stressing one point with special emphasis. This is, that the prison, as we have known it in the past, is a makeshift solely, and that we have used it principally as a waste-bin into which to sweep the human fragments of our social carelessness, errors, and crimes. They are trying, against the inertia of custom and conservatism, to turn prisons into repair-shops rather than waste-bins. Constantly, they find, they are coming up against instances of good human material that has been warped through the mishandling of society. The conclusion they reach with distressing iteration is: "This could have been helped. This could have been a man, had we only known enough then not to help him to be a criminal." Such an instance as this is discovered by the Brooklyn *Eagle* in a confession appearing in the Sing Sing *Star of Hope*. It is the story of a prisoner who was, and may well be again, what the world terms "a gentleman"—a man of gentle birth and education. He is an Eton and Oxford man, and a student of philosophy. *The Eagle* summarizes the remarkable story of his fall and reformation:

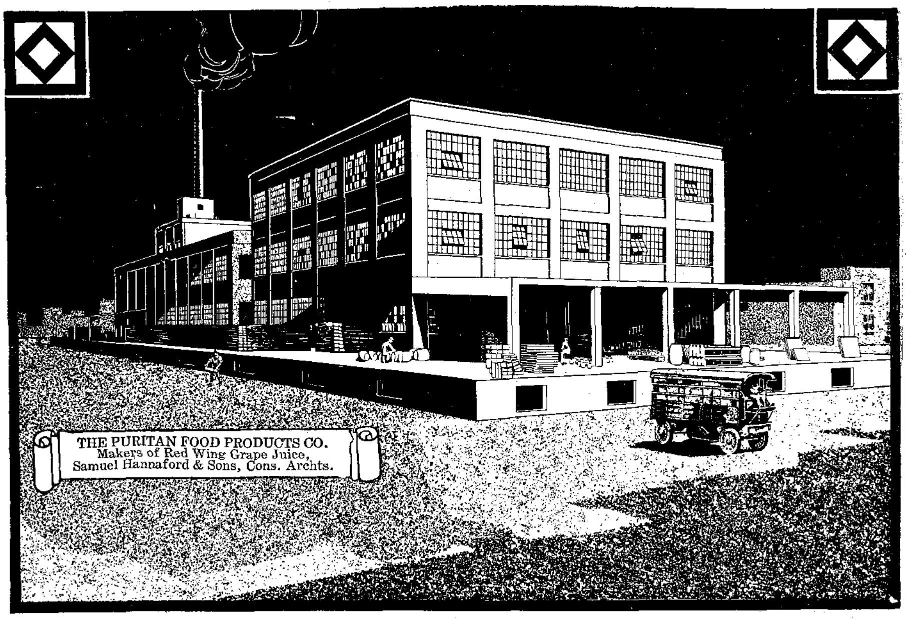
> The man is a writer of books, a poet of some skill, and yet a hardened professional thief, "found guilty four times by juries who were right, and sentenced four times by judges who had no other alternative."
>
> This career of crime the man lays not to criminal antecedents, but to his environment, of all places in the world, at Oxford. Just at his formative period, he says, he became infected with the doctrines of Nietzsche, and adds: "All was hypocrisy, I believed as I left college. Civilization was a thin veneer over primordial apes; every man was out to get what he could, and those who were caught were stupid." That is a familiar attitude among criminals for gain, such as this man became, altho few of them acquire it in college.
>
> Even more curious than his absorption of the criminal attitude was the way he lost it. Punishment did not drive it out of

him. He held on for years to the notion that he "could beat the game," until his nerve for daring robberies failed, and he became just a common, sneaking thief, with intervals of reading philosophy in libraries when he was free. He paid no attention to the Welfare League in Sing Sing until one day some one had stolen his tobacco, and he started out to bring the culprit before the League court. Then he saw suddenly that he was doing what the world had repeatedly done to him, and that the world was just. He thinks that the new point of view has converted him and given him a new purpose in life. His strength against outside temptations may well be doubted at this late day, but the curious story suggests the possibility of having done something with such a man earlier in his career, and the unwisdom of a prison system which makes little or no provision for reformation during confinement.

OSTRICH-PREPAREDNESS

HOWEVER the reader may take his stand on the Preparedness question, let him assume for a moment absolute neutrality and attend to the instructive and amusing Fable of the Unprepared Ostrich as recited by Elmer T. Peterson. A fable is not an argument, but at times it is an effective bludgeon. Mr. Peterson's fable is not at all the answer to all antipreparedness, but it is a blow difficult to parry. We do not remember seeing a fable presenting the other side of the question quite so succinctly and pointedly. It appears in the Topeka *Capital*, "the immortal newspaper," the Chicago *Post* reminds us, "that suggested that the German submarine attacks ceased because of the terror inspired in the Central European chancelleries by the news of the Plattsburg encampment." *The Capital*, which has printed not a little against militarism, includes this within its columns with perfect good humor:

> The Ostrich, with plumes of Great Value, roamed Peacefully about his accustomed haunts, when he heard the sound of Guns in the Distance.
>
> He realized that this means Danger and that some Avaricious Hunter might take a notion to Shoot him. But he Philosophized with the following Arguments:
>
> I do not know who this Possible Enemy is, therefore I am Safe.
>
> I do not know, but Think that Some One will Defend me in case Danger should come. I am not sure, but Think that those Defenders are Well Enough Armed. Jingoes say they are Not, but Jingoes take the word of those who make a Business of Fighting, who, of course, know Nothing about it.
>
> The Enemy is so Exhausted from Shooting that he will be Unable to Shoot Me.
>
> If some one should Attack me, I could Instantly Change myself into a Lion and Repel the Attack with Ease. Anyhow, it is Wrong to Fight under Any Circumstances whatever.
>
> I will not take refuge behind a Fence or Building, because the chances are Somebody got a Graft out of building them.
>
> There are Two or Three places on the boundaries of my domain where it is


THE PURITAN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.
Makers of Red Wing Grape Juice,
Samuel Hannaford & Sons, Cons. Archts.

Built by Ferro for less than estimate by owner's construction department

Mr. E. A. Cudahy, President of the Cudahy Packing Company, and owner of the Puritan Food Products Company, for whom this building was built, maintains his own architectural and contracting department.

Nevertheless, when the building was under consideration, he asked us to submit plans for it in Ferro-Concrete. He did this because he believed that Ferro specialized knowledge of concrete building not only assured the highest quality of work possible, but would save him both money and trouble.

After the plans were completed, he had his own experts estimate on the cost, and our estimate he compared with theirs. *Ours was considerably lower.*

The contract was then placed with us on the Ferro Profit-Sharing basis, which guarantees a top price above which the final cost of the finished work will not run, the owner to share equally in any saving that actual operations show can be made.

After the building was completed it was found that we had effected for the owner a saving of 5.6% below the original guaranteed price!

The incident is significant because it demonstrates convincingly the absolute fairness of Ferro costs. It also illustrates strikingly the building economy of *specialized knowledge*.

The Ferro organization is an organization of specialists. Through years of research, through scores of laboratory tests, through experience with hundreds of building problems, they have acquired a *specialized knowledge* of concrete construction that is unusual.

If you are considering building a factory, warehouse, office building, or other similar structures—

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—which contains information of real value to prospective builders. We shall be glad to give you any information you desire about our work, or about building in general. We work under any form of contract, but you will be particularly interested in the Ferro Profit-Sharing Contract, as explained in our booklet. Write today, stating the name of your firm and your position with it.

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This is more than a guarantee of quality. It is a voucher for performance. It is more than legal. It is moral. For this company voluntarily obligates itself to stand back of every claim and every product to insure your complete satisfaction.

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by Professor Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk, M.D., of the Life Extension Institute, with a foreword by William Howard Taft, points out the way to rational living along modern scientific lines. It is a great book that will add years to your life if faithfully followed. Buy it and study it, and your days will be long in the land.

Dr. A. T. McCormack, Secretary of the State Board of Health of Kentucky, HAS JUST BOUGHT TWELVE COPIES.

In giving his order he writes: "Will you be kind enough to send twelve copies of your new book, 'How to Live,' one to each member of the Board? . . . . *Every man and woman in the United States who desires to be healthy and to live long, should be familiar with its contents.*" Here is an expert's advice. Can YOU afford to ignore it?

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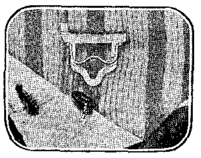

Don't be bothered with your shirt bulging out in front. Wear the

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This simple and practical (invisible) device positively holds shirts down smooth and supports the trousers. If your dealer hasn't it, send 25c to

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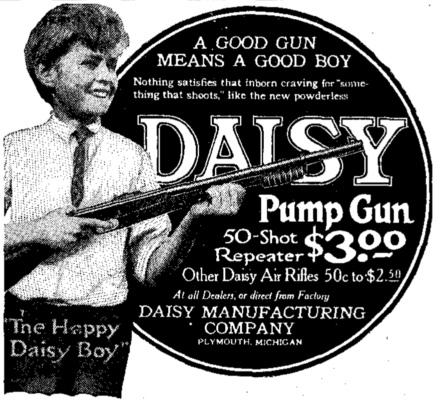

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Nothing satisfies that inborn craving for "something that shoots," like the new powderless

DAISY Pump Gun

50-Shot Repeater $3.00

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At all Dealers, or direct from Factory

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PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

impossible to break through. Therefore, I am Safe.

Altho I have my Faults, I Feel that I should Pose as a Model of Virtue, an Example to the Whole World. Therefore, I will not resort to Resistance. I believe in taking things as they Ought to be instead of as they Are.

I do not believe in being Prepared. I will Stick my Head in the Sand and Forget that there is such a thing as Trouble.

Moral—Ostrich Plumes for Sale.

A MUSKETEER COME TO LIFE AGAIN

HOW clearly the famous quartet of heroes of the Alexandre Dumas stories stand out in the memory of him who read of them as a boy! *D'Artagnan*, with a spirit like a quick, clean rapier-thrust; *Aramis*, delicate and sly; *Athos*, the mysterious aristocrat; and *Porthos*, the vain, jovial, faithful, quick-tempered dunce. How quickly we would recognize any one of these four in the flesh! They are like old-time friends. We can almost see their faces and hear their tones. To a writer in the London *Chronicle* came recently a glimpse, he claims, of the valiant, laughing *Porthos*, reincarnated in khaki. We envy his delight as we read:

> It was at a railway station at the "back of the front" in France, where a local line leaves the main railroad. It leads very close to the firing-line.
>
> *Porthos* had come down from the trenches, and stood on the platform laughing in the sunlight. He was tall and burly, a good-humored giant. His face was tanned to a ruddy brown tint and he had grown a big coal-black beard, above which, under bushy eyebrows, his eyes shone bright, and through which his white teeth gleamed. He was not bespattered with mud; he was most literally plastered with it. Beneath the white of it his red, baggy breeches glowed dully. His rifle was slung across his back and he rolled a cigaret with skilful fingers. He was talking with southern freedom of gesture in a group of soldiers. They listened intently, and presently over their faces there stole a smile. The smile broadened; they grinned; then they laughed loudly, and *Porthos*, with his cigaret cocked at an inimitable angle and glowing like a coal against his black beard, stood contemplating them with a whimsical expression on his good-humored face. He was one of those who enjoy war.
>
> A young woman passed along the platform. She wore a red flower in her black blouse. *Porthos* admired her. I don't know whether he spoke to her first or she to him. I suspect him. They talked, and presently she plucked the flower from her waist and gave it to him. He twisted it in his fingers by the stem and talked laughingly to her. He looked deprecatingly at his muddy clothes. Then, with an inimitable air and gesture of Gallic gallantry, he refastened it whence she had taken it.
>
> I do not know what he had been in civil life. He might have been a bank-manager, a stock-broker, a pork-butcher, a draper, a monk, but, I make no doubt, he had found his real vocation in war.
>
> A strange thing, the psychology of the born soldier.

A TERRIBLE RISK

TAKING chances is sometimes an exciting and delightful game. Eliminate the chance of catastrophe, and much of the fun is gone. But there are limits to this sort of thing where even the most rash will draw back. Such a point has well-nigh been reached by a certain California theater-manager. He does not merely dare his audiences to object to the plays he gives them; he does not merely smile tolerantly when he finds them bringing old vegetables and eggs into his theater—he actually furnishes each and every patron with a dozen eggs at the door! Incredible as this may seem, we quote his story on the authority of the San Diego *Union:*

> There are plenty of eggs in storm-bound Escondido. In fact, there is a surplus of them. The *Union's* correspondent telephoned last night that the stores could not take any more eggs for delivery outside and that F. H. Reynolds, enterprising proprietor of the Princess Theater, had evolved a plan to use some of the eggs. He advertised last night that he would give a dozen eggs to the purchaser of every pair of tickets.
>
> Reynolds had the eggs put up in bags, so there was no delay when patrons of the theater began to receive tickets and premiums.

THE DOOM OF "PAN-TOTING"

ONE of the most ancient industries of the South, and one most respected by tradition, until recently, is pan-toting. Statistics showing how many indigent and care-free colored citizens may be supported by one pan-toter, or how many tons of Southern dainties have been carried away in pans by the ladies of color who "come in by the day" to do the housework in Southern homes, have not yet been compiled. In the old days of easy plenty such statistics would have been considered parsimony of the most contemptible sort, but times have changed. Chill Northern winds of thrift and economy have struck the Southland. Colored "help" is learning to its sorrow that the kitchen threshold is a dead-line for toting. This we learn from the Savannah *News*, which goes on to say:

> Dawson is the latest Georgia city to get after the pan-toter, as the other day Mayor J. M. Bell signed an ordinance that "it shall be unlawful for any cook, servant, or employee to carry from the dwelling or residence or premises of his or her employer any basket, tin pan, or plate, or any other pan, plate, or vessel, filled with foodstuffs or provisions of any description whatever, without first having obtained the written permission of his or her employer."
>
> That appears to be comprehensive, and so an old custom, honored through many years, is passing, altho there still is many a servant who thinks it is perfectly proper to carry home to the "chilluns and the ol' man" enough "rations" to last until the

400 Park Ave., New York City.
Fullerton Weaver Realty Co., Owners.
Warren & Wetmore, Architects.
Kewanee Smokeless Boilers and Garbage Burners installed by W. G. Cornell Co.

There are two ways to Prevent Smoke

If your building is in a city where a smoke ordinance is enforced you have got to do one of two things: Burn hard coal or install a boiler that burns soft coal smokelessly.

KEWANEE Smokeless Boilers Cut Heating Costs

Because it costs more money lots of people think hard coal is better coal than bituminous. But it isn't. Anyone who knows will tell you that soft coal contains almost as much heat as hard coal (sometimes more) and that a dollar spent for soft coal buys *more* heat than the same money spent for anthracite.

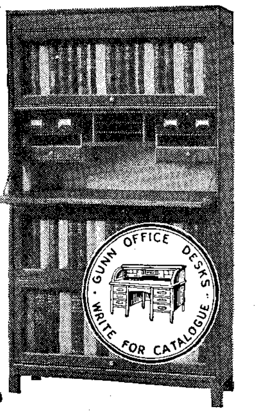
So a Kewanee Smokeless Boiler saves you money by letting you use the best coal you can buy—soft coal.

But it goes even further than that.

Most boilers burn only about 60% of their fuel. The rest of it goes up the stack unburned. And it is the unburned fuel that makes smoke. A Kewanee Smokeless Boiler burns soft coal so perfectly that there is no waste fuel to make smoke. Tests have proven that they get from 21 to 33% *more heat* from every ton of coal they burn than ordinary boilers.

Upon request our booklet "Cutting Coal Costs" will be mailed you. It contains facts and figures that may point the way for cutting your heating costs.

KEWANEE BOILER COMPANY
KEWANEE, ILLINOIS
Steel Heating Boilers, Water Heating Garbage Burners
Chicago, New York, St. Louis Kansas City, Minneapolis



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YOU can start with one book section with top and base, at small cost, and add to it as you get more books. Doors are removable and non-binding; no ugly iron bands; easy to set up or take apart; practically dust-proof; superb workmanship.

Gunn Sectional Bookcases were awarded the Gold Medal (highest award) at the Panama-Pacific Industrial Exposition.

See the famous "Gunn" Sectional Bookcase at your dealer's or write us for free new catalog, illustrated in colors, showing Colonial, Mission, Sanitary, Claw foot and Standard designs in mahogany and oak to harmonize with their surroundings. Prices lower than others.

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THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY
Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

TONE CONTROL

THIS fascinating feature, first used on the Sonora, by which the music may swell and die away at will, adds greatly to the pleasure of the listener.

Its purpose is to fit the sound to the size of the room without disturbing the melody.

The method by which the sound is controlled at its source, and not muffled, is a patented one and an exclusive feature with the Sonora. It is but one of the many splendid features which have won for the Sonora the title of the Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

Prices: $35, $50, $75, $100, $135, $150, $225, $300 and $1000

Call on the Sonora dealer in your town and he will gladly demonstrate the superiority of Sonora Phonographs, and you will learn why the Sonora Phonograph is the best.

SONORA PHONOGRAPH CORPORATION
George E. Brightson, President
Salons: Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street and 50 Broadway
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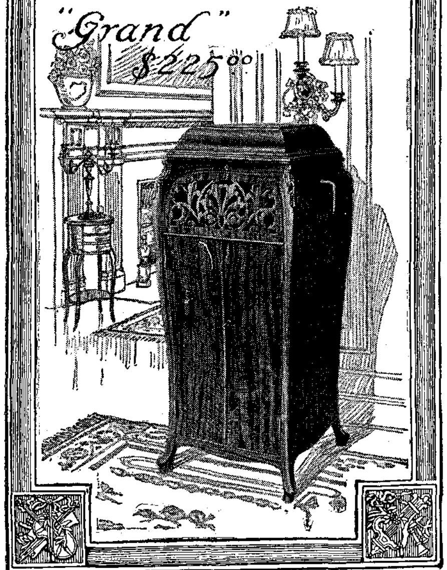


THIS
IS
THE
WAY

TO MAKE MONEY

To any woman who has no special training and wants to earn money, I would recommend nothing better than selling World's Star goods. When I started in this work I had never done any soliciting of any kind. The commission on my first day's orders came to $7.00. What other work is there that a woman can do to earn that amount? One cannot help but succeed with World's Star goods, and enthusiasm. Both will lead to success.
So writes Mrs. G. H. Littlefield, of Oregon.

HIGHER QUALITY LOWER PRICES
World's Star
Hosiery and Klean-Knit
Underwear
FROM MILL TO HOME

WE HAVE HELPED MORE THAN 9000 ambitious, deserving women. You can do the same as they have done. Sell World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No previous experience is necessary—we show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. We are known everywhere. *Our advertising makes sales easy*—the quality holds the trade. PROMPT DELIVERIES and PROTECTED TERRITORY. Our free catalog tells whole story.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
DEPT. 260 BAY CITY, MICH.

next evening. Some of the Christmas turkey, a big heap of rice, three or four yams, a dozen biscuits, some meal for a corn pone, and maybe a big chunk of butter—such a heap of provisions often has been "toted" from the "white folks' yard" to make the home-coming of "mammy" a most welcome one.

But times have changed, and pan-toting must exist only in memory. A new order of things requires that what people eat they must earn, whether they are white or colored; housewives are keeping a closer watch on the family larder. No doubt it is because they have begun to realize what an enormous amount of food may be carried away by a pan-toting cook in the course of a year that they have asked the aid of the police in some Georgia cities to put an end to the practise. The housewife who can end it unaided, so far as her kitchen is concerned, is unusual, because for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" the heathen Chinee is no more peculiar than the pan-toter when she is determined to smuggle a pan-load out of the house for her folk at home.

A DEALER IN MATRIMONIAL "FUTURES"

TWO facts of startling interest are mentioned in the obituaries of Fritz Podzius, marriage-broker, editor of the New York *Matrimonial News and Berliner Heirats-Zeitung*, and joiner of twenty thousand pairs of soul-mates. These are, first, that he died single, and, secondly, that he died rich. It would be interesting, indeed, to compare the fortune left behind by this promoter of rhythmic unison of hearts with the fortunes of the twenty thousand whom he joined. Cynics would no doubt say he had the better of it. But was he happier? Well, twenty thousand experiments in matrimony is a good round number. One should be able to draw valuable conclusions from so many examples. Many warm young hearts will believe that Herr Podzius was wrong in remaining unmarried, but they will be pitting mere faith against his wide and varied observation. He knew!

The death of this man closes a strange career, as unusual and romantic, in its sordid way, as one may find even in this greatest city in the world. Here is a brief sketch of its most prominent details, given by *The Herald:*

Now that he is dead, his publication, *The Matrimonial News*, which he and his aids sold on street-corners, probably will cease, for the paper, which came to life sporadically, was distinctly a creature of Podzius's naive brain, possessing weird qualities which no other than a Podzius could impart.

Those who knew the tall, hollow-chested man, who was always grimy and who appeared at all times just to be awakening from a sound sleep, never could determine whether he was a faker or a fanatic. He was successful as a marriage-broker. His bank-accounts and the fact that he was able to purchase for cash the handsome old residence in West End Avenue in which he lived and irritated his neighbors, were evidences of that.

For years his newspaper has circulated widely here and has been issued in Germany. The edition, which the curious and the lonely have purchased for amusement or in hopes of getting a husband or wife in this country, was a libel on the English language, but it obtained results. When Podzius, in his disorderly office, fell forward on his face, dead from heart-disease, there were eighteen thousand applications, most of them accompanied by the necessary fee, awaiting his attention.

A year ago he was sentenced to three months on Blackwell's Island for having realized on notes given him by a bridegroom in payment for obtaining a wife with a fortune. It seems the wife had no fortune, and the bridegroom, a sharp-nosed, nasal-voiced person, with a financial sense only, had Podzius arrested. Podzius, grimy and sleepy as usual, explained that he was an agent of Providence, here to unite some lonesome souls. He went into a stumbling exordium in execrable English to prove his sincerity, but he was sentenced just the same.

Lodgers stayed in the upper floors of his house and big signs advertised his calling outside, a fact which contributed to the unrest of many placid and retiring families who own homes near by. Podzius lived like a recluse, eating the simplest food, mainly apples and tea. He did his own tidying—once in a long time—and pursued his thrift by renting a drawing-room on the first floor of his house to a tailor, who for a long time sat cross-legged in the window and sewed industriously on worn garments or slapped irons on damp clothes in a halo of steam.

If Podzius — Podzius, the marriage-broker, who united loving hearts, as he said unctuously—has any relatives, they are unknown, but they will probably turn up if they exist, for his life as a joiner of hearts and welder of lives and destinies resulted in some excellent bank-accounts and property.

His newspaper, declares *The World*, was "weird and wonderful to ponder over." Among his advertisers there were abundant barons and dukes, and counts galore, honest street-car conductors, sober and home-loving longshoremen, heiresses, laundresses, and a long list more. The cost was a dollar down and a small percentage of whatever fortune you might marry into. Some specimen advertisements are given, as follows:

"Teacher of music, thirty-five years of age, Protestant, has a house and some cash and wishes to marry a gentleman who would enjoy and appreciate her production of harmonious strains."

"Iceman, twenty-nine, five thousand dollars income and fifteen thousand in banks, seeks a lady up to twenty-eight, religion and nationality immaterial, two thousand dollars."

"Lady, mother, fifty-two, daughter nineteen, control at least thirty million dollars, wish to marry two gentlemen of sunny dispositions and who will go hand in hand with them peacefully on life's way."

November 7, 1911, was bargain-day in barons down on Ellis Island, as we learn:

The Baron Adolf von Schuep, twenty-

Better Trucking Means Bigger Business

By extending your delivery radius—by saving time in your delivery—by reducing the cost of your trucking—by increasing the efficiency of your force, you out-do competition, satisfy customers, enlarge your business.

All of these benefits are sure to follow the installation of trucks of quality—if the proper size and right power is selected.

The GMC line includes trucks ranging from 1000 lbs. to 6 tons capacity. It includes gasoline and electric power, worm drive, chain drive and shaft drive.

In no other factory in the world can such a variety of motor trucks be found. In no other factory can better quality be had.

In the GMC line the Manufacturer, Merchant, Municipality, Dairyman, Truck Gardener, Contractor—any man or corporation with hauling to do can find the truck that will fit the work to be done. ***That*** makes motor trucks profitable.

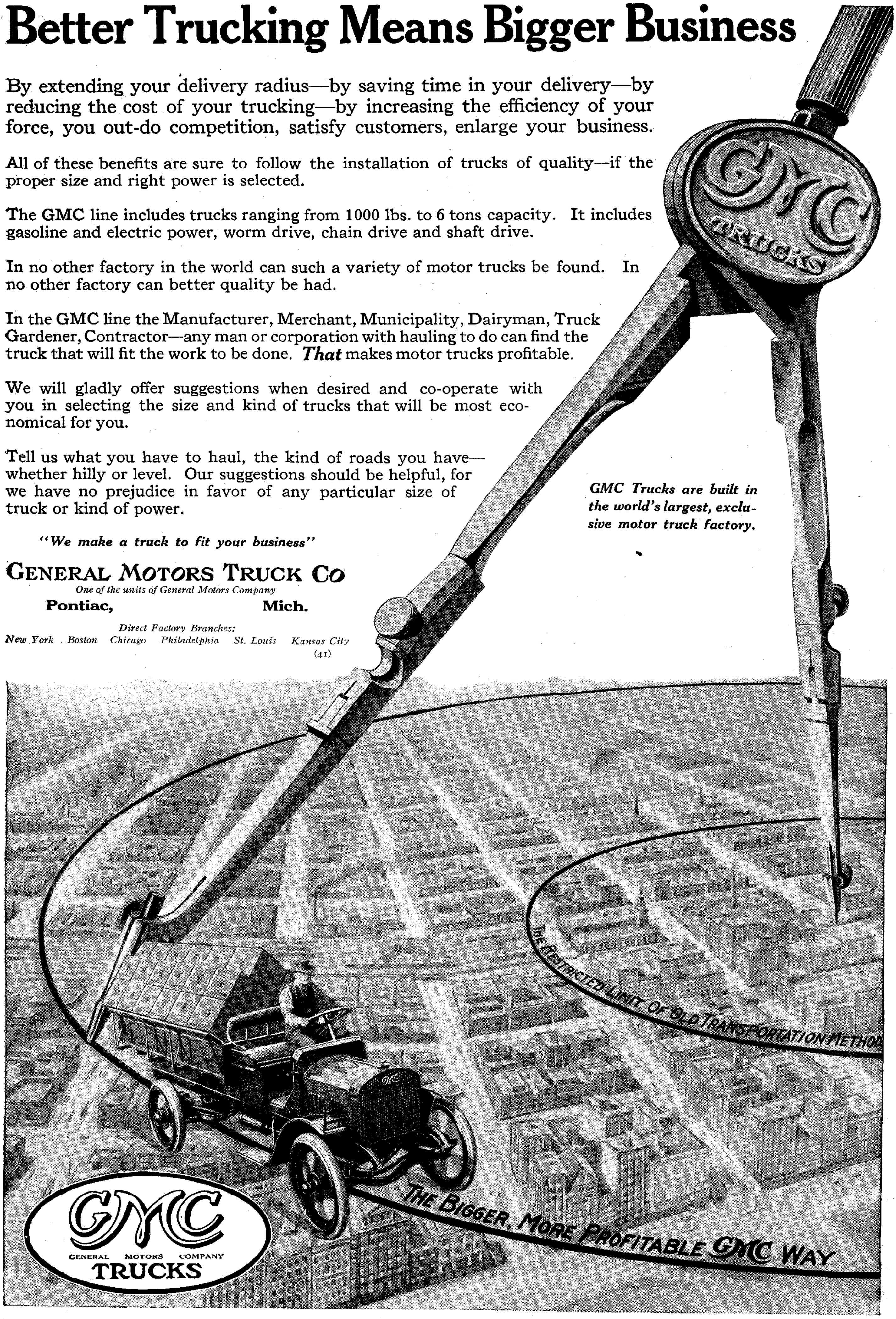
We will gladly offer suggestions when desired and co-operate with you in selecting the size and kind of trucks that will be most economical for you.

Tell us what you have to haul, the kind of roads you have—whether hilly or level. Our suggestions should be helpful, for we have no prejudice in favor of any particular size of truck or kind of power.

"We make a truck to fit your business"

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO
One of the units of General Motors Company
Pontiac, Mich.

Direct Factory Branches:
New York Boston Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Kansas City
(41)


GMC
TRUCKS
THE RESTRICTED LIMIT OF OLD TRANSPORTATION METHOD
GMC
THE BIGGER, MORE PROFITABLE GMC WAY
GMC
GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS

GMC Trucks are built in the world's largest, exclusive motor truck factory.

Thermoid
HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED
Brake Lining-100%

DON'T wait until you get a lump in your throat—when your brake lining won't hold at the sight of some impending danger. Think of friction when you take your car to the garage to get the brakes re-lined; say to the man you must have **Thermoid**—the all-friction brake lining—friction from surface to surface—through and through. That precaution may be the means of saving your life—your car—the lives of others.

Thermoid is made of best quality, long-fibre Canadian Asbestos spun on brass wire. It is woven into cloth, folded, stitched, then hydraulically compressed into one homogeneous mass. Thermoid will grip and hold your car until it wears to paper thinness. Demand Thermoid.

Thermoid Rubber Company Trenton, N. J.

Makers of Nassau Tires, Thermoid Radiator Hose and Garden Hose

National Pure Food Show for Philadelphia

Conducting a National Food Show is no small affair, yet this is what "The Philadelphia Press" will do for the two weeks beginning March 6, and ending March 18, next.

In the Heart of the Shopping District

Appreciating that location in an undertaking of such proportions is essential to its success, "The Philadelphia Press" has procured the ground floor in the new and magnificent **Widener Building**, in the very core of the city's business center, and immediately adjoining the world-famous John Wanamaker store.

It is directly opposite City Hall; is within two minutes of the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia & Reading Railway terminals, and is five minutes from the ferries. It is estimated that a QUARTER OF A MILLION persons pass the Widener Building daily.

Pure Food Manufacturers should arrange to exhibit their products in the National Pure Food Show to be conducted under the auspices of "The Philadelphia Press."

The Philadelphia Press

LOUIS GILMAN,
Eastern Representative,
World Building, New York City.

C. GEO. KROGNESS,
Western Representative,
Marquette Building, Chicago.

five, was detained at the immigration station there because he had only twelve dollars to his name. He asked the officers to send for his friend Podzius. Podzius came, and disapproved.

"I didn't send for you," he said. "They can do what they like with you. Wouldn't I look fine," he asked the bystanders, "paying his way in and supporting him as a baron till he made a match? What guaranty have I that he would pay my money back, to say nothing of my fee?"

THE DESOLATION OF OTAY VALLEY

"SAN DIEGO take care of its own!" is the cry that has gone out as all efforts are bent on succoring the survivors of the recent flood in Otay Valley, California, where the dam of the Lower Otay Reservoir, supplying San Diego, was swept away by high water on January 27. The not a dozen lives were lost, misery and desolation were wide-spread, for few who lived within the wide sweep of those waters brought away with them more than the clothes on their backs. The rescue work, however, has been rapid and efficient. In no time San Diego has collected $150,000, and large supplies of food, clothes, blankets, and mattresses have been gathered together, so that most of the refugees from the flooded districts are now well cared for temporarily. It is estimated that 11,000,000 gallons of water were hurled into the valley when the dam, apparently sturdy and sound, crumpled up like so much paper and gave way. At least twenty-five houses were completely swept out, and other losses were felt in proportion. The Eastern papers gave hints of a dramatic story, reminiscent of the Johnstown flood, of a warning spread along the valley by one man in an automobile racing with the advancing water, but this romantic touch the Western papers fail to enlarge upon. The Los Angeles *Tribune* gives a brief picture of the catastrophe:

> When the avalanche of water from the reservoir swept down the valley it spared nothing that stood in its path. Ranch-houses and outbuildings were smashed into kindling and borne away on the crest of the flood. Trees were uprooted and swept down with the stream, and huge rocks, torn from the hills, were rolled like marbles along the bed of what had been the river.
>
> Overwhelmed by the rush of water, which traveled with the speed of an express-train, the victims were swept to death without even an opportunity to fight for their lives. Hardly less pitiful is the fate of those who escaped death in the flood, only to be cut off and left to the mercy of the storms without food, shelter, or warmth. It is feared that before relief can reach these survivors many will perish from exposure and hunger.
>
> The vast flood, released in an instant when the dam collapsed, swept over the area fifteen miles wide and twenty miles in length, leaving behind it utter devastation, and causing damage exceeding a million dollars.

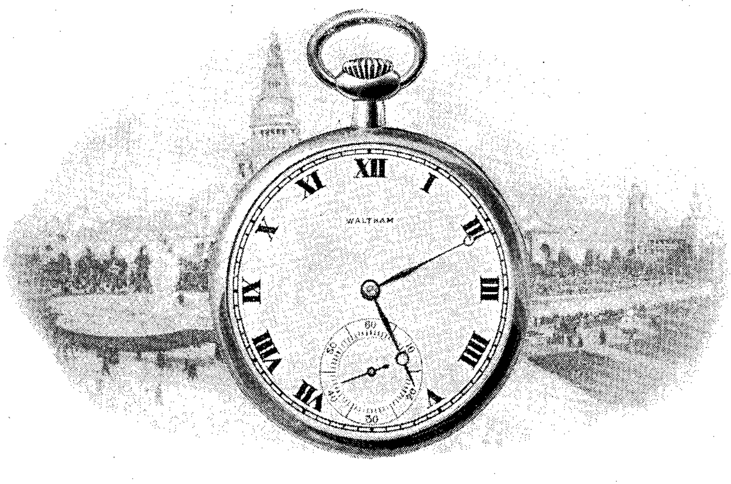
A clearer picture is given by one who

saw the valley after the waters had passed. Edmunds Block, of San Diego, an artist, fought his way into the desolate district the day after the dam went out and brought back with him the following impression, appearing in the Los Angeles *Times:*

> The scene presented at Nestor, at Otay City, Tia Juana, and Chula Vista was one of absolute desolation. In one spot I saw a piano, tilted at an angle and about half-buried in mud and sand, near by a clump of uprooted lemon- and orange-trees, still bearing blossoms and fruit. A cow, belonging to no one knows whom, and doubtless miles away from its former home, stood grazing a short way off. In the middle of the inundated highway to Tia Juana stood half a house, and several hundred yards farther down the road was the other half, with a broken section of a bridge leaning against it. Wagon-bodies, dead live stock, sections of houses, and other objects dotted the expanse of water and sand, while the houses which remained were for the most part tipped and leaning, as if about ready to collapse.
>
> I was told that a freak of the flood at Nestor actually moved a house upstream nearly the length of a city block. Yesterday I saw débris of all sorts pass out to the bay in a muddy flood. A home occupied jointly by two families was swept out, while its owners, who had worked in a home-made boat tirelessly for four days aiding others, were helpless to save the building.
>
> One of the most heartrending cases I heard of was that of a farmer whose sight had been gradually failing for several years, and whose wife and daughters have tilled their place as blindness was descending on the head of the family. They lost everything—house, barn, a team of horses, several cows, fruit-trees, and all personal effects, while the spot which marks the site of their little farm is now unfit for further cultivation by reason of rocks and sand strewn over it.

A rather remarkable story of the flood is given in the San Diego *Union* by a man who was actually caught in it and was for some time reported among the dead. He is C. H. Loper, and at the time the dam broke was at his ranch at Lone Pine, directly in the path of the water. *The Union* quotes him as saying:

> "I had had a depressing feeling that afternoon, which I now know was a premonition that disaster was impending. But the phones reported the dam was safe. It was only when two men named Baird and Osborn rushed up desperately to my ranch that the danger dawned upon me. I changed my clothes, and was putting my most precious belongings into my grip, when a crash of trees in the near-by grove told me the waters had come.
>
> "The roar became deafening. The first wave struck me at the knees as I sped for the hills; the second bowled me over, and fighting, half on my feet and half off, I groped in the darkness. A straw stack came along and swamped me. A barbed-wire fence fastened itself upon me, and branches of trees continuously bumped me.
>
> "Finally, as I was swept on downward toward the sea, half the time under water, the roar seemed to die away. When the



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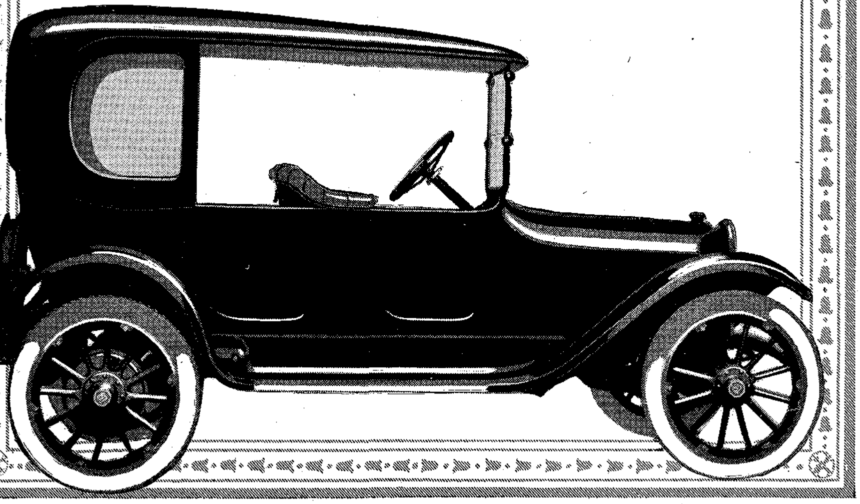

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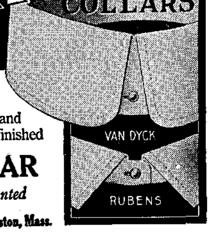

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roaring returned I was on the side of the hill, and lost."

Loper said that when he found his bearings he tried to see his house and the other ranches in the valley, but there was nothing but the sound of rushing waters everywhere.

For two days he lived at a neighbor's home and searched for belongings. Others said they had seen his house go smashing to pieces on a railroad bridge three miles from his ranch. His barn, horses, pumping-plant, and even the big pine-tree, the pride of the valley, had completely disappeared. His twenty acres that had been set to varied orchard-fruits were stript of everything.

"It is but one case of fifty," said Loper, adding that he would develop his ranch again. The men who had warned him had gone on to others, and Loper feared for them. When told they had escaped he seemed to forget the loss of his ranch. "They saved many of us," he said gratefully.

A TEST IN CURRENT INFORMATION

THE recent "examination" on the European War which created such havoc in the ranks of several of our leading educational institutions was confined almost wholly to such simple matters as general geographical questions, the names of rulers of the countries involved in the war, and the prominent men whose names appear almost daily in the head-lines over the war-news. If this test gained so few and scattering correct answers, what, we wonder, would be the result of hurling at hapless students' heads the questions on war-topics recently compiled by Dr. Frank Crane? These, too, are concerned solely with matters that confront us daily in the news, but as they require some slight research and more than a mere half-hearted memory, they might well bring forth results anything but complimentary to the colleges where they were presented to the students. We quote these questions in part from the New York *Globe:*

1. What is meant by the Triple Entente? The Triple Alliance?
2. Name the Balkan States.
3. What language do the inhabitants of Bulgaria speak?
4. What is the capital of Roumania? Of Bulgaria? Of Servia? Of Montenegro? Of Albania?
5. What and where is Gallipoli? The Vosges? Saloniki?
6. Is the ruler in any other country other than Russia called a czar?
7. What is the difference between an emperor and a king?
8. What relation is the King of England to the Emperor of Germany?
9. Who is the King of Prussia?
10. What is a dirigible? A monoplane? A periscope? A *mitrailleuse?* A *Zeppelin?*
11. Name six neutral countries.
12. Why does our Secretary of State, in his letters to foreign Powers, sign his name simply "Lansing" without giving his first name or initials?
13. What is an ultimatum?
14. What language do the people of Switzerland speak? The people of Belgium?

15. What other republics are there in Europe besides France and Switzerland?

16. What is meant by the term "hyphenated American?"

17. Tell something about the following persons: Brand Whitlock, Bethmann-Hollweg, Poincaré, Asquith, Grey, Joffre, Kitchener.

18. Where are these places: Riga, Bagdad, Warsaw, Monastir, the Marne, Louvain, Hartlepool? Tell something concerning each place in connection with the present war.

19. What does *persona non grata* mean? *Soixante-quinze? Boche, Piou-piou?* Tommy Atkins? Cossack? Hussar?

20. What is meant by *Italia Irridenta?*

21. What is a censor? A minister? A consul? A *chargé d'affaires?* An envoy extraordinary?

AN EGYPTIAN TOMB ON FIFTH AVENUE

FOUR thousand five hundred years ago, a workman sat on the earth floor of a new tomb to Perneb, the "sole companion" to the great King at Memphis. He was eating a luncheon of nuts. When he had finished, and the work of applying the final touches to the structure called him, he hastily arose and kicked the nutshells into the dust of the floor, stamping them down. That workman has been dead and forgotten these thousands of years, but in the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Fifth Avenue, New York City, the handful of nutshells that he left behind him may still be seen. For when the celebrated Tomb of Perneb was brought over with infinite pains from the Egyptian desert to its present location in the Museum, such trivial yet poignant links between the present and the past as these nutshells were not forgotten.

Since the first of February of this year the mysterious sounds have ceased that have attended the rebuilding of the shrine of Perneb during the last year, and the curtains and boards have been removed from the space at the right of the great entrance-hall of the Museum. In that space now stands revealed the workmanship of ancient Egypt, stone on stone as it stood in olden days. A writer for the New York *Tribune* gives us graphic pictures of the rebuilding and the task of transporting the whole structure piece by piece out of the desert and across the ocean. We are given a glimpse of the pristine grandeur of the structure, and its appearance now, in the midst of a modern metropolis, is described. Entering the Museum, he writes, the strange appearance of the building at once catches the eye. We read on:

> In front, lofty gray pillars have been erected, like those that border many an Egyptian temple. If the spirit of Perneb still haunts its resting-place for so many centuries, he may well fancy that he has been transported, tomb and all, into some vast columned edifice of the old capital of the Empire. The white-robed priests, the processions of natives from his estates on

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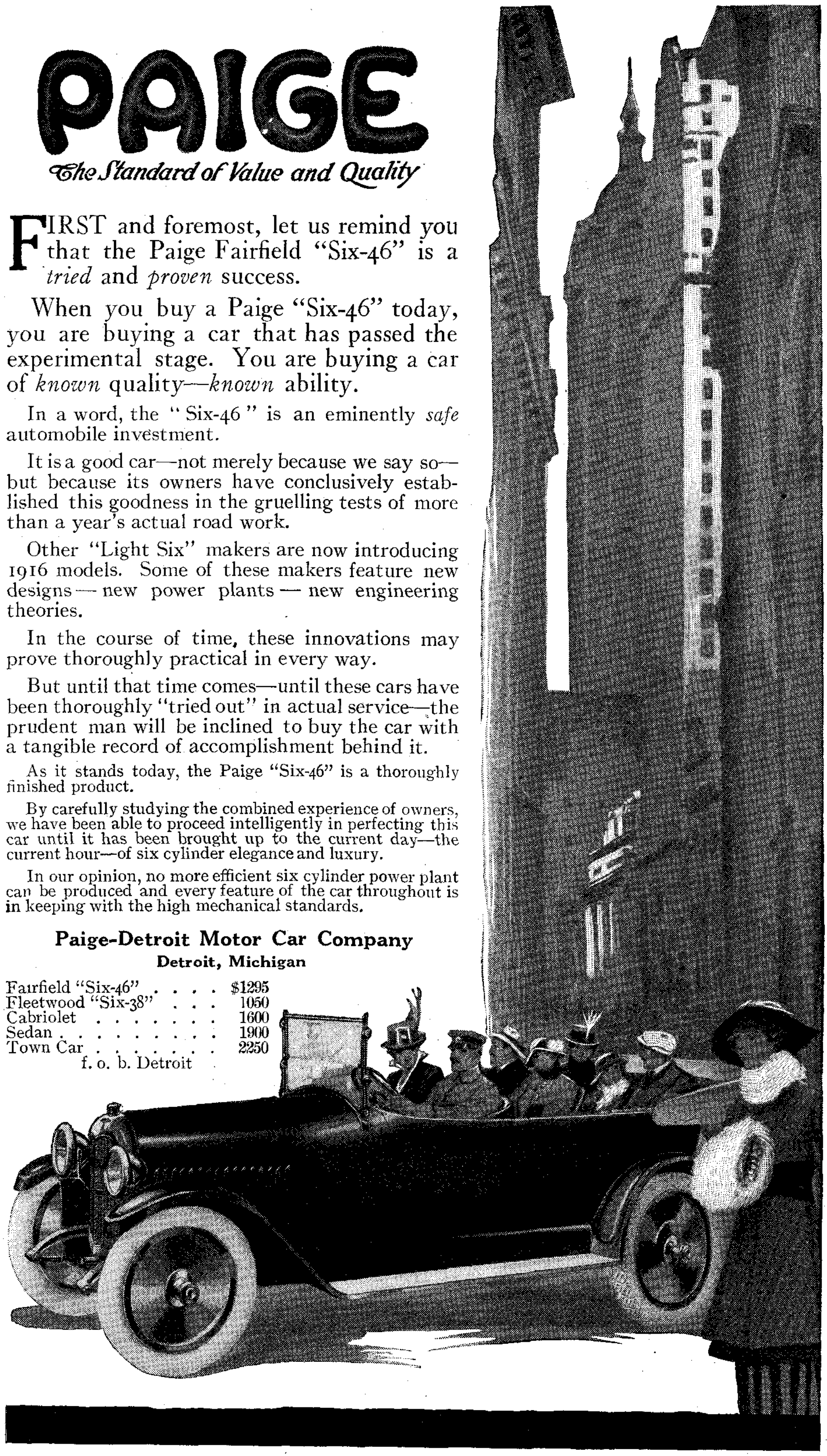

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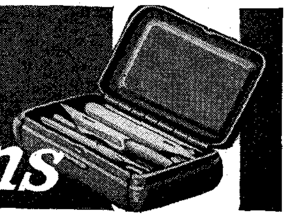

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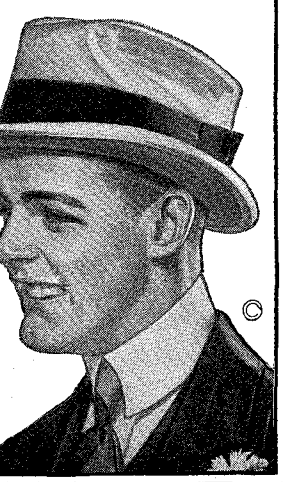

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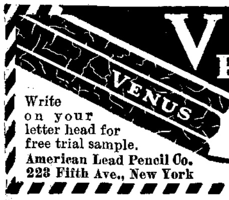

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the north and the south, no longer offer him bullocks and jars of wine and oil, and the famous "Step Pyramid" of King Zoser is no longer in view across the desert; but the ancient courtyard in front of his tomb is there, and he can see from his doorway through the tall columns a row of familiar, carved, Egyptian sarcophagi.

As the visitor enters, through the guarding columns, the little courtyard before the tomb, he sees a façade of smooth stone, eighteen feet high, pierced by a great recessed doorway and flanked by two wings. At both sides of the entrance large painted figures of Perneb have been carved in low relief in the stone. He is represented with one foot advanced, grasping his staff, exactly as he must have entered his own palace in Memphis. From the distinctive arched nose and firm mouth there can be little doubt that it is a portrait of the man himself. In one hand he carries the strip of folded linen that served the noble Egyptian as a handkerchief, and as a method of waving flies away from his aristocratic countenance. The lintel-stone over the doorway bears on a scroll his title and name: "Perneb, Sole Companion of the King, and Lord Chamberlain."

The wing on the right of the courtyard has a portal opening into a small chamber, deep in the midst of the thick stonework, from which there is an exit through a large cedar door which formerly led to one of the sunken avenues of the Sakkara cemetery. In the opposite wing is an offering-chamber, entered from the courtyard, but sealed from the brilliantly decorated statue-room, which is the main chamber of the tomb. The masonry between them has a small square hole high up toward the roof. Through this opening the spirit of Perneb was supposed to smell the odors of the food left by the priests in the adjoining room whenever he left his sarcophagus, hidden in a closed chamber at the end of a stone-filled shaft, fifty-five feet underground.

At the end of the statue-room there stood in ancient times painted cedar statues of Perneb and his wife, "the Royal Acquaintance." The marauders who broke into the tomb ages ago in search of treasure must have used the sacred figures irreverently for firewood for their camp, since only a battered head and an arm and a foot of carved wood have been found.

Row after row of painted figures of men and birds and beasts encircles this apartment, which was dimly lighted by the Egyptian sun through a slit in the thick wall. At one time these walls must have blazed with brilliant color. The male figures in red, the women in yellow, the bright blue vases and green plants—everything was vividly painted, and an astonishing amount of color remains, in spite of the ravages of forty-five centuries. The scenes represent processions of men and women bearing gifts to the tomb, oxen and geese, vegetables and great jars. Another shows the priests washing the offerings and presenting them to the dead nobleman. A large figure of Perneb occupies one wall, and kneeling at his feet are his wife, son-in-law, and his son, very small in size to represent their relation to the head of the house.

The decorations of the entrance-hall and vestibule which lead to the statue-chamber are unfinished, but they are even more interesting than the completed work. As the Egyptian artist used wet paint for tracing his designs, they represent his preliminary and uncorrected sketch before the stone had been cut for the bas-relief.

Perhaps when some writer comes along who is at once archeologist and romancer, we shall have *in toto* the story of the transportation of the tomb from Egypt. The newspaper-story gives us a hint of it:

> Every evening from the camp on the bleak hillside of Sakkara a train of twenty camels started for a railroad across the valley, each camel carrying a block of stone packed in a box. From there they reached Cairo, where they were assembled and shipped on steamers for New York. Scores of natives were engaged for the work from the neighboring villages along the Nile.
>
> Upon arrival at the Museum the limestone blocks had to be treated chemically for many months to enable them to resist indefinitely the damp air of the Atlantic seaboard.
>
> Albert M. Lythgoe, the archeologist in charge of the Metropolitan's Egyptian collection, went with the expedition that obtained the tomb, and after the work was completed returned to New York to superintend the treatment of the stone and the erection of the tomb in the Museum. The other day he pointed out some of the casual traces left by the Egyptian workmen during its construction. At the back of the walls, for example, the mortar bore the hardened imprints of the fingers of the laborers just as distinctly as on the day the stones were placed in position. North of the tomb a mass of dried paint was discovered buried where the painters had thrown it.
>
> The archeologist also brought to New York a part of a pottery-basin marked with the workman's rough tally, and a handful of nutshells found under the plaster and mud flooring of the offering-chamber, the remains of a workman's lunch eaten on the day he was laying the floor of that part of the tomb.
>
> The evidence of those common nutshells does more to bridge the gap between the dead centuries than the tomb itself. It is a human symbol, and the imagination limns the noontime picture of squatting, chattering artizans. It is difficult to visualize the priests who offered food generation after generation to Perneb's spirit, and who doubtless ate it themselves, as Mr. Lythgoe guessed; but any one can see the workman who hides the refuse of his lunch under the floor.

The tomb of Perneb suffered singularly from both good and ill fortune. Had the august one built his last resting-place more modestly, we might now have more by which to remember him. On the other hand, had it not been for nature's aid we should have lost all that he did construct. For many years the well-paid priests preserved the tomb and contents, and the "old gentleman," as Mr. Lythgoe calls him, rested in utter peace. But memories were short in Egypt, as they are apt to be elsewhere, and so—

> As neglect fell on the tomb it was visited by plunderers, who cleared the burial-shaft

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of the stones and boulders with which it had been choked and broke into the burial-chamber, deep under the ground. Smashing open the sarcophagus, they stript the mummy of its rich ornaments and scattered about the floor the pottery-vessels containing food and drink, and the Canopic jars of limestone with which a mummy usually set up housekeeping in the cellar of his tomb. Entering the offering-chamber, they ripped out the masonry leading to the room of the statues and broke up the life-sized statue of Perneb and the other cedar images for firewood.

When political disruption fell on the kingdom at the end of the Sixth Dynasty the drifting desert sands covered it until it was lost to view. Later great heaps of rubbish were piled over it. It was thus saved from the destruction that fell to many others at the hands of the kings and nobles from the middle kingdom on, who found them a convenient quarry to obtain blocks for their own tombs, which were ravaged in turn by their descendants.

In 1907 the expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the course of obtaining bas-reliefs from the Sakkara ruins, attacked the mound which hid Perneb's tomb, and after cutting away one side of it, discovered the roof of the tomb.

Through a hole in the stones directly over the statue-chamber the explorers dropt into the room, which was found to be half filled with sand. As the walls of the tomb seemed in such condition that it could never be opened to the public, Sir Gaston Maspero, director-general of antiquities at Cairo, gave consent to its purchase by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

WHAT IS AN EGG?

PERHAPS there are still country grocery-stores where "eggs is eggs," and you may pick your dozen out of the basket according to your individual preference; but in the city eggs are various. An egg may be a "Near-by-hennery-brown" or only a "Fresh-check-good-to-choice." You buy the sort of egg you want with as strict care to its classification as in buying lumber or fruit. The New York egg-market, notes the Boston *Advertiser*, regularly lists twenty-one grades of eggs, and recognizes many more. The twenty-one are:

Near-by hennery, whites, fine to fancy.
Near-by hennery, whites, ordinary to good.
Gathered whites.
Western gathered whites.
Near-by hennery, browns.
Gathered browns and mixed, ordinary to fancy.
Near-by refrigerator, whites.
Fresh gathered, extra fine.
Extra firsts.
Firsts.
Seconds.
Thirds and poorer.
Fresh dirties, No. 1.
Fresh dirties, No. 2 and poorer.
Fresh checks, good to choice.
Fresh culls and inferior checks.
Refrigerator, special marks, fancy.
Refrigerator firsts.
Refrigerator seconds.
Refrigerator thirds or poorer.
Refrigerator dirties.

"ALICE" IN THUNDERLAND

IF *Alice* had followed the White Rabbit up to Thunderland instead of down into Wonderland, many things would have happened differently. She would have met there Preparedness and Aunty Preparedness, instead of her friends the *Red Queen* and the *White Queen;* and Big-Navy and Big-Army instead of *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee.* She might even have had something like the experience that recently came to Miss Marjorie Sterrett, who entered Thunderland when she sent in a ten-cent contribution to begin a fund for the purchase of a battle-ship. Marjorie received a personal letter from no less a person than Theodore Roosevelt, which is by way of being as remarkable a thing as any of the various experiences that *Alice* went through. You could hear *The Queen of Hearts* cry, "Off with her head!" with perfect equanimity, if you had a letter from our most vigorous ex-President in your pocket. Instead of writing about shoes and ships and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings, Mr. Roosevelt confined himself to a charming discussion of preparedness and antirace-suicide. The letter, as it appeared in several papers, is as follows:

> DEAR LITTLE MISS MARJORIE:
>
> On behalf of my four grandchildren, I join in the effort to help you and your schoolfellows put our country in shape to "Fear God and Take Her Own Part."
>
> I enclose a dollar. Forty cents—a dime apiece—are for:
>
> Gracie Roosevelt.
> Richard Derby.
> Theodore Roosevelt, 3d.
> Cornelius Van Schaak Roosevelt.
>
> Cornelius is the youngest. He is only about two months old. He isn't as long as his name, but he will grow up to it. He is named after his great-great-grandfather, who, when I was very small, over fifty years ago, helped teach me a Dutch baby-song. Little Richard is the eighth Richard Derby, from father to son, born here in America.
>
> He loves the bulldog, a nice, friendly, almost toothless bulldog. Little Ted is really Theodore 4th, for my father was Theodore Roosevelt. He was the best man I ever knew—strong, fearless, gentle. He "feared God and took his own part!"
>
> Gracie is four. The other day her mother was giving her one of her first Bible lessons.
>
> Her mother said: "Now, Gracie, remember, God made everything."
>
> Gracie (much imprest)—"Did he make *everything?*"
>
> Her mother (with emphasis)—"Yes, everything!"

WHAT 15c WILL DO
The little matter of **15c** in stamps will bring you the **Pathfinder** for **13** weeks on trial. The **Pathfinder** is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's Capital, for the Nation; a paper that gives all the news of the world and that tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 22d year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the **Pathfinder** is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is at last. Send only 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the **Pathfinder** on probation **13** weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in New Friends.
The Pathfinder, 36 Douglas St., Washington, D. C.

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Williams' Shaving Powder
Williams
Williams' Liquid Shaving Soap

Williams
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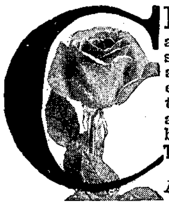

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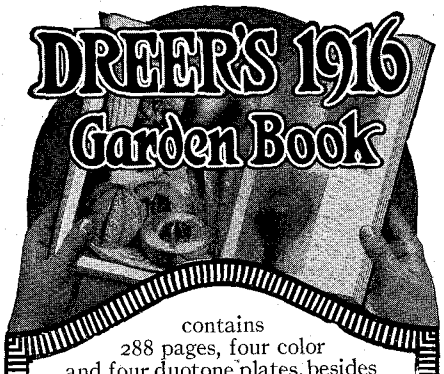

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Gracie (after a pause)—"Well, he didn't make my leggings fit very well, but I'm sure he meant to, so I won't say anything about it."

The other sixty cents are for my other six grandchildren. They are not born yet. If they are girls, I think some of them will be named Edith, Alice, Ethel, Eleanor, and Belle. If they are boys, some of them will be named Kermit, Archie, Quentin, and Jonathan Edwards.

Jonathan Edwards was an ancestor of their grandmother, who lived in Colonial times. He was a great preacher and a strong and good man. I don't agree with all his theology, but his life teaches the two lessons which are more important than all others for the Americans of to-day, for he always acted in accordance with the strongest sense of duty, and there wasn't a touch of the mollycoddle about him.

Your friend,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

GRANTED A PLACE IN THE SUN

WE associate Barbarity with the Dark Ages, or with modern warfare. It is difficult to consider it seriously in connection with such a peaceful and eminently civilized community as the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. And yet something very like barbarity has existed there for the last forty years. Forty years ago they put young Jesse Pomeroy in a cell of stone, of which even the door had a granite covering, and decreed that he should remain there for the rest of his natural life. Jesse, to be sure, was guilty of peculiarly atrocious murders in his youth—he was only fourteen at the time of his entombment; but their very atrocity would probably argue insanity to the more inquiring judicial mind of to-day. Because they did not, Jesse has grown up within stone walls from a boy of fourteen to a man of fifty-four, and all that time alone. Noticing that at last the Governor's Council of Massachusetts has decided to grant the prisoner "exercise in the sun" and a few other privileges thus far denied him, breaking his solitude to some extent, the Kansas City *Star* remarks:

> Ever since the year of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, Pomeroy has lived within those stone walls, never walking out in the sunshine, never speaking to any one, never seeing a person from the outside world except his mother, who has faithfully visited him once every two months. Within one hundred yards of his cell the human tide of the great city of Boston has ebbed and flowed for nearly half a century, but he has never heard even a footfall of it. Mule-cars have given way to trolleys and the underground tubes; the telephone has come into general use, but he has never seen one.
>
> The judge who tried him, the attorney-general and district attorney who prosecuted him, the lawyer who defended him, the governor who spared his life and gave him a living death instead, all died years ago; he has survived nearly all who knew him except his mother. His keepers say he has read every one of the eight thousand books in the prison library, that

GARDEN TALKS

FROM TIN CANS TO POTATOES

Eleven years ago a man with an imagination looked into a vacant lot in the city of Yonkers, N. Y. *If this man had lacked an imagination* all he would have seen would have been a collection of tin cans, broken crockery, old papers and other rubbish. But his vision went farther. He saw the rubbish removed, the earth tilled, and rows of vegetables and flowers filling the space.

This lot was owned by the city. This man with an imagination got permission to use it. He sought cooperation to develop it. Bright boys responded. They were organized to make it a garden spot. They went to work. The single lot wasn't big enough. Use of another was obtained. Thirty-six children joined the enterprise. From this beginning sprang one of the most unique civic gardening organizations—The Fairview Garden School.

From two city lots and thirty-six boys it has grown to four acres and six hundred boys and girls, with a long waiting list. Equipment includes the Garden House, greenhouse, tool houses, *etc.*

In many ways this garden activity is original. It is not connected with the schools. It is not a mere pastime. It is conducted upon a commercial basis—that is, although the present property was provided by endowments, it is practically self-sustaining. In a single year the plots have produced vegetables, computed on the basis of prices obtained by street venders, to be worth $3,306. The expenses average $3,000 per year. It has proved that a 10x16 plot each season can produce vegetables to the value of $5.

The children represent various nationalities, different social conditions. Forty per cent. attend parochial schools, sixty per cent. public schools. The average age is 11½ years. Attendance is compulsory. Attention must be given each plot at least twice a week.

Four sizes of plots are afforded: 10x12, 10x14, 10x16 feet, allotted according to age and ability. A rental fee of 10 cents a month is charged for each. Older boys have 10x24 plots and pay rental in the form of winter greenhouse work.

No uniformity of cultivation is insisted upon, but utility is the watchword. Three instructors supervise the work.

Every six children are provided with a set of tools valued at $3.76. Proceeds from greenhouse products go into the garden fund. Last year the children contributed 50,000 packets of seeds to be sold by public schools for use in home gardens.

One of Yonkers' old-time mansions on the grounds is used as a club house for social civic work. It is the home of the vegetable club, reading club, sewing club, dancing club, penny provident fund.

There are many inspirations for other cities and towns in this unique garden organization. To quote from one of the school's recent reports:

"The influence on character, on ideals, the widening of the horizon, the joy of being useful, the pleasure of competition, the growth of social solidarity and community interest—these are intangible results, but very real, and the foundation of our faith in this work."

Great educators, including Rousseau, Pestalozzi and Froebel, also civic betterment experts, have realized the value of children's gardens. In Europe the establishment of school gardens is general.

America has been slow to take up this work, but it is now rapidly spreading. The Macdonald Institute, at Guelph, Canada, is equipped for teaching School Gardening. The Omaha Civic League issues a most helpful handbook. Notable in this activity, also, are the Putman School, Boston; the Children's Farm at DeWitt Clinton Park, N. Y.; the School Gardens at Cleveland; the Minneapolis Garden Club, and the School Gardens of Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Rochester, etc.

Digest readers who contemplate taking up this admirable work would do well to seek advice from some of the above associations.

The Literary Digest

he reads French, German, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, and Arabic, and that he is a superior mathematician, having educated himself, but that in all the forty years his face has never been seen to lighten with a smile.

And yet he is intelligent. In his plea to the Governor's council for some degree of mercy he wrote:

> "I respectfully suggest that this prisoner have some encouragement in doing well. He is no worse than his neighbors. It can not be denied that the crime I committed was dreadful and that public justice required satisfaction, but the truth is, no effort has been made from that day to this to better this prisoner's condition. Kindness is never lost on any one, and this prisoner has all his life shown himself responsive to kind treatment. In the sincere hope that my plea may move you to uplift, in some way, this friendless life, I am, respectfully yours,
>
> "JESSE POMEROY."

He is to be given exercise in the sun, and an opportunity to talk with other men, and an occasional ride in a motor-car over the roads of Massachusetts and along the ocean's shore. It would be interesting to know the workings of his mind when he is taken on that first motor-car ride, and to hear his comments, if he makes any. It will be interesting, too, to watch the outcome of this experiment upon a mind that forty years ago was abnormal, and may yet be. Indeed, how could it be other than unbalanced after almost a half century of isolation?

ABOARD THE BERLIN-CONSTANTINOPLE EXPRESS

THE immutable eastness of the East and the westness of the West, proclaimed so positively by Rudyard Kipling, seem to have been sadly jolted by the new rapid transit effected between the Berlin Tiergarten and the Golden Horn. At all events, when the great Berlin-Constantinople express pulled into the Turkish capital, after a run of 2,000 miles, through lands of many races, East and West met most definitely, and there was a triumphant celebration of the event such as old Stamboul has not seen these many days. However our sympathies may lie, or however neutral we may be, there is something in this feat by a nation completely ringed with hostile armies that wins admiration. There is an audacity and a defiance about it that is not so very alien to the spirit that our own fighters have shown in the more sanguinary days of our history. He must agree at least, who reads such a story of the ride as that of Mr. Augustus F. Beach, that it must have been a tremendous and inspiring experience in many ways. Mr. Beach, who writes for the International News Service, and whose story appears in the New York *American*, was one of seven neutral correspondents who were invited to take that first run of sixty hours down from Berlin to Constantinople. They left Berlin at eight o'clock of a Saturday morning, and

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York

arrived in Constantinople in the evening of the following Monday, January 17. He tells of the cheers that rang throughout the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof in Berlin as the flag-festooned locomotive pulled in with its train of special cars, each extravagantly decorated for the occasion. His story continues:

> This train, we soon discovered, had been newly made, and the aim to make it the acme of perfection in transcontinental travel had been achieved. Nothing was missing, not even bootjacks. Flowers were everywhere. The corridors were carpeted in a fashion of soft luxury that would do credit to milady's parlor.
>
> Berlin sent us on the way with a last great salvo of cheers. As we drew southward all Germany seemed gathered at the stations to see us pass. Traveling sixty miles an hour, we could faintly hear the cheers as we passed the stations and catch fleeting glimpses of school-children, who seemed to be waving flags and singing, and lines of soldiers standing rigidly at salute.
>
> Breslau gave us the first great reception. It was the first time Breslau had gathered in full force since von Hindenburg drove the Russians from the back door of the city. Kandrzin and Ogaberg welcomed us in similar fashion, and at midnight we slowly rolled into the great station of Budapest.
>
> Here we found another overflow crowd. Everybody shook hands with everybody else. Everybody cheered, and new wreaths and new streamers were brought out and arranged on our engine and coaches.
>
> Budapest is the one city in all of war-torn Europe where one still can tango and fox-trot, and the cafés were emptied for an hour that the beauty and chivalry of gay Budapest might bid us welcome and speed us on.
>
> No Hungarian hamlet, however small, failed to acquaint us with the Hungarian delight over the Balkan outcome. Hungarian playfulness in all things is delightful. At three towns, whose names we could not catch, great open-air festivals were being held in our honor and we caught glimpses of pretty maidens in native garb pirouetting to the strains of Hungarian music, which came to the train in sufficient volume to make us wish we might linger.

But soon they had left the snow-covered plains of southern Hungary and were making their entry into the mountainous Balkans. As we read:

> Poor Servia we entered in the middle of the night. Belgrade, once the capital of a spirited nation, we passed long before the dawn.
>
> Nish, to which the Servian Government fled from Belgrade, and whence it fled later to the four winds, showed us a veritable congress of nations. High German officers and chiefs of the Government in the Bulgarian occupation saluted and were saluted by gaily caparisoned Austrians and Hungarians. Stolid, stalwart Bulgarians trod their posts while downcast Servian prisoners went ruefully about their tasks.
>
> We are soon in Bulgaria, where the spirit of the conqueror, inspired by the crushing annihilation of an ancient enemy, is more in evidence than in either Germany or Austria-Hungary. Still there are

Germans and Austrians, but the many are Bulgarians.

We mount high and higher. The sun sinks away behind the Balkan hills, and finally, at ten o'clock, we come to Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. It seems that not only King Ferdinand, but all his kingdom, had come out to see us. Bulgarian officials take charge of the Orient Express, and a new engine, already hung with flags and greens, becomes the pilot.

We stay here forty minutes, the longest stop of the trip. This time there are Americans among those who greet me. In fact, our first salutation is the truism that "It is a long way to Broadway."

From Sofia we begin to ride among mountains that in the majestic splendor of a moonlight night make us think deeply and patriotically of Yellowstone Park. We creep along cliffs that rise hundreds of meters above the great plains, where the rivers are black ribbons against the background of white and where only trees dot their peculiar pattern.

During the early hours of Monday we are leaving these mountains. Surely our engineer once ran a toboggan-slide at Coney Island, for he keeps us coasting till we begin to wonder if he is still in the engine.

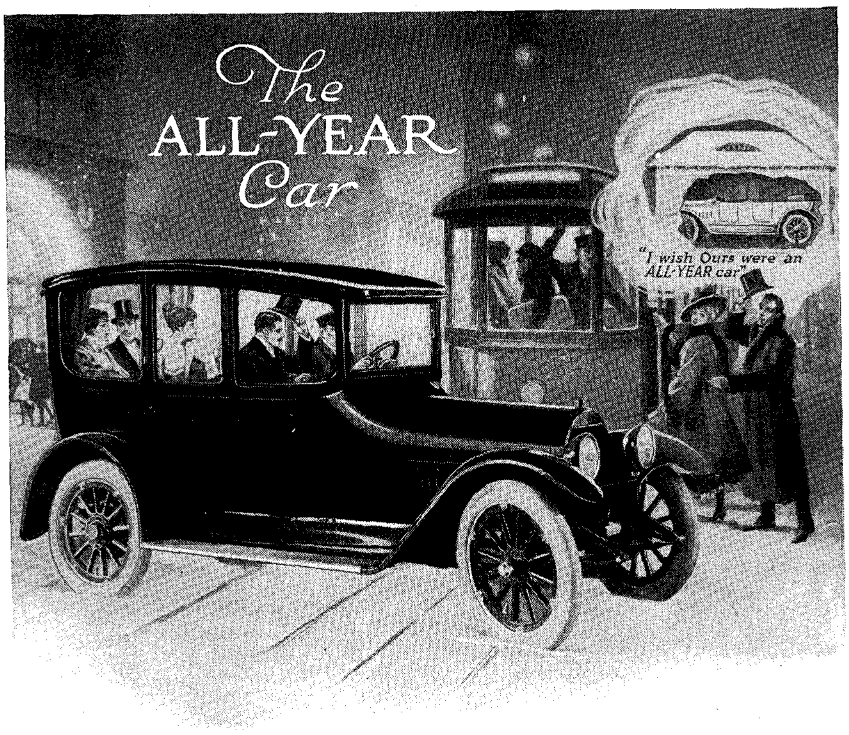
We soon know, for again we are cutting the plains. We awaken in Turkey. We have left the winter of Bulgaria for the spring of the Orient.

We pass here sentry-huts of permanent construction, for this is the battle-ground of ages. The fields are fertilized with the blood of men who have been at war in this arena since time began.

Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and Bulgarians are now left behind and we behold the Turk alone the lord of the land. He is a practical, capable-looking person, this Turkish regular, who has just swept Gallipoli so clean of enemies. As we proceed, Turkey in war-time grows upon us, even as the idea of seeing people who have come direct from Berlin seems to grow upon the Turks.

As they approach their destination a blaze of light and a shrieking and shouting and cheering that continue unabated give them a hint of the reception they are to receive, and of the spirit in which Turkey welcomes this welding of the steel band joining her to Germany and holding the defeated Balkans in its grip. The correspondent describes their arrival:

> Outside of San Stefano we are met by Government representatives and officially welcomed, the speeches being made as we stand at a siding with a full moon and the stars as a light.
>
> Steaming slowly through San Stefano we pass thousands of cheering and waving Turks. Crescent flags wave from the housetops along the whole route to the uttermost limits of Constantinople.
>
> The West has met the East in Europe, and men of all nations are drinking to the prospects of the union, while the lights of Stamboul and Pera are blinking "good luck" across the waters of the Golden Horn.
>
> One wonders if Bismarck, when he dreamed of a German Empire girdled by iron rails, had even the most fleeting mental glimpse of this strange steel that has made neighbors of Berlin and Constantinople, of Hamburg and Bagdad.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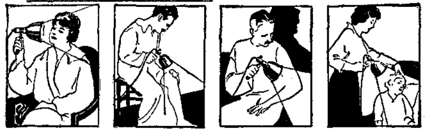

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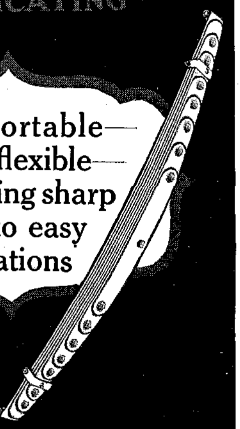


THE SPICE OF LIFE

Careful!—"Will the vaccination-mark show, doctor?"

"That depends entirely on you, madam!"—*Puck*.

Jolly.—LADY—"On a submarine? How jolly! And what do you do?"

SAILOR—"I runs for'r'd, mum, and tips her up when we wants to dive."—*London Opinion*.

Alas!—PROF.—"What three words are used most among college students?"

WEARY FRESH—"I don't know."

PROF.—"Correct."—*University of Michigan Awgwan*.

Usually Efficient.—"Now," said the professor of chemistry, "under what combination is gold most quickly released?"

"Marriage," declared the bright student. —*Dallas News*.

In 2016.—"Who is that haughty and aristocratic dame?"

"Ssh! A real personage. Regent of the Descendants of the Ford Peace party." —*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

His Little Surprize.—FAIR HOSTESS (entertaining wounded soldier)—"And so one "Jack Johnson" buried you, and the next dug you up again and landed you on the top of a barn! Now, what were your feelings?"

TOMMY—"If you'll believe me, ma'am, I was never more surprized in all my life." —*Punch*.

Durable.—The admiration which Bob felt for his aunt Margaret included all her attributes.

"I don't care much for plain teeth like mine, Aunt Margaret," said Bob, one day, after a long silence, during which he had watched her in laughing conversation with his mother. "I wish I had some copper-toed ones like yours."—*Youth's Companion*.

Where They Failed.—Napoleon never voted the Prohibition ticket.

Oliver Cromwell never rode in an automobile.

Jeanne d'Arc never rode on the rear seat of a motor-cycle.

Cleopatra never wore a union suit.

Julius Cæsar could play anything but pinochle.

The Queen of Sheba never had to stand up in a street-car.

Nero never tried to blow out the gas.—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

Prodigal Returned.—One morning the "Black Maria" arrived at the police-court to take to jail the prisoners who had been arrested the previous night. As they filed into the van the policemen were much amused to hear an old woman, who was the last of the string, shout out to a young prisoner in front—

"Now, then, come out of that; you've got my corner!"

Needless to say, the old lady obtained her accustomed seat. Then, as the door was closed to and the policeman stept up behind, she put her face to the bars and said to him in delightfully dulcet tones:

"Home, James!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Realistic.—"I sleep like a log."

"With the saw going through it."—*Boston Transcript*.

Rewarded.—The man who is punctual in calling on a girl has a chance to rest before she appears.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Sensitive.—JESSIE—"Please, auntie, the new lady next door says, her compliments, and will you play very low, because her husband is extremely musical."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

What Was in the Cellar?—"Olathe has an Englishman who reads the London papers faithfully. When it began to thunder last Thursday afternoon he ducked into a *Zeppelin*-proof cellar and stayed there for twenty-four hours."—*Olathe Register*.

A Bargain.—"How much vas dose collars?"

"Two for a quarter."

"How much for vun?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Giff me de odder vun."—*Yale Record*.

Far Worse.—HE—"One thing is sure. I don't intend to be criticized and censured because I have failed to realize your expectations."

SHE—"You misunderstand me completely. All that I have done is to express my conviction that you have more than justified my fears."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Brave.—Speaking of the man who walks right up to the cannon's mouth, there is L. C. Rosa, of the Spearville *News*, who writes:

"We are willing to lend what assistance we can through this column for better babies. We have never seen one yet but what could be improved."—*Kansas City Star*.

Noblesse Oblige.—"Mother," said little Mabel, "do missionaries go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, dear," her mother replied.

"Do cannibals?"

"No, I'm afraid they don't."

"But, mother," the little girl insisted, "if a cannibal eats a missionary he'll have to go, won't he?"—*New York Evening Post*.

The Men Higher Up.—She was doing her best to make full use of her leap-year prerogative.

"I am a poor girl, as you know," she said, "but if the devotion of a true and loving heart goes for anything with you—"

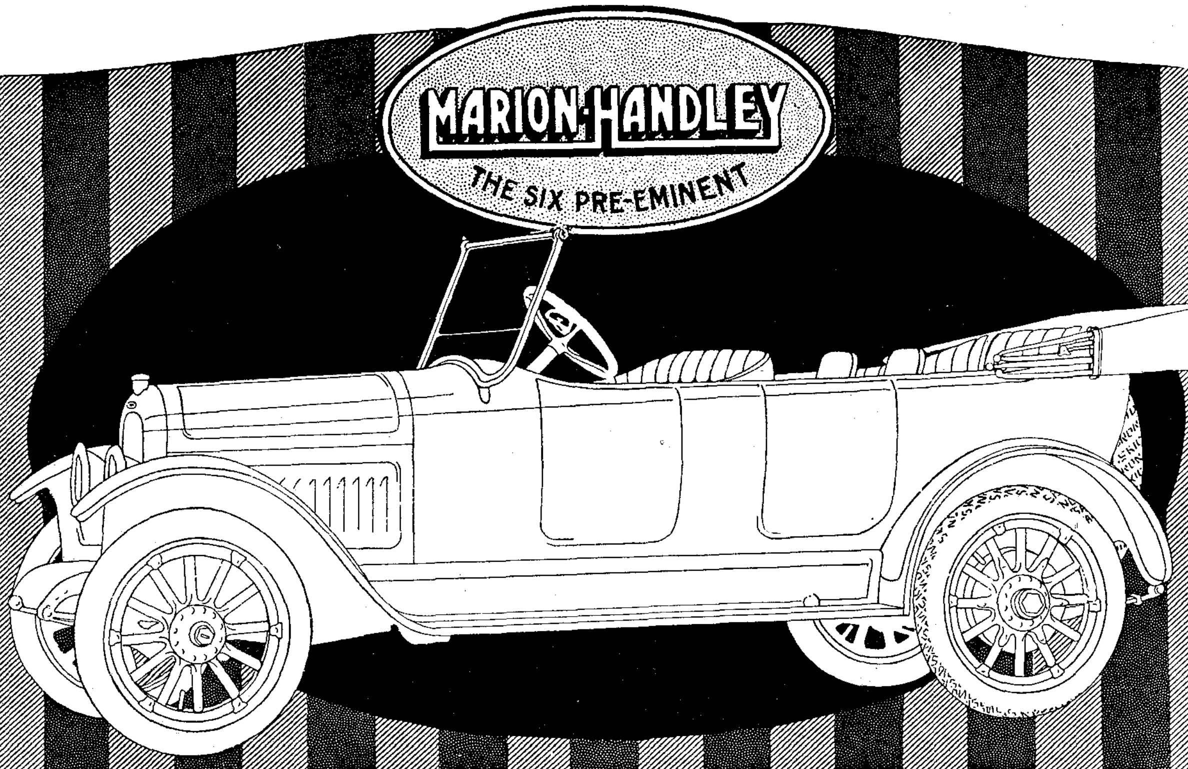
"Oh, it goes with me, all right," interrupted the practical young man, "but I'm afraid it won't go with the grocer and the butcher."—*Indianapolis Star*.

Wise Constituent.—A Congressman received almost daily letters from a constituent asking for garden-seed, with emphasis on peas. The demand for peas got so heavy that the Congressman was moved to write this letter:

"I am sending you a half dozen more packages of peas as requested. Say, what are you trying to do down there, plant the whole State in peas?"

The reply came a few days later. It read:

"No, I'm not planting them, but they make bully soup. Send along some more." —*Kansas City Star*.



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They said: "You can't use an axle as sturdy and as expensively built as those being used on the other cars selling at from two to four hundred dollars more."

They said: "You can't build a thoroughly comfortable and roomy seven-passenger six and keep the weight down under 2700 lbs."

They said: "You can't hand paint the car, using twenty coats of paint and the finest finish varnish."

They said: "You can't use the genuine long grain bright finish leather."

They said: "You can't build into a car, at this price, all of the style and snappiness demanded by the purchasers of high grade seven-passenger cars."

And they kept on coining "can'ts" and shooting them at me until they had me wavering for a moment.

But I believed it could be done, and I finally found, one by one, a corps of men of wide experience and proven strength in the doing of things that are hard to do, who believed with me that it could be done.

And when we all agreed unanimously that it could be done, we took off our coats, rolled up our sleeves and said—"We'll do it."

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By the utilization of every inch and fractional inch of space—

By the most careful and scientific balancing of every part and unit—

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And above all, with the one fixed purpose in mind that it can be done—must be done—will be done—we have done it. The car is a revelation of what can be done when a group of capable workers set their hearts to a task with unswerving courage and determination.

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INVESTMENTS-AND-FINANCE

PAPER-PROFITS IN THE RECENT BULL MARKET

IN the extraordinary advances made by what are known as munition-stocks in the closing months of 1915, readers of newspapers were often misled into believing many handsome fortunes had been made. No doubt some such fortunes were made, but profits were sometimes mere paper, and often were realized only in moderate degree. When the speculation was at its highest, a writer in the New York *Times Annalist* related a story to illustrate how profits had been sometimes made on small investments. He cited as an authentic case a real-estate man of the Borough of the Bronx, New York City, who drew out $200 from a savings-bank and went into Wall Street, altho he knew extremely little of the stock market. Following is the tale:

"Bethlehem was selling that day at 58, not 458, but plain 58. The war was young and Mr. Schwab had not yet taken his position as the chief provider of munitions to the Allies. The real-estate agent found that he could almost pay for four shares of Bethlehem outright, or get twenty shares on a margin. Just then some one introduced him to privileges, the dictionary name for 'put'n calls.' He learned that he could buy a call on 100 shares of Bethlehem at 65, good for thirty days, for $125.

"He returned to the Bronx that night with a part of his fortune intact, a rare experience for the lamb going home from Wall Street, and with a slip of paper that entitled him to buy 100 shares of Bethlehem for $6,500 within thirty days. Of course he did not expect to have $6,500 in thirty days or thirty years, but he had learned that if Bethlehem went above 65 some one who had $6,500 would loan it to him on the stock as security.

"As every one who is not deaf, dumb, and blind knows, Bethlehem did sell above 65 in much less than thirty days. So the agent carried his slip downtown and found that in truth a bank would provide the money to take up the option. That was less than a year ago, and the agent still has 100 shares of Bethlehem on which he owes $6,500, plus interest. But his equity over the loan is about $52,000. This is an authenticated instance. Doubters are taken to the Bronx and shown the very door from which the agent emerged that fateful day."

This story illustrates how extraordinary profits, provided this gentleman from the Bronx and other speculators took their profits in cash, were sometimes made last autumn. But in general, the writer found it was "hard to find people who had made fabulous profits." As a rule, men reputed to have done so were more likely to be found "sitting in a broker's office before quotation-boards, listening intently for a word of cheer from the ticker." Of such as these the writer says:

"After making $100 on ten shares they took a flier on twenty, and having made $300 on those they plunged on a hundred. The higher stocks went the more deeply involved they became, until a ten-point rise meant a small fortune and a ten-point break insolvency. They resolve each day to get out, but when they get ready to sell the market looks good for a further advance, and they hate to leave it for some one else. Most of them will stay too long, and go home with the money they started in with, or with no money at all. They are paper millionaires.

"Suppose five men should sit around a table and sell a $5,000 house in rotation, each man adding $1,000 to the price he received. With each trip around each of the five would be worth another $1,000—on paper. The house would ultimately sell at $100,000, but it would still be a $5,000 house. It would still be renting at $35 a month, a good return on $5,000, but nothing to be proud of on a $100,000 investment. That is an extreme illustration of what is going on in Wall Street. The circle is larger, and it may be that the house which was started at $5,000 was actually worth $100,000, but the last owner is going to have trouble getting a return on that valuation.

"There are thousands of people in the market who could sell out now and have comfortable fortunes, but if they all tried it they would not be able to collect their profits. Here and there a cautious individual does sell out and get away. But the majority will stick it out."

At the same time, men do sometimes make money in Wall-Street speculation by sheer accident. Especially is this true in what is known as "a crazy market." The writer cites a floor member of the Exchange who, being in doubt about an order, telephoned his office to ask the buyer's name, and hearing that his name was Baldwin and that he had $1,000 on deposit with the house, some confusion of mind ensued and he bought 1,000 shares of Baldwin Locomotive, instead of buying some other stock for a man named Baldwin. When, soon afterward, the mistake was discovered, the floor member, in accordance with an established practise in such matters, sold the 1,000 shares of Baldwin Locomotive, and so made matters that much straight. In the meantime, however, the price had so much advanced that a profit of $6,500 was shown on the transaction. This profit went into what is known as a brokerage firm's "Mistakes Account." It is said to have been noted by the firm at that time as one of the few items in that account in which the balance was on the right side. Another interesting experience is narrated by the same writer:

"There is a man who used to be in the millinery business, out of which he got all the money he needed. He went into Wall Street and made a million dollars. He lost it, started in again on borrowed money, and made another million. He is called the shrewdest trader of the 1915 market; he has accounts in half a dozen firms, and if he sold his stocks his check would be good for $300,000 at any of them. The trouble is that his stocks do not stay sold. Before he is out of his commitments he learns of another impending movement and puts his money back. He says himself that if he could quit and go back to millinery he would be a rich man.

"The real gainers by the bull market have been those persons, usually strangers to Wall Street, who realized months ago that good stocks were cheap, and who bought conservatively. Many of these investors, for they are Simon-pure investors, fixt a much higher price as their limit and sold out when that figure was reached. So long as the market keeps on going up thousands of others have big profits—on paper. The investors have them in cash.

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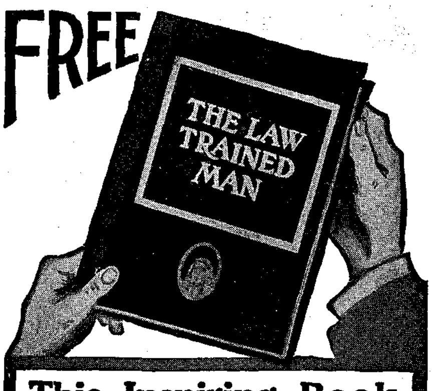

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They may regret that they did not stay with the market, but they ought to know, if they have been in previous big markets, that paper profits do not pay the grocer."

REMARKABLE RAILROAD EARNINGS

The Pennsylvania Railroad proper reported a gain in gross earnings for December of approximately $4,000,000, despite embargoes. The gross for the month amounted in round numbers to $18,300,000. The percentage of gain over the same month of 1914 was close to 28 per cent. Meanwhile, gross for the Pennsylvania company for December approximated $5,500,000, a gain of close to $2,000,000, or about 35 per cent. The two companies together, representing the Pennsylvania and its main connecting line to Chicago, thus gained $6,000,000 gross in December, or about 33 per cent. over the previous year. The losses of December, 1914, were thus much more than made up. Other points in this fine showing are set forth in *The Wall Street Journal:*

"In the eleven months already reported the Pennsylvania Railroad gained $5,524,000 and the Pennsylvania company $4,312,000, a total gain of $9,836,000. For the full year the Pennsylvania Railroad's gain was about $9,500,000, and that of the Pennsylvania company $6,300,000, a total of $15,800,000, or 6.5 per cent.

"Surplus over charges for December approximated $4,000,000 for the parent company, and $750,000 for its principal subsidiary. The surplus for the two companies reported for the eleven months was $42,759,000. Adding the December results, and eliminating the 6 per cent. dividends received by the parent company on $80,000,000 Pennsylvania company stock, makes a surplus for the year of $42,700,000, or 8.5 per cent on $499,266,000 stock.

"The income account of the Pennsylvania Railroad itself, leaving out the undivided surplus of the Pennsylvania company, will show a surplus over charges of approximately $40,750,000, or a small fraction more than 8 per cent. on the stock. This compares with the corresponding figures of earlier years as follows:

Year	*Surplus*	*P.C. on Stock*	*Year*	*Surplus*	*P.C. on Stock*
1915...	$40,750,000	8.15	1912...	$42,153,964	9.30
1914...	34,090,765	6.83	1911...	38,134,564	8.82
1913...	41,920,883	8.86	1910...	37,775,484	9.28

"These percentages are figured on the average amount of stock outstanding during each year. Thus the company earned at least 1 per cent. more on the stock in 1910 than in 1915, altho the divisible surplus was actually $3,000,000 smaller. It is only fair to say, however, that the 1915 results are not a criterion of what the road is doing for the stockholders for the present time, for it was not until September that the business revival began in earnest in Pennsylvania's territory.

"The Pennsylvania trimmed its expenses last year, like other railroads; but not in maintenance, on which it spent a little more than the year before. Transportation-expenses were not only proportionately, but actually, lower, despite the larger volume of business. Combining the Railroad company and the Pennsylvania company, the eleven months to the end of November show the following comparisons with 1914:

	1915	*1914*	*Increase*	*P.C.*
Gross revenues...	$233,916,117	$224,079,515	$9,836,602	4.4
Maint'nce of way.	30,350,079	30,151,878	198,201	0.6
Mt. of equipment.	44,438,708	43,369,592	1,069,116	2.5
Percentage of all maint. to gross.	31.5	32.8	1.3*	...
Transp'tation exp	80,414,526	85,373,876	4,859,350*	5.6
P. C. to gross....	33.9	38.1	4.2*	...
Tot. op. exp.....	166,904,683	170,628,998	3,724,315*	2.2
P. C. to gross....	71.3	76.1	4.8*	...

---

* Decrease.

CURRENT EVENTS

EUROPEAN WAR

IN THE WEST

February 3.—Continued movements of artillery-trains behind the German lines, and the reported shipment west of 3,000 new big guns, are claimed by London to indicate the formation of a great drive at Calais or Dunkirk. Reports from the front indicate increase in artillery activities, especially near the Franco-Belgian border.

February 6.—A centering of Allied activity is reported on the Belgian and Artois fronts, forestalling possible German concentration on that line. Germany claims the British repulsed at Neuville and south of the La Bassée Canal. The French mention "excellent results" of bombardments in the Champagne districts on the Navarin Plateau. Twenty-eight air-fights are reported for the preceding twenty-four hours.

February 7.—Artillery engagements in Belgium and in the Arras, Oise, and Somme sectors increase to a terrific intensity, tho no infantry movement is as yet perceptible.

February 9.—North of Arras and west of Vimy and La Folie the Germans capture 866 yards of French trenches, taking over 100 prisoners and several machine guns. The French claim the recapture of several points. A report from the Belgian frontier declares that 600,000 German troops have been sent to the extreme of the western line in Belgium.

IN THE BALKANS

February 4.—According to Vienna, Austrian troops occupy the Albanian city of Krova, 20 miles northeast of Durazzo, and are pressing rapidly forward against the latter city. Rome believes an Austro-Hungarian attack on Saloniki to be imminent. Newly formed Bulgarian regiments concentrate under German command at two points in Bulgaria on the Dedeagatch-Saloniki railroad. Austrian forces in Montenegro advance on Monastir, leaving but 60,000 in the conquered territory. An artillery-duel is said to be in progress at Lake Doiran, where heavy British guns hold their own.

February 5.—Austria claims that the Austrians and Bulgarians join forces in Albania and attack a mixed body of Italians and Servians, driving them back to a point only 19 miles north of Avlona.

February 6.—Field-marshal von Mackensen assumes command of the Austro-Germany army forming against the Allies at Saloniki.

February 8.—A misunderstanding is hinted between Austria and Bulgaria, owing to King Ferdinand's high demands. Roumania calls in all reservists outside her borders. The new Servian Army numbers 76,000, newly equipped and armed. In Albania the Italians and Servians continue to retreat on Durazzo.

TURKISH CAMPAIGNS

February 3.—Bucharest reports Field-marshal Liman von Sanders promoted to be commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces at the Caucasian front, from his former position as commander of the First Turkish Army at Gallipoli.

February 4.—Constantinople claims the defeat of Russian troops in Persia, 75 miles southwest of Teheran, by a large body of Turks reenforced by

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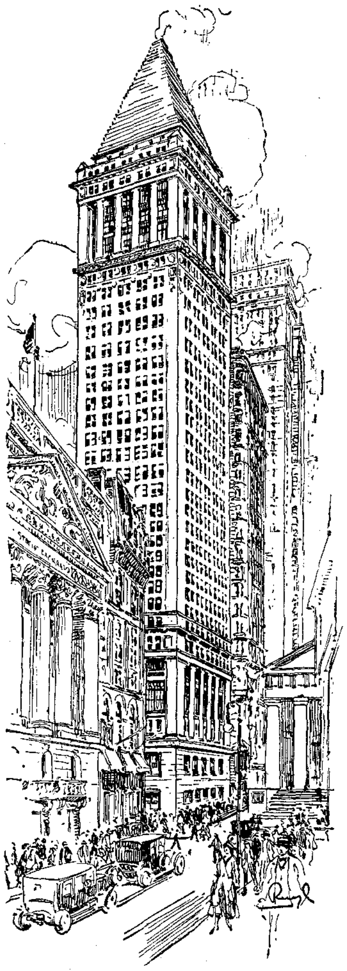

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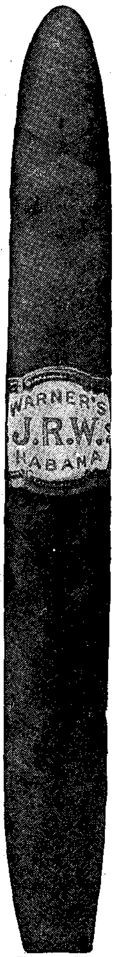

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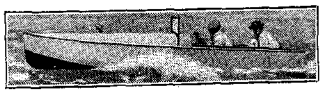

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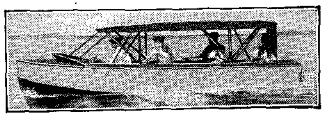

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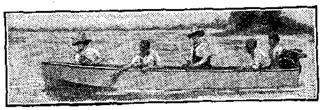

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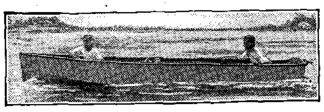

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14,000 Persians, with the capture of many stores.

February 6.—The situation on the Irak front, along the Tigris, is unchanged. Only insignificant engagements are reported by General Aylmer at Felahie. All appears quiet at Kut.

The Turkish success in Persia is reported as continuing, altho severe cold delays the advance. Russia claims to be holding her own.

GENERAL

February 2.—Food difficulties in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany are reported, including a decided rise in the official maximum price for potatoes. Vegetables are scarce in the markets, while they rot in the fields. Lack of labor and the low price compelled by the Government are given as the reasons for the shortage.

February 3.—Rome rumors that, through German influence brought to bear to break down a growing pro-Ally conspiracy in Turkey, the Sultan of Turkey is imprisoned and the Crown Prince, Yussuf Izzedin, killed or compelled to commit suicide. This is related by the same rumor to the recent withdrawal of Turks from Gallipoli and the substitution of German forces.

The wreck of *Zeppelin Z-13* is discovered by British trawlers in the North Sea, who, outnumbered, refuse to rescue the crew.

February 4.—Delayed reports give the official statistics of the losses of East Prussia through the war, of which, say the investigators, "only a portion may be laid directly to Russian vandalism." The figures are: Entirely or partly destroyed, 24 cities, 600 villages, 300 estates, and 34,000 buildings; plundered, 100,000 residences; killed or seriously injured, 2,000 civilians; carried off to Russia, 10,700 persons; fugitives who had to leave home, 350,000 to 400,000; killed or carried off by the Russians, 135,000 horses, 250,000 cattle, 200,000 hogs, 50,000 sheep, 10,000 goats, 600,000 chickens, and 50,000 geese. The total damage is estimated at $375,000,000.

The Austro-Italian campaign shows few incidents of note. Rome reports a German attack under cover of fog on the Tolmino front heavily repulsed, and the enemy put to flight on "the Podgora heights," leaving many prisoners.

February 5.—The Austrian Skoda gun-works are reported entirely destroyed by an explosion of unrevealed origin. The Johannisthal (Berlin) aerodrome suffers from fire, which Geneva says is attributed to the work of spies. Copenhagen claims the sinking of a large German war-ship in a shallow in the Kattegat, where it struck a mine.

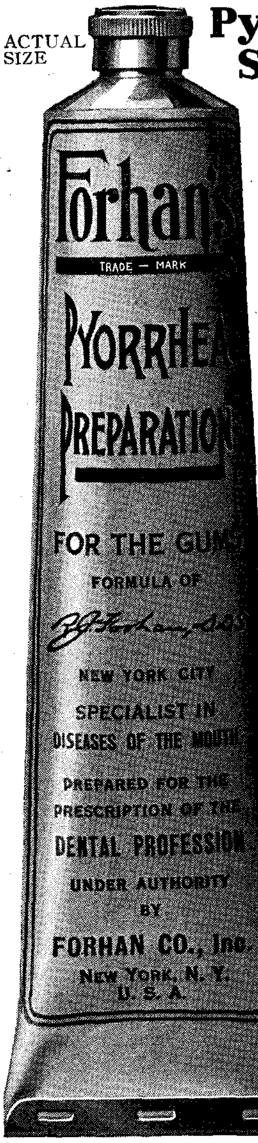
French estimates of air-losses in the West are, 13 English and 17 French aeroplanes destroyed, and of the Germans 11 destroyed on the English front and 20 on the French.

February 6.—Madrid announces that in Southwest Africa 900 German-Europeans and 14,000 German natives cross the border from Kamerun into Spanish Guinea, where they are interned and attempts are made by Spain to feed them.

Great Britain refuses her consent to the German plan for the distribution of food and clothing to the Poles through American agents of the Red Cross, claiming that Germany is to blame for the lack of provisions in Poland and that she is still draining the country of food, despite the plight of the inhabitants.

February 7.—It is rumored in London that

ACTUAL SIZE



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Earl Kitchener is practically deposed as head of Great Britain's land-forces by an order transferring the responsibility of issuing Government military orders from the Secretary of State for War to the British Chief of Staff, General Sir William R. Robertson. Other sources deny the report.

Excluding prisoners taken by German troops but left in Austria-Hungary, Germany claims at present 1,420,171 prisoners of war.

Prince Oscar of Prussia, the fifth son of the Kaiser, is reported wounded by a shell.

February 8.—General von Hindenburg renews his attack on Dvinsk with all the violence of his original attempt. Illuxt and Likesno are the principal centers of the new operations.

February 9.—Two *Fokkers* fly over Kent, England, dropping bombs near Ramsgate and Broadstairs.

GENERAL FOREIGN

February 2.—The Japanese liner *Daijin Maru* is sunk 80 miles from Swatow through collision with the steamship *Linan*. Out of 181 aboard, 160 lives are reported lost.

February 3.—Fire suspected to be of incendiary origin destroys the $5,000,000 Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, Canada, and costs the lives of four men and two women, with others missing.

The Russian railway from Petrograd, 530 miles to Soroka, on the White Sea, is reported completed. The new port thus gained is ice-bound from October to May.

February 5.—Two munition-factory fires occur in Canada "mysteriously," at Hespeler and Cape Spencer, and a third in an army-clothing factory at Ottawa. A supposed attempt to blow up the Victoria Bridge at Ottawa is reported frustrated.

General Carranza forms a new Cabinet at Querétaro. Strikers in Mexico City make a demonstration and incur arrest by the military police. Villistas are reported near Ojinaga, with Villa himself at their head. The Mexico Central and Mexico Northwestern railways are declared to be completely paralyzed.

The new Russian Premier announces radical broadening in the Duma's scope at its approaching reopening, to include consideration of all that is "connected with the great question of victory."

DOMESTIC

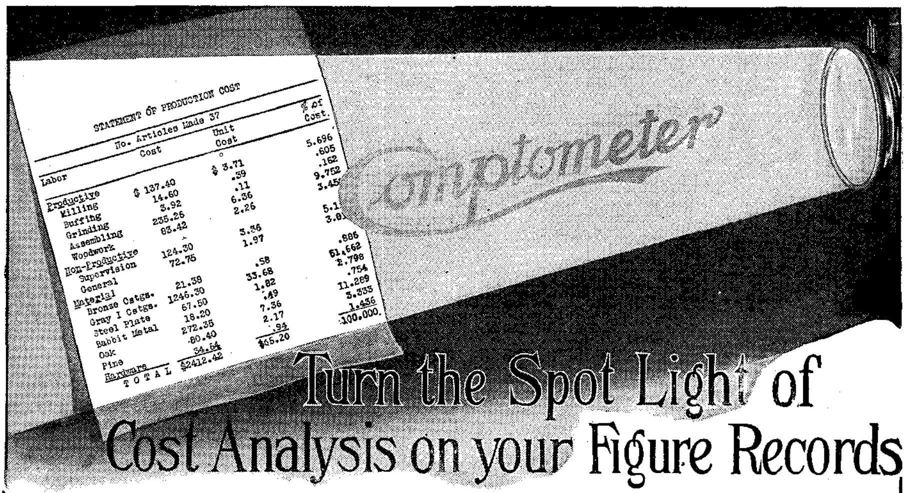
WASHINGTON

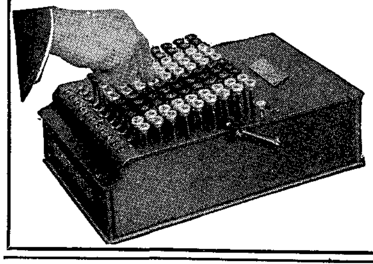
February 3.—A last proposal by Germany in settlement of the *Lusitania* murders is received by the President.

The State Department protests to the Carranza Government against Governor Candido Aguilar's ruling in the State of Vera Cruz that land-purchase in that State constitutes automatically adoption of Mexican nationality. This is declared contrary to international law and the treaties between Mexico and the United States.

February 5.—Generals Scott, Goethals, Edwards, Weaver, and Crozier testify before the House Committee on Appropriations to urge an eight-million-dollar appropriation for the defense of the Panama Canal.

February 7.—The House rushes through two defense bills, one to equip the New York and Mare Island navy-yards for building dreadnoughts; the other providing for an addition to the corps of midshipmen at Annapolis.





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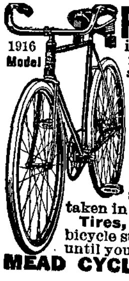

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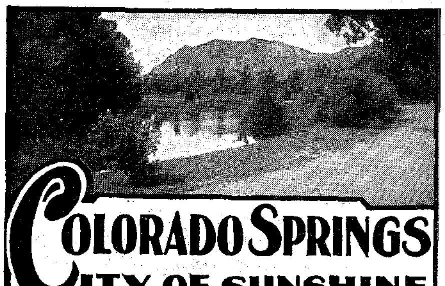

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February 8.—Following a conference between Ambassador von Bernstorff and Secretary Lansing, it is announced that the United States and Germany have reached an agreement for the settlement of the *Lusitania* controversy. Tho avoiding the word "illegal" in describing the sinking of the vessel, Germany otherwise concedes all the demands this country has made.

GENERAL

February 6.—Breaks in the levees of the Arkansas River cause floods which engulf many towns and villages, making thousands of people homeless. Sixteen lives are reported lost.

February 7.—An explosion wrecks a Du Pont powder-plant at Tacoma, Wash. An incendiary plot is suspected. A building of the Ætna Explosives Company, at Emporium, Pa., is destroyed by the explosion of two tons of picric acid.

February 8.—The Federal grand jury in San Francisco votes 60 indictments for attempts to damage munitions-plants and for a plot to blow up Canadian railway-tunnels, involving officials of the United States Government, the German Consul-General and Vice-Consul, the local Consul for Turkey, and men high in the shipping and commercial world.

February 9.—Waist- and dress-makers to the number of 30,000 walk out on strike in New York. Added to the makers of kimonos, children's dresses, and embroidery already on strike, the total is 60,000 out of work.

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In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"E. F. D.," Joplin, Mo.—"When wanting to speak over the telephone, and the call is answered by some one other than party wanted, kindly advise which is correct, 'May I speak *with* Miss Blank?' or 'May I speak *to* Miss Blank?'"

One may speak *to* (address) a person; speak *with* a person (converse with him); speak *of* or *about* a thing (make it the subject of remark); speak *on* or *upon* a subject; in parliamentary language, speak *to* the question. From this it will be seen that "speak *with*" and "speak *to*" are equally correct.

"N. F. P.," Port Arthur, Ont.—"A friend of mine has the habit of using the word 'loathe' to express dislike or disapproval, as, 'I *loathe* that hat,' or 'I *loathe* that suit.' Is this correct?"

Loathe is properly applied only to objects or conditions that cause extreme disgust or sickening aversion, which can hardly be the case with the articles you mention. The use of this word is a mere idiosyncrasy. The word to use in such a case is *dislike*, or, expressing it negatively, one might say "I do not care for that hat."

"C. R. C.," Battle Creek, Mich.—"What is the significance, if any, in the color of different books issued by different nations on war and other matters, such as, 'Blue Book,' 'White Book,' 'Red Book,' 'Yellow Book,' etc.?"

The original British blue book was a record of the history of England from the first year of Queen Mary to the eighteenth year of King James I. Ashmole, writing in 1715, tells us that it was bound in blue velvet. From this dates the practise of issuing British parliamentary reports and Privy Council reports in blue covers. Other nations followed the example for convenience. No special significance attaches to the color.

"P. G. D.," Easton, Pa.—"What is the plural of the word *bus?*"

The plural of *bus* is *busses*. *Bus* is an abbreviation of *omnibus* and is used colloquially.

"H. B. S.," St. Henry, Ohio.—"Which is correct: 'There *is* an apple and a peach in the basket,' or 'There *are* an apple and a peach in the basket'?"

When a verb has two or more nominatives connected by "and," it must agree with them jointly in the plural. "An apple and a peach *are* in the basket" is preferable to "There *are* an apple and a peach in the basket," but the latter is not incorrect.

"W. A. B.," Newcastle, Pa.—"A, B, and C each own a lot of land, and they enter into an agreement to fix the boundary-lines of the several lots. Is it proper to say that the agreement is *between* the three, or would it be proper to say *among* the three?"

Among may apply to any number; *between* applies to two only. Therefore, the correct word to use is *among*.

"M. S.," Arlington, Texas.—"Will you please give me the correct American pronunciation of *St. Louis?*"

The majority of the inhabitants of the city pronounce the "s" at the end of the name. The reason given for this is that "Louie" is the French pronunciation, and that unless the word "Saint" is also given the French pronunciation, you are using two pronunciations in one title. This view is not strictly correct. It has always been the custom in English to leave off the "s" in pronouncing the word where a Frenchman is concerned. No one speaks of King "Louis" XIV., but always of "Louie" XIV. We may say then that "Louie" is the accepted English pronunciation; at any rate, where it refers to a Frenchman. The old French families here and a number of other old St. Louisans always leave off the "s"; indeed they are very particular to do so. If any newcomer should do this, however, he would probably be stamped as a "tenderfoot." Nine persons out of ten would tell you that "St. Louis" is without exception the accepted pronunciation.

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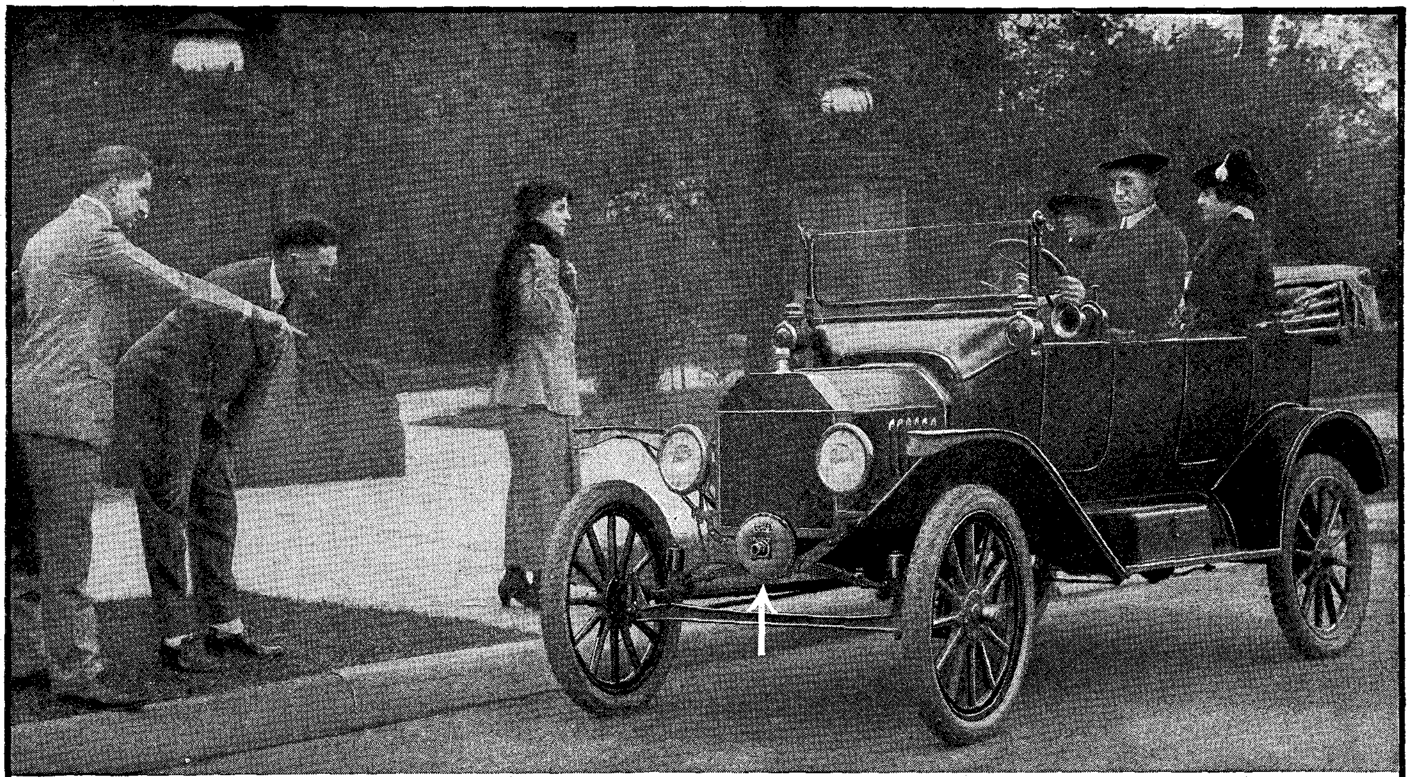

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